





OUR WONDER WORLD

A LIBRARY OF KNOWLEDGE

In Ten Volumes

- I. THE WORLD AND ITS PEOPLES
- II. INVENTION AND INDUSTRY
- III. THE NATURE BOOK
- IV. EXPLORATION, ADVENTURE, AND
ACHIEVEMENT
- V. EVERY CHILD'S STORY BOOK
- VI. SPORTS AND PASTIMES, INDOORS
AND OUT
- VII. AMATEUR HANDICRAFT
- VIII. STORY AND HISTORY
- IX. THE MOTHER'S HOME BOOK
- X. THE QUIZ BOOK





THE MAGIC OF THE PRINTED PAGE

OUR WONDER WORLD

A Library of Knowledge
IN TEN VOLUMES



CHICAGO

BOSTON

GEO. L. SHUMAN & CO.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY GEO. L. SHUMAN & CO.

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
THE BOSTON BOOKBINDING COMPANY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

VOLUME NINE

THE
MOTHER'S HOME BOOK

*One moment now may give us more
Than years of toiling reason.*

WORDSWORTH

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

IN Volume IX, we acknowledge with thanks the courtesy of the following publishers in allowing us to use illustrations and text from their collections of children's books, on the pages named:

CUPPLES & LEON COMPANY, New York, for illustrations from "All about Santa Claus," on pages 172, 173, 276, 279, and 369.

DODGE PUBLISHING COMPANY, New York, agents in America for Blackie & Son, London, for illustrations from "The Big Book of Fairy Tales," on pages 32, 50, 52, 53, 54, 57, 125, 128, 386; and from "Busy Little People All the World Over," on page 278.

GEORGE H. DORAN & Co., New York, agents in America for Hodder & Stoughton, London, for illustrations from ten of their beautifully illustrated children's books, many of these pictures being reproduced from large color pages and grouped for our use. From "My Picture Poetry Book," illustrations on pages 2, 8, 26, 158, 165, 180, and 225; from "The Golden Book for Children," on pages 2, 14, 27-31, 46-49, 86, 87, 97, 160, 180, and 382; from "This Year's Book for Children," illustrations on pages 39, 164, 191, 374, and pages 88-96 inclusive; from "Pets at Play," on pages 150, 182, 187, 196, 197, and 378; from "The Peek-a-Boos," page 155; from "Rag's Garden Party," page 245; from "The Twins," pages 246 and 247; from "The White Puppy," pages 240 and 241; and from "The Teddy Bearoplane," pages 234-238.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co., Garden City, New York, for illustrations from "Water Wonders Every Child Should Know," on pages 188, 190, and 193, and for selections from pages 190 to 197.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York, agents in America for Ernest Nister, London, for illustrations from "The Book of Gnomes," pages 108-112; animal pictures from their collection of painting books, on pages 202-212; illustrations from "The Punch and Judy Show," on pages 268 and 269; and from "My Little Circus Book," on pages 274 and 275.

T. C. & E. C. JACK, London (American agents, Platt & Peck, New York), for illustrations on pages 50, 56, 59, 81, and 164, and selections from their versions of six fairy stories in "The Story Teller's Hour," all from their excellent series, "Stories for the Four-Year-Old," "Stories for the Five-Year-Old," etc.

JOHN LANE COMPANY, New York and London, for permission to reproduce in black and white the beautiful Walter Crane illustrations in color in their series of "Walter Crane Picture Books," on pages 10 and 11, "Little Red Riding Hood," pages 44 and 45, "Bluebeard," pages 68, 69, and 70, "Beauty and the Beast," pages 77, 79, and 80, "The Frog Prince," pages 83, 84, and 85, and "Mother Hubbard," pages 232 and 233.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., London and New York, for text and pictures from "Clean Peter and the Children of Grubbytea," on pages 256-259.

MACMILLAN & Co., LTD., London, through the Macmillan Company, New York, for illustrations from Grimm's Fairy Tales and Æsop's Fables, on pages 65 and 76, and for text with illustrations on pages 217, 218, 219, 229, 230, and 231.

THE PAGE COMPANY, Boston, agents in America for Herbert & Daniell, London, for illustrations from their delightful collection, "Our Nursery Rhyme Book" (illustrated in color), on pages 14, 16, 20, 21, 22, 24, 25, 43, 44, 152, 153, 166, 167, and 196.

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY, New York, for illustration on page 74, and for pages 104-107, reproduced from "Frolic Farm," an entertaining book illustrated in color published in London by W. & R. Chambers.

RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS, LTD., New York and London, for illustrations on pages 9, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 162, 163, 262. We are greatly indebted to Raphael Tuck & Sons for this permission to reproduce in black and white some of the beautiful color pictures by Miss Atwell, from their book "Mother Goose Nursery Rhymes." Miss Atwell has caught the spirit of Mother Goose as the child feels it, and it is a privilege to be able to use some of her pictures, as well as some of the line drawings which make this edition one of the best on the market. We recommend "Mother Goose Nursery Rhymes" to those who are seeking a splendid gift book for children.

FREDERICK WARNE & Co., New York and London, for illustrations from their picture books in color of "The Three Bears," pages 36-39, "The Three Little Pigs," pages 40-42, "Tom Thumb," pages 73 and 75, "Baby's Book of Animals," pages 206, 207, and 212; for verses and illustrations from their standard edition of Edward Lear's "Nonsense Songs," pages 271-273, and for pictures from Kate Greenaway's "Under the Window," pages 148, 329, 330, and 331.

We are also indebted to O. CONKLING, St. Louis, for permission to reproduce the photograph on page 385; and to a collection of German books, from the color pages of which we have drawn illustrations for our nature sections, "With Scissors and Paste Pot," etc. The Monvel pictures are from the beautiful French color reproductions. Those on pages 326, 327, 354, 355, 356, 357, and 398 appear also in a translation entitled "Old Songs and Rounds," published by DUFFIELD & Co., New York, and are used with their consent. We have acknowledged under the pictures our indebtedness to the MILTON BRADLEY COMPANY, Springfield, Massachusetts, publishers of kindergarten materials, for several pictures. Four art pictures are reproduced from "The International Studio," a London magazine.

CONTENTS

VOLUME IX

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	I
BEDTIME VERSE AND MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES	2
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod—Sweet and Low—Bed in Summer—A Cradle Song—The Sleepy Song—Baby—Good-night and Good-morning—Baby Plays—Mother Goose and her Rhymes, including Little Bo-Peep, Miss Muffet, Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son, Jack Sprat, Little Boy Blue, Simple Simon, Jack and Jill, Betty Blue, Queen of Hearts, Song of Sixpence, Three Blind Mice, The Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe, Mary and her Lamb, Little Jack Horner, Pussy-Cat, Polly and Sukey, A Ship a-Sailing, Wee Willie Winkie, and Curly-Locks	
THE STORY TELLER'S HOUR	32
The Art of Story Telling—The Children's Hour—The Cat and the Mouse—The Three Bears—The Three Little Pigs—The Old Woman and her Sixpence—Little Red Riding Hood—Chicken Licken—The Elves and the Shoemaker—Puss in Boots—Cinderella—Jack and the Beanstalk—Snow-White and Rose-Red—Hans' New Skis—The First Winter—The Sleeping Beauty—Bluebeard—Tom Thumb—Beauty and the Beast—Little One-Eye, Little Two-Eyes, and Little Three-Eyes—The Frog Prince	
FOR THE VERY LITTLE PEOPLE	86
The Cow—Topsy Turvey World—A Busy Day—Rosy Apples—The Snail—The Mole—The Brook—A Rainy Day—Binkie and Me—All Asleep	
STORIES TOLD BY PICTURES	97
The Brownie Family—At Frolic Farm—The Gnomes' Party	
BEFORE OUR CHILDREN GO TO SCHOOL	113
The Montessori Method—Borrowing from the Kindergarten—First Lessons at Home—When They are in School	
WORK AND PLAY	130
A Word about Playthings—With Scissors and Paste Pot—Cutting out Pictures—A Book-House for Paper Dolls—Real Cut-out Work—Animal Silhouettes	
GIVING A PARTY	148
The Refreshments—Clothespin, "Before Christmas," and Soap Bubble Parties—Games for Parties	

	PAGE
SENSE AND NONSENSE IN VERSE AND PICTURES	152
A Frog a-Wooing—Where are You Going, My Pretty Maid?—If—What They Say —The Wren and the Hen—Miss Pussy—The Three Little Kittens—Little Dame Crump—The Puzzled Centipede—The Days of the Month—The Parts of Speech—Twenty Froggies—Dame Duck's Lesson to her Ducklings—"If It Be I?" —The Man in the Moon—The Old Woman—Three Wise Men of Gotham— Wishes—One Thing at a Time—Let Dogs Delight—The Babes in the Wood— Twinkle, Twinkle—Heaven is not Reached by a Single Bound—He Prayeth Best—Riddles and Word Plays—Games—Sir John and Lady Dory—The Night Before Christmas—The Children's King—A Recipe for a Day	
OUT-OF-DOORS IN FACT AND FANCY	174
The Queen Bee—When My Lady Spring Comes—The Daisy—The Dandelion— The Squirrels and the Gun—How They Sleep—Wishing—Who Stole the Bird's Nest?—Mr. Wind and Madam Rain—The Anxious Leaf—Come, Little Leaves— The Frost—The Little Artist—Winter Jewels—Ruth and the Wonderful Spinners —The Real Fairy Folk—A Funny Gentleman and What He Said—What the Burdock was Good For—God Made Them All	
ANIMAL PICTURES	200
A Farmyard Group—On the Edge of the Jungle—The Lion, Tiger, Deer, Ox, Ass—Polar Bears, Brown Bears, Giant Moose, and Arctic Fox—The Farmyard Song—A Boy's Song—The Seasons—The Sheep—Thanksgiving Day—In Four Different Countries	
PURPOSE STORIES IN PROSE AND VERSE	213
How the Sun, the Moon, and the Wind Went Out to Dinner—The Lion and the Mouse—The Necklace of Truth—Wise Sayings—Hurry and Speed—The Mouse, the Bird, and the Sausage—Mother Hulda—How to Get Breakfast—Little Rain- drops—How Strong Are You?—Abou Ben Adhem—The Twelve Months—A Wasp and a Bee—Sleepy Harry—Try Again—Mr. Nobody—Do What You Can —The Brahman, the Tiger, and the Six Judges—The Hares and the Frogs—The Cat and the Mouse in Partnership—The Hare and the Tortoise	
MORE STORIES TOLD BY PICTURES	232
Mother Hubbard and Her Dog—A Teddy Bearoplane Story—The White Puppy —Billy's Experiences—The Tennis Match—The Twins	
OUR WONDERFUL BODIES	248
Why Do We Get Hungry?—What Your Body Does with Food—What the Body is Made Of—The Traveler of the Body—Why We Breathe—How We Breathe— What the Lungs Do—How the Body is Kept Warm—When You Perspire—Why Must You Bathe?—Clean Peter and the Children of Grubbylea—The Five Senses —Why Do We Cry?—Bone and Muscle—Games that Give Strength	

MOVING PICTURES AT HOME	265
How To Go About It—A Punch-and-Judy Show—Nonsense Plays for Your Toy Theater—The Duck and the Kangaroo—The Table and the Chair—Playing Circus—Off for Foreign Lands—Writing and Drawing for Fun—The Mystery Club	
BIBLE STORIES	283
The Story of Creation—The Garden of Eden—Noah and the Flood—The Tower of Babel—The Story of Isaac and Rebekah—Two Stories of Jacob, Isaac's Son—The Finding of Moses—Joshua and the Walls of Jericho—The Boy Samuel—A Boys' Friendship—The Story of Naaman—Daniel—Other Old Testament Stories and Where to Find Them—The Child Jesus—Jesus' Words and Deeds—Three Bible Stories Retold for Very Young Children	
WHEN THEY WERE LITTLE	326
Bayard Taylor, Who was Always Busy—Hans Christian Andersen—Maria Mitchell—Kate Greenaway—William Makepeace Thackeray—Robert Louis Stevenson—Lucy Larcom—John Ruskin—Sir Joshua Reynolds—Nathaniel Hawthorne, A Quiet Boy—Louisa May Alcott—The Taylors of Ongar—Little Four o'Clock in the Morning—Florence Nightingale—Charles Dickens	
THE FLETCHER MUSIC METHOD	346
SONGS AND CAROLS	353
AS FATHERS AND MOTHERS SEE IT	361
Being a Father—At the Day's Beginning and End—At the Table—The Great Days of the Year—When We Go Somewhere—Amusing Ourselves and Others—Keeping "Tab"	
Being a Mother—A Definite System for the Family	
How to Make the Home the Happiest Place and Teach the Little Children to Love Reading, Music, and Art, and to Appreciate the Best Things—A Vent for Animal Spirits—Making Travel a Pleasure—An Open Letter to Mothers—The Mother as Comforter and Interpreter—The Child as Money Spender—The Cash Value of a Boy	

FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
The Magic of the Printed Page (color)	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Telling the Rabbits a Story (color)	<i>facing</i> 1
The North Star; Star Children	4
Little Miss Muffet	15
Simple Simon	17
"Rock-a-bye, Baby, on the Tree-top"	19
Mary and her Lamb	23
The Strangest Old Arab (color)	<i>facing</i> 26
Wee Willie Winkie	28, 29
Curly-Locks	30, 31
A Visit with the Squirrels (color)	<i>facing</i> 32
Tom Thumb found in Surprising Places	73
Tom Thumb dancing on the Queen's Hand	75
The Snow Makers, and Their Home (color)	<i>between</i> 96 and 97
The Brownie Family	98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103
At Frolic Farm	104, 105, 106, 107
The Gnomes' Party	108, 109, 110, 111, 112
Ready for Winter (color)	<i>facing</i> 113
The Montessori Apparatus	115
Working with Clay	123
Stick Laying, a Kindergarten Gift	124
First Results with Pencil and Paper	129
All the Days of the Week	130
A Royal Family in Their Home	133
Pencil Work	134
Brush Work	135
Scissors and Paste Pot	136
Making Pictures with Cut-out Work	139
With Pencil or Scissors	141, 142, 143, 144, 145
Animal Silhouettes	146, 147
Little Sammy Duckling (color)	<i>facing</i> 148
The Peek-a-boos	155
The Kittens at School (color)	<i>facing</i> 157
At the Cats' Ball, and other Pictures	157
The Frog Orchestra	161
The Old Woman in her Basket	162
Winter and Summer	174
The Twelve Months	183

	PAGE
Challenging the Snowman	189
Under the Apple Tree, and other Out-of-door Pictures	191
One Step at a Time	195
A Farmyard Group	200
On the Edge of the Jungle	201
The Lion and the Tiger with their Cubs	202
The Tiger and the Lion; the Deer; the Ox and the Ass	203
Polar Bears and Brown Bears	204
Giant Moose and Arctic Fox	205
Four-footed Friends of our own and other Lands	212
Getting Acquainted (color)	<i>facing</i> 213
The Cooking Lesson	222
"Don't Cry over Spilt Milk, Dearie"	227
Mother Hubbard and her Dog	232, 233
A Teddy Bearoplane Story in Pictures	234, 235, 236, 237, 238
Black Kitten	239
Mr. Bunny and his Wife in their Go-cart (color)	<i>facing</i> 244
The Tennis Match	245
The First Ocean Bath	248
The Fun of Winter in the Country	254
Prize Babies; At Park Hospital	263
The Dolly and the Gnome (color)	<i>facing</i> 265
"Pretending"	266
Punch and Judy	268, 269
Playing Circus	274, 275
Before Christmas	278
The Boy Christ (color)	<i>facing</i> 283
The Deluge	289
Ruth Gleaning	299
The Madonna and Child as pictured by different Artists	310
Christ Blessing Little Children	315
The Good Shepherd	317
The Shepherds Worshipping	320
The Nest	325
Four of his Little Friends, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds	337
Louisa May Alcott when she was Twenty	339
Charles and Marie-Adelaide of France	345
Which One is Driving ? (color)	<i>facing</i> 361
The Wind Gatherers, and Their Home (color)	<i>between</i> 364 and 365
Snapshots of the Family Out-of-doors	371
A Page from the Sunday Scrap Book	375
Street Urchins	397

In addition there are 339 illustrations in the text, of which those with titles are catalogued under their respective subjects in the General Index in Volume X.



BEDTIME VERSE AND MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe,—
Sailed on a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew.

"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.

"We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"

Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew;



The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in the beautiful sea.

"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,—
Never afear'd are we!"

So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam,—
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home:
'T was all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folk thought 't was a dream they 'd
dreamed

Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while Mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen
three,—

Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

EUGENE FIELD.

(From "With Trumpet and Drum." Copyright,
1892, by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.)



THE MOTHER'S HOME BOOK

"Home's not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded,
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded."

THE young and inexperienced mother — or any mother for that matter — who gets this volume will be fortunate. Her mother never had one like it, for none such existed in that day; nor can any other like it be found now. Just dip into it anywhere, and see if you do not agree. Selections, illustrations, arrangement, progressive ideas — all will attract and convince.

To be a happy home-maker — what a perplexing and wearing but fine and fascinating task! There is no nobler or more enduring work. The most lasting and powerful memories we have are those of home — of devoted fathers and mothers, of companions, brothers, and sisters. This home is the mother's throne, where she may reign supreme; and where, if she does not reign, there will be anarchy and misery.

Home is the dearest word in the dictionary and the most sacred spot on earth. Home is the love center and the life center, the safeguard of society and the state. All the world knows that our nation has grown strong because of the character of the American home. No one can ever tell all that we owe to the home — to its ties of affection, its restraining and refining influences, its joys and comforts, and also its tests. For home is a testing place as well as a resting place. Its close intimacies reveal character. Carelessness, ungraciousness, uncourteousness, awkwardness, selfishness — these foes to happiness whether in parents or children, show at their worst in the home, and spoil it unless driven out. And here is where the mother's influence

is vital. She makes the home life, and has no substitute.

But she may have a helper, always at hand, never obtrusive, ready for any occasion or emergency. To be that helper is the one aim of this *Mother's Home Book*. There is very little theoretical advice in it, but very much of actual practice. Here are the tools the mother can use every day. This is not a study of child psychology, but a child's workshop, based on sound principles of interest that holds attention and develops the little mind and heart along the best lines of happy life.

You cannot go into these pages without becoming enchanted. Back will come your own childhood and the home surroundings. Take your children with you, and the volume will afford enduring delight to all. There is progress from the beginning with *Bedtime Verse* and *Mother Goose Rhymes*, to the close with the experiences of three or four successful home-makers. And we venture to say that the mother, and the father also, if he has not forgotten that he was ever a boy, will be as deeply interested as the youngsters in the admirably chosen material, for which credit is due to the editor of the volume, Miss Marion Florence Lansing.

Become a member of the High Order of Story-tellers. Follow the home methods, all simple and practical. Fix the gems of poetry and the Bible stories irrevocably in the childish memory. Inspire the love of out-of-doors, and make a friend of Volume III; and for more fables and fairy stories and charming sketches of child life go to Volume V. So shall you be a happy home-maker, and your children shall rise up and call you blessed!



A STAR STORY TOLD IN SIX PICTURES

I. When the whole earth is asleep, then quietly, very quietly there comes from the far cloud-spaces a shining company of little people with golden lanterns. The star children have awakened from their sleep in Paradise, and are come to play the whole night long in the meadows of heaven. They come by twos and threes, they come in crowds down the highroad of heaven.

SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea,
 Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea!
 Over the rolling waters go,
 Come from the dying moon and blow,
 Blow him again to me;
 While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,

Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon:
 Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

BED IN SUMMER

In winter I get up at night
 And dress by yellow candle-light.
 In summer, quite the other way,
 I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
 The birds still hopping on the tree,
 Or hear the grown-up people's feet
 Still going past me in the street.



II. With them comes a chariot in which sits the North Star, driving like a prince with his attendants and four torchbearers. III. Some of the star children go fishing with golden rods, catching tiny fish in the blue lake of heaven.

And does it not seem hard to you
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(From "A Child's Garden of Verses." Copyright,
1890, by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,



IV. What is this that comes lumbering along with clumsy gait? The Great Bear in a silvery shaggy skin. He is in a gentle mood and lets the little riders tug merrily at his fur. The star children who escort him walk soberly and hold their lanterns carefully that they may give good light. Look for him some night, and you may see him in the sky.

A CRADLE SONG

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.

Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE SLEEPY SONG

As soon as the fire burns red and low
 And the house upstairs is still,
 She sings me a queer little sleepy song,
 Of sheep that go over the hill.

The good little sheep run quick and soft,
 Their colors are gray and white;

And when they get to the top of the hill
 They quietly slip away,
 But one runs over and one comes next —
 Their colors are white and gray.

And over they go, and over they go,
 And over the top of the hill
 The good little sheep run quick and soft,
 And the house upstairs is still.



V. Then suddenly through the reaches of the night there shoots a dart of flame. With his tail streaming behind him in fiery splendor a comet rushes through the air, dividing like a sword the crowd of stars. Many of the star children tumble, from sheer fright, headforemost down to earth.

They follow their leader nose and tail,
 For they must be home by night.

And one slips over, and one comes next,
 And one runs after behind;
 The gray one's nose at the white one's tail,
 The top of the hill they find.

And one slips over and one comes next,
 The good little, gray little sheep!
 I watch how the fire burns red and low,
 And she says that I fall asleep.

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON.

(By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.)

BABY

Where did you come from, baby dear?
 Out of the everywhere into here.
 Where did you get those eyes of blue?
 Out of the sky as I came through.
 What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
 Some of the starry twinkles left in.
 Where did you get that little tear?
 I found it waiting when I got here.



Where did you get this pearly ear?
 God spoke, and it came out to hear.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
 God thought about you, and so I am here.

GEORGE MACDONALD.



VI. Now the little star children must go home, lest Madam Sun appear and catch them. They slip through the gate of clouds into their hall. St. Peter, who guards the gate of heaven, draws the curtain, and says, "Now polish the little lanterns for another night." With nimble fingers they rub the little lights with cloud fleece until they sparkle. Then they go to bed and sleep sweetly till earth goes to sleep again, and they may run and play in the meadows of heaven, waving their freshly polished lanterns.



GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see:
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, good-night, good-night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying, "Caw! caw!" on their way to bed;
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good-night, good-night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,
The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came over the road:

All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good-night, good-night!"

She did not say to the sun "Good-night!"
Though she saw him there like a ball of light:
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and could never sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head,
The violet curtsied and went to bed:
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said on her knees her favorite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day,

And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good-morning! good-morning! our work is
begun!"

LORD HOUGHTON.

BABY PLAYS

TWO FACE GAMES

Here sits the Lord Mayor;	[Forehead.
Here sit his two men;	[Eyes.
Here sits the cock;	
Here sits the hen;	[Cheeks.
Here sit the little chickens;	[Nose.
Here they run in.	[Mouth.

Chinchopper, chinchopper,	
Chinchopper, chin!	[Chin.
Ring the bell	[Hair.
Knock at the door,	[Forehead.
Draw the latch	[Nose.
And walk in.	[Mouth.

A FINGER GAME

Dance, Thumbkin, dance!
Thumbkin cannot dance alone,
So dance, ye merrymen, every one,
And dance, Thumbkin, dance!

Dance, Foreman, dance!
Foreman cannot dance alone,
So dance, ye merrymen, every one,
And dance, Foreman, dance!

Dance, Middleman, dance!
Middleman cannot dance alone,
So dance, ye merrymen, every one,
And dance, Middleman, dance!

Dance, Ringman, dance!
Ringman cannot dance alone,
So dance, ye merrymen, every one,
And dance, Ringman, dance!

Dance, Littleman, dance!
Littleman cannot dance alone,
So dance, ye merrymen, every one,
And dance, Littleman, dance!

HAND PLAYS

Clap hands, clap hands
For daddie to come home,
With cakes in his pocket
For baby alone.

Pease porridge hot,
Pease porridge cold,
Pease porridge in the pot,
Nine days old.
Some like it hot,
Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot,
Nine days old.



ONE, TWO

One, two,
Buckle my shoe;

Three, four,
Knock at the door;

Five, six,
Pick up sticks;

Seven, eight,
Lay them straight;

Nine, ten,
A good fat hen;

Eleven, twelve,
Let them delve;

Thirteen, fourteen,
Maids a-courting;

Fifteen, sixteen,
Maids in the kitchen;

Seventeen, eighteen,
Maids a-waiting;

Nineteen, twenty,
My plate's empty.

WARM, HANDS

Warm, hands, warm, daddy's gone to plow;
If you want warm hands, warm hands now.

PAT-A-CAKE, PAT-A-CAKE

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man,
So I will, master, as fast as I can.
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with B,
Put it in the oven for Baby and me.

This little pig went to market;
This little pig stayed at home;
This little pig had roast beef;
This little pig had none;
This little pig said, "Wee, wee!
I can't find my way home."



: THIS LITTLE PIG:
WENT TO MARKET



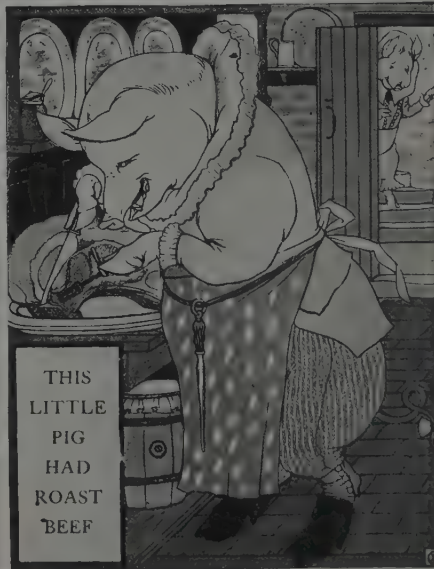
: THIS LITTLE PIG:
WENT TO MARKET

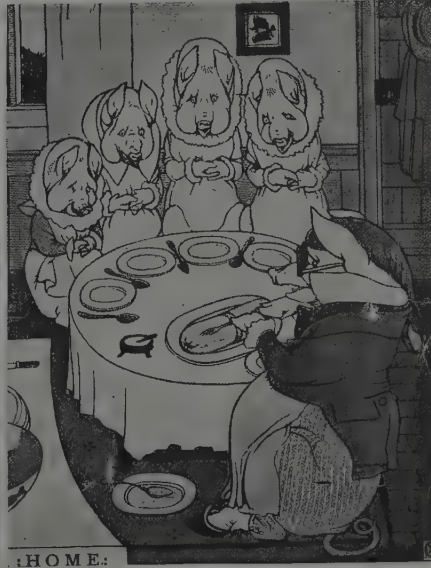
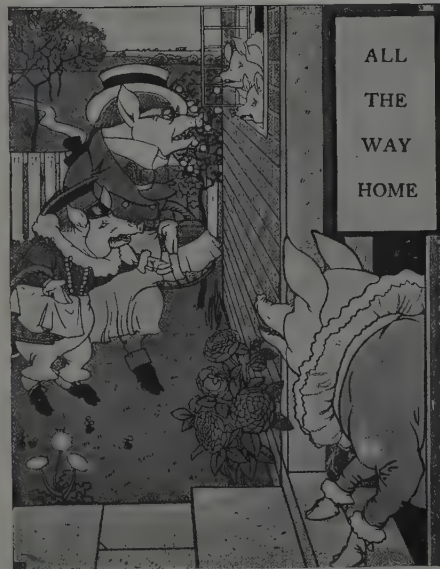


: THIS LITTLE PIG:
STAYED AT HOME:



THIS
LITTLE
PIG
HAD
ROAST
BEEF







TO MARKET, TO MARKET

To market, to market, to buy a fat pig,
Home again, home again, dancing a jig;

To market, to market, to buy a plum-bun,
Home again, home again, market is done.

Dance to your daddie,
My bonnie laddie,
Dance to your daddie, my bonnie lamb!
You shall get a fishie,
On a little dishie,
You shall get a herring when the boat comes
home!

BYE, BABY BUNTING

Bye, Baby Bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting
To get a little rabbit skin
To wrap the Baby Bunting in.



Here's the church,
Here's the steeple,
Look inside and see the people;
Here's the parson going up stairs,
Here he is a-saying his prayers!

MOTHER GOOSE AND HER RHYMES

OLD MOTHER GOOSE

Old Mother Goose, when
She wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air
On a very fine gander.



Mother Goose had a house,
'T was built in a wood,
An owl at the door
For a porter stood.

She had a son Jack,
A plain-looking lad,
He was not very good,
Nor yet very bad.

She sent him to market,
A live goose he bought:
"Here! Mother," says he,
"It will not go for naught."



MOTHER GOOSE LOOKING AT THE GOLDEN EGG

Jack's goose and her gander
 Grew very fond;
 They'd both eat together,
 Or swim in one pond.

Jack found one morning,
 As I have been told,
 His goose had laid him
 An egg of pure gold.

Jack rode to his mother,
The news for to tell.
She called him a good boy,
And said it was well.

LITTLE BO-PEEP

Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;



LITTLE BO-PEEP

Leave them alone and they 'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For they were still a-fleeing.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart
bleed,
For they 'd left their tails behind them.

It happened one day, as Bo-peep did stray
Into a meadow hard by:
There she espied their tails side by side,
All hung on a tree to dry.

MISS MUFFET

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating curds and whey;
There came a great spider,
Who sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

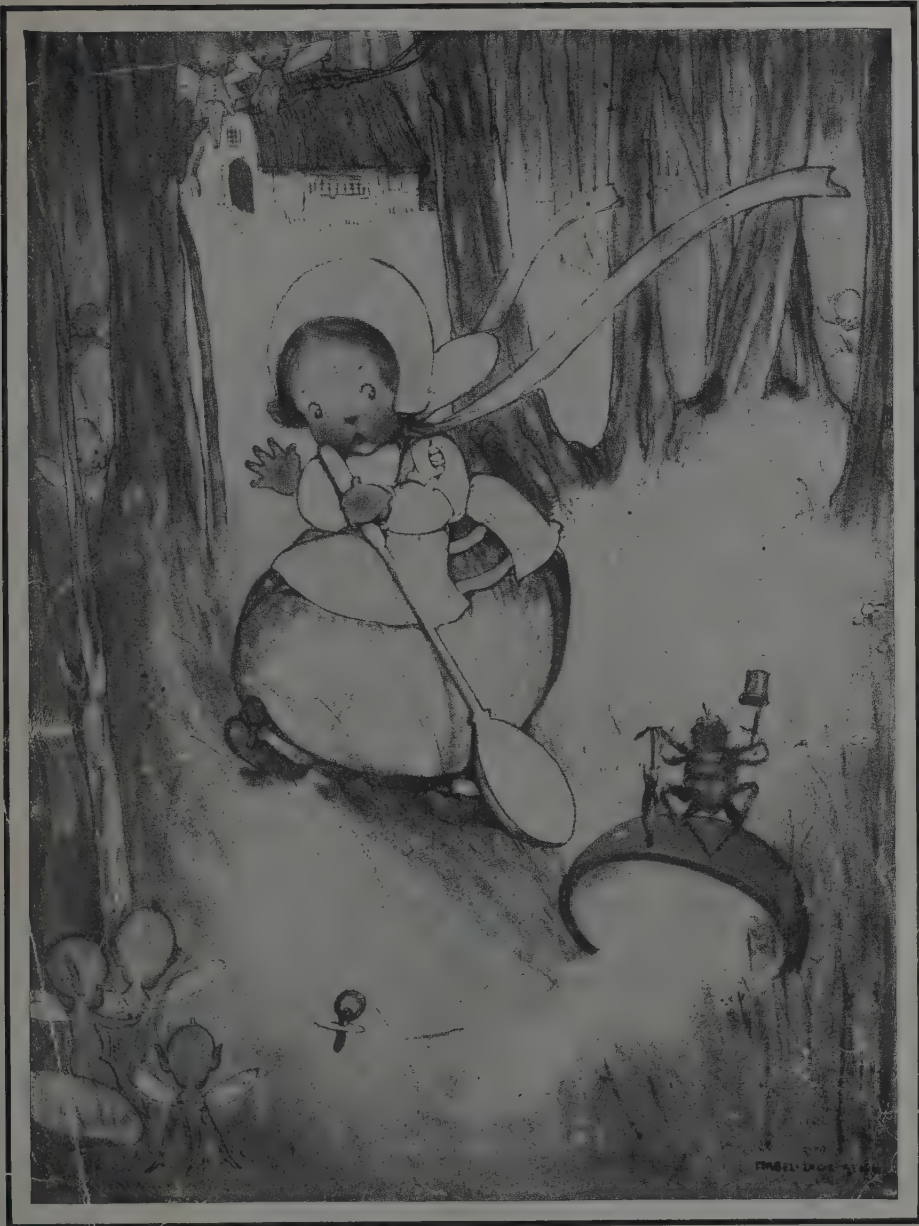
TOM, TOM

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he run.
The pig was eat and Tom was beat,
And Tom went roaring down the street.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
He learned to play when he was young,
But all the tune that he could play
Was, "Over the hills and far away."

Tom with his pipe did play with such skill,
That those who heard him could never keep still;
Whenever they heard they began for to dance—
Even pigs on their hind legs would after him
prance.





LITTLE MISS MUFFET



As Dolly was milking her cow one day,
Tom took out his pipe, and began for to play;
So Doll and the cow danced "the Cheshire
round,"

Till the pail was broke, and the milk ran on the
ground.

He saw a cross fellow beating an ass
Heavy laden with pots, pans, dishes, and glass;
He took out his pipe and played them a tune,
And the ass's load was lightened full soon.

Now Tom with his pipe made such a noise,
That he pleased the girls and delighted the
boys;
And they liked to stop and hear him play
His "Over the hills and far away."



JACK SPRAT

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
And so between them both
They left the platter clean.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep 's in the meadow, the cow 's in the
corn;
Where's the little boy that looks after the sheep?
He 's under a haystack, fast asleep.
Will you wake him? No, not I;
For if I do, he 'll be sure to cry.



SIMPLE SIMON

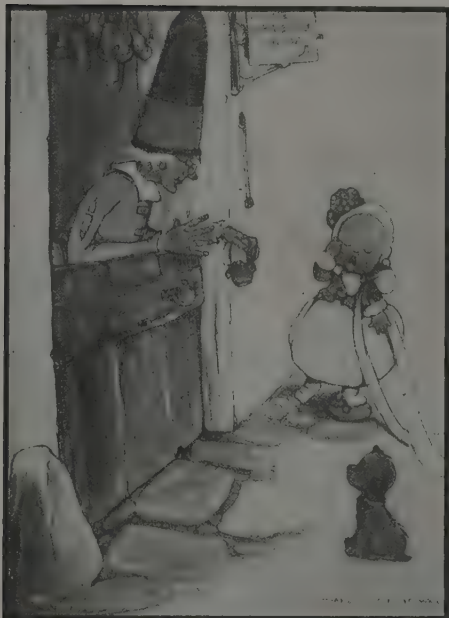
Simple Simon met a pieman
Going to the fair;
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny;"
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Indeed I have not any."

Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale;
All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail.

Simple Simon went to look
If plums grew on a thistle;
He pricked his fingers very much
Which made poor Simon whistle.





LITTLE BETTY BLUE

BETTY BLUE

Little Betty Blue
 Lost her holiday shoe.
 What can little Betty do?
 Give her another
 To match the other,
 And then she may walk in two.

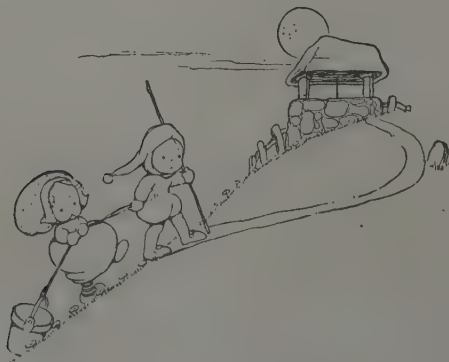


JACK AND JILL

Jack and Jill went up the hill
 To fetch a pail of water;
 Jack fell down and broke his crown,
 And Jill came tumbling after.

HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?

Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
 How does your garden grow?
 With cockle shells, and silver bells,
 And pretty maids all in a row.





Rock-a-bye, baby, on the tree-top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;

When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
Down will come baby, bough, cradle, and all.



THE MAN IN THE MOON

The Man in the Moon looked
out of the moon,
And this is what he said,
“ ’Tis time that, now I ’m get-
ting up,
All babies went to bed.”



SEE SAW

See saw sacradown,
Which is the way to London Town?
One foot up, the other foot down,
And that is the way to London Town.



THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts
All on a summer’s day;
The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts,
And took them clean away.

The King of Hearts called for the tarts,
And beat the Knave full sore;
The Knave of Hearts brought back the tarts,
And vowed he ’d steal no more.



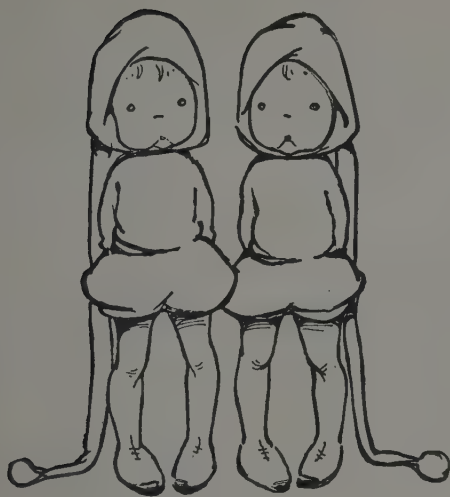
SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie;

When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the King?

The King was in the counting house,
Counting out his money;
The Queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey;

The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes;
There came by a blackbird,
And pecked off her nose.



JACK A NORRY

I'll tell you a story
 About Jack a Nory,
 And now my story's begun;
 I'll tell you another
 About Jack his brother,
 And now my story's done.

THE ROBIN REDBREASTS

Two robin redbreasts built their nest
 Within a hollow tree;
 The hen sat quietly at home,
 The cock sang merrily, —
 And all the little young ones said,
 "Twee-twee, twee-twee, twee-twee!"

One day the sun was warm and bright,
 And shining in the sky;
 Cock Robin said, "My little dears,
 'T is time you learn to fly,"
 And all the little young ones said,
 "I'll try, I'll try, I'll try!"

I know a child, and who she is
 I'll tell you by and by,
 When Mother says, "Do this," or "that,"

She says, "What for?" and "Why?"
 She'd be a better child by far,
 If she would say, "I'll try!"

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

THREE BLIND MICE

Three blind mice, see how they run!
 They all ran after the farmer's wife,
 She cut off their tails with a carving knife;
 Did you ever hear such a thing in your life?
 Three blind mice.

JACK, BE NIMBLE

Jack, be nimble,
 And, Jack, be quick;
 And, Jack, jump over
 The candlestick.





SHE GAVE THEM BROTH

THE OLD WOMAN

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
 She had so many children she didn't know
 what to do;
 She gave them some broth without any bread;
 She whipped them all soundly and put them to
 bed.

BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP

Baa, baa, black sheep,
 Have you any wool?
 Yes, marry, have I,
 Three bags full;
 One for my master,
 And one for my dame,
 But none for the little boy
 Who cries in the lane.

RAIN, RAIN, GO AWAY

Rain, rain, go away;
 Come again another day.

MARY AND HER LAMB

Mary had a little lamb,
 Its fleece was white as snow;
 And everywhere that Mary went
 The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day;
 That was against the rule;
 It made the children laugh and play
 To see a lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned him out,
 But still he lingered near,
 And waited patiently about
 Till Mary did appear.

"Why does the lamb love Mary so?"
 The little children cry.
 "Why, Mary loves the lamb you know!"
 The teacher made reply.



AND PUT THEM TO BED



MARY AND HER LAMB



THE NORTH WIND

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then, poor thing!
He'll sit in a barn,
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing, poor thing.

HARK! HARK!

Hark! Hark!
The dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town:
Some in jags,
Some in rags,
And some in velvet gowns.



CURLY LOCKS

Curly locks, curly locks,
Wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes,
Nor yet feed the swine;

But sit on a cushion,
And sew a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries,
Sugar and cream.



WHO PUT HER IN?

DING DONG BELL

Ding dong bell,
Pussy's in the well!
Who put her in? —
Little Johnny Green.
Who pulled her out? —
Little Tommy Trout.
What a naughty boy was that,
To drown poor pussy cat,
Who never did him any harm,
But killed the mice in his father's barn!



LITTLE JACK HORNER

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
 Eating a Christmas pie;
 He put in his thumb, and pulled out a plum!
 And said, "What a good boy am I!"

I LOVE LITTLE PUSSY

I love little Pussy, her coat is so warm,
 And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm,
 So I'll not pull her tail, nor drive her away,
 But Pussy and I very gently will play.

I'll pat little Pussy, and then she will purr,
 And thus show me thanks for my kindness to her;
 She shall sit by my side, and I'll give her some food,
 And she'll love me because I am gentle and good.

I'll not pinch her ears, nor tread on her paws,
 Lest I should provoke her to use her sharp claws;
 I never will vex her, nor make her displeased,
 For pussies don't like to be worried or teased.

PUSSY-CAT

Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, where have you been?
 I've been to London to look at the Queen.
 Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you there?
 I frightened a little mouse under the chair.



THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL

There was a little girl, and she had a little curl
 Right in the middle of her forehead;
 When she was good, she was very, very good,
 But when she was bad, she was horrid.



OUR EDUCATION



POLLY AND SUKEY

Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
We 'll all have tea.

Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
They're all gone away.

A SHIP A-SAILING

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And it was full of pretty things
For baby and for me.

There were sweetmeats in the cabin
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors
That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain cried, "Quack,
quack!"

When we learn to write,
Don't you see, don't you see?
Then I'll write to Dolly
And she'll write to me.

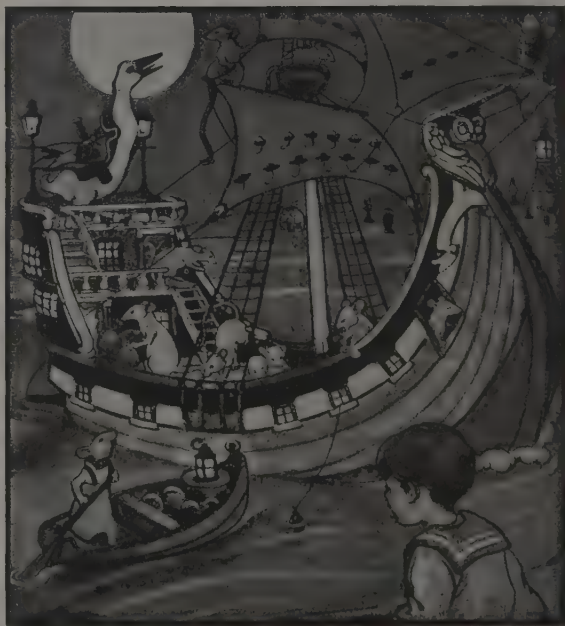
When we learn the map,
Don't you know, don't you know?
Then Dolly and I
On our travels will go.

When we learn to count,
Don't you see, don't you see?
Then we'll spend my dollar,
Half for her, half for me.

When we learn to read,
Don't you know, don't you know?
Then Dolly and I
To young ladies will grow!

AMOS R. WELLS.

(By permission.)







This strangest old Arab whom no person knows,
With his Cat and his Camel and bundles of clothes,
Travels all the day long and by night time as well,
Where he comes from or goes to there's no one can tell!



LITTLE BO-PEEP

Little Bo-Peep has lost
her Sheep
And doesn't know where
to find them,
Let them alone and they'll
come home
And bring their tails
behind them.



WEE WILLIE WINKIE



Wee Willie
Winkie
runs
through
the town,



Upstairs
and
downstairs,
in his
nightgown.





Peeping
through
the window,
crying
through
the lock,



“Are all
the
children in
their beds?
It’s past
eight
o’clock.”



CURLY-LOCKS, CURLY-LOCKS



Curly-Locks,
Curly-Locks,
wilt thou
be mine?



Thou shalt
not wash
dishes, nor
yet feed
the
Swine;





But sit
on a
Cushion,
and
sew a
fine
seam,

And feed
upon
strawberries,
sugar,
and
cream.





THE STORY TELLER'S HOUR

THE ART OF STORY TELLING

THERE is one ancient and honorable order to which all mothers and fathers may be admitted, the universal order of story tellers. "By virtue of the authority vested in me by — University," says the college president, "I confer upon you the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, with all its rights and privileges, and hereby admit you to the great and glorious company of scholars." How will our degree read? "By virtue of your parenthood, you are hereby admitted to the great and glorious company of story tellers, with all its rights and privileges." Let no one take the honor lightly. The company of scholars, ancient though it be, is young beside this world-wide fellowship, and its honor-roll has no greater names. You will keep company with Homer and Chaucer, and find your closest comradeship with some Norse singer of Viking days or the story teller of an Indian camp or of an Eastern bazaar. Hundreds of fellow story tellers, known and unknown, will reach out their hands to you and give you gladly of their accumulated wealth. There is no selfishness in this brotherhood. The property of one is the property of all.

HOW TO JOIN THE ORDER

No mother or father will lack an invitation. Sometimes it comes in the mother's heart, in

the memory of happy hours when she was a child sitting at her mother's knee; again the call is in the weariness of a child, which can best be soothed by the rhythmic cadences of "The Three Bears," nursery classic for five hundred years. Or it may even wait till the child can talk and utter in words the magic invitation, "Tell me a story." But come it surely will, and when it does come let no one take the request lightly or disregard it, for it does indeed admit to a group of "rights and privileges" of which the uninitiated have no idea. "I would rather be the children's story teller than the queen's favorite or the king's counsellor," says Kate Douglas Wiggin. "Let me tell the stories," writes G. Stanley Hall, "and I care not who writes the textbooks."

HOW TO WIN HIGH DEGREES

To the child his parents will always be the best story tellers in the world. That goes without saying. But the stimulus of such an expectation rouses one to live up to it. Some people are born story tellers. To them a story is a story, and tells itself. They grasp instantly its leading points, touch lightly on the necessary explanations, and bring the listener to the thrilling climax without a word wasted or a shade of meaning lost. They do not even pause to consider these qualities of their tale, so readily and effectively does it shape itself in their minds.



-A VISIT WITH THE SQUIRRELS

To those who look on at these fortunate persons, story telling is likely to seem a gift which one possesses or does not possess, and that is the end of it. The discouraged observer is apt to stop after one or two attempts and confine himself to reading from the printed page, which has its important place in the child's education and in family life, but is not a substitute for the more spontaneous and intimate direct narration.

The truth is that story telling is an art, and if an art, something which may be acquired and perfected by practice and interest. It is, moreover, a very old and beautiful art. To it we owe our record of the past, for history is the story of man, handed down for hundreds of years from father to son and story teller to listener. It has been one of the chief forms of entertainment. No guest was more welcome at king's court and knightly castle than the minstrel. It has been, also, one of the great teaching forces of the world. Manners and morals, experience and counsel have been presented to countless groups in this attractive and telling form. Imagination has been stirred and impulse quickened by its power. The great explorers found their boyish longing for adventure stimulated by the tales of old sea-captains. It is one of the best signs of our times that we are seeing a revival of this ancient and beautiful art. This revival shows itself first in the school-room and on the playground. All these outside uses of the story are excellent and should be encouraged, but they do not supplant its first and most natural use in the home. Let everyone who has to do with children join the order of story tellers, but let the father and mother remember that they are the charter members, with first rights and privileges.

WHY TELL A STORY

All of us like to be told stories. That is the first reason why they should be told, and a very good one too, especially as it includes a number of hints as to how to tell a story. Why is a story much funnier when it is told to us than when we read it in the "joke page" of the magazine? Obviously because of the personality accompanying it. We enjoy it more because the one who tells it is enjoying it so much and wants us

to share his pleasure. As Sara Cone Bryant has put it, "When you make a story your own and tell it, the listener gets the story *plus your appreciation of it*. It comes to him filtered through your own enjoyment." We are all interested in people, in each other. So the sympathy between the teller and the hearer is not only a source of pleasure to them both but a distinct help to the story, especially when the hearer is an eager, responsive child.

WHAT WE OWE TO A STORY

The first thing which we owe to the story we are to tell is to know it well. Only when you have been halted at some thrilling moment by an uncertainty as to which event came next, or have made some reference necessary to the plot to be interrupted with, "But I never heard of him before," do you realize that it is one thing to read a story and have a general idea of it, and another to know it well enough to tell it.

Every story worth telling to children — every good story, for that matter — has a beginning, a succession of events, a climax, and a conclusion. In the typical folk or fairy tale the last is conventional, "And they lived happily ever after." The story has not halted at the climax, which would have dropped the hearer back to real life with too much abruptness. His mind must be set at rest about his characters before he can leave them. Therefore the good old sensible assurance that life went well with them thereafter.

Going backward to the climax, this is the point for which the story is told. It is the mountain peak of the action. Toward this height all the events preceding have been leading. Have this well in mind before you begin your story, and know its every detail and characteristic so well that you need not waste words on it but can present it so that it will stand out clear and sharp, the outline of your peak free from clouds of words or mist of ideas.

As to the events which have led up to it, they should have been presented in a swift, orderly succession. Before you begin, settle which are the necessary links in the action. There will be in every tale certain steps which characters must take, certain events which prepare for the climax. Tell them simply and directly, without

too many explanations or side remarks. Remember that the interest of the child is in action. Sometime he will come to care for character development and analysis, in the shades between good and bad. Now he wants everything in black and white.

The prince or heroine is all that is good and beautiful, the witch or dragon is ugly as well as bad. The issues of right and wrong are clearly presented, and the swift retribution which descends on the villain of the plot is only justice to the child, who has seen him as the black shadow throughout.

Much depends for all of us, but especially for the child, on the beginning of a story. Its purpose is to rouse interest, to introduce the characters, and to give the setting. It must be brief, but it must also be carefully considered. Here again custom has set a wise conventional standard. "Once upon a time, in a certain town or city, there lived So-and-So." What could be more informing or direct? What more suggestive of future possibilities?

WHAT TO TELL

The children's story teller finds most of his early difficulties met and solved by the perfection of his material. Our favorite nursery tales have been told and retold by generations of story tellers till they stand out like polished gems, with every roughness smoothed away, every fine line brought out. These are the ones to begin with. They have much action; their pictures are made from simple, familiar elements; and they have a great deal of repetition. Like the Mother Goose rhymes which precede them, they depend for their appeal on the help of rhythm, cadence, and refrain as well as on the interest of their subject-matter. Because of the delight of children in the sound of words as well as in their sense, many verse stories have been given along with prose. Read these aloud till both you and the children can say them. Let them be the natural link between Mother Goose and ballads, hymns and story poems.

Above all, in story telling and reading aloud and reciting, let yourself go. Enter into the action and the fun or the sadness. Forget yourself, and share the emotions of your characters

and your audience. And appropriate for yourself Nora Archibald Smith's encouraging words: "But if one have neither natural adaptation nor experience, still I say, Tell the stories: tell the stories; a thousand times, tell the stories. You have no cold, unsympathetic audience to deal with; the child is helpful, receptive, warm, eager, friendly. His whole-hearted interest, his surprise, admiration, and wise comment will spur you on." And you will be a thousandfold repaid when the first question from the little five-year-old, on your return home from the day's work, is the eager one, "Going to tell a story to-night, papa?"

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there I will keep you for ever,
Yes, for ever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE

THE cat and the mouse
Played in the malt-house.

The cat bit the mouse's tail off.

"Pray, Puss, give me my tail."

"No," said the cat, "I'll not give you your tail, till you go to the cow, and fetch me some milk."

First she leaped, and then she ran,
Till she came to the cow, and thus began:

"Pray, Cow, give me milk, that I may give Cat milk, that Cat may give me my own tail again."

"No," said the cow, "I will give you no milk till you go to the farmer, and get me some hay."

First she leaped, and then she ran,
Till she came to the farmer, and thus began:

"Pray, Farmer, give me hay, that I may give Cow hay, that Cow may give me milk, that I

may give Cat milk, that Cat may give me my own tail again."

"No," said the farmer, "I'll give you no hay, till you go to the butcher and fetch me some meat."

First she leaped, and then she ran,
Till she came to the butcher and thus began:

"Pray, Butcher, give me meat, that I may give Farmer meat, that Farmer may give me hay, that I may give Cow hay, that Cow may give me milk, that I may give Cat milk, that Cat may give me my own tail again."

"No," said the butcher, "I'll give you no meat, till you go to the baker and fetch me some bread."

First she leaped, and then she ran,
Till she came to the baker, and thus began:

"Pray, Baker, give me bread, that I may give Butcher bread, that Butcher may give me meat, that I may give Farmer meat, that Farmer may give me hay, that I may give Cow hay, that Cow may give me milk, that I may give Cat milk, that Cat may give me my own tail again."

"Yes," said the baker, "I'll give you some bread,
But if you eat my meal, I'll cut off your head."

Then Baker gave Mouse bread, and Mouse gave Butcher bread, and Butcher gave Mouse meat, and Mouse gave Farmer meat, and Farmer gave Mouse hay, and Mouse gave Cow hay, and Cow gave Mouse milk, and Mouse gave Cat milk, and Cat gave Mouse her own tail again.



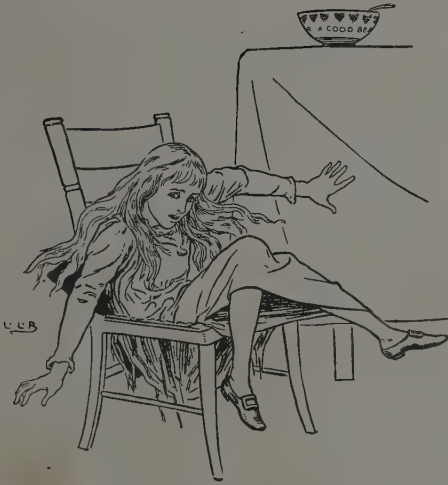


THE THREE BEARS

ONCE upon a time three bears lived together in a house of their own in the wood. One of them was a Great Big Bear, another

was a Middle-sized Bear, and the third was a Little Tiny Bear.

In the kitchen of the bears' house were a table and three chairs. The first was a great big chair, the second was a middle-sized chair, and



THE BOTTOM CAME OUT

the third was a little tiny chair. The bedroom was upstairs, and in it were three beds. The first was a great big bed, the second was a middle-sized bed, and the third was a little tiny bed.

The Three Bears got up early one morning, and the Middle-sized Bear made porridge for their breakfasts. It was so hot, that she poured it into the porridge pots, and they all went for a walk into the wood to give it time to cool.

Now while they were walking, a little girl named Goldilocks came to the house. First she looked in at the window, and then she peeped in at the key-hole, and, seeing nobody in the house, she lifted the latch. The door was not fastened, so little Goldilocks easily got in, and was well pleased when she saw the porridge on the table.

She first tasted the porridge in the Great Big Bear's pot, but it was too hot for her; so she tasted the porridge of the Middle-sized Bear; that was too cold for her. Then she went to the porridge of the Little Tiny Bear, and that was neither too hot nor too cold, but just right, and she liked it so well that she ate it all up.

She now sat down in the chair of the Great Big Bear, and that was too hard for her; so she sat in the chair of the Middle-sized Bear, and that was too soft for her; she then sat

down in the chair of the Little Tiny Bear, which was neither too hard nor too soft, but just right.

So she seated herself and sat in it till the bottom of the chair came out, and down she came plump upon the ground. Then little Goldilocks went upstairs into the bedroom, where the Three Bears slept. She looked at the nice cosey beds, and, although it was morning, she lay down on one of them.

This was the Great Big Bear's bed, but it was too high for her; so she tried the next bed, which was also too high for her. "Never mind," said she, "I will try the little bed." This was the Little Tiny Bear's bed, and was just right for her; so after covering herself up nicely she fell fast asleep.

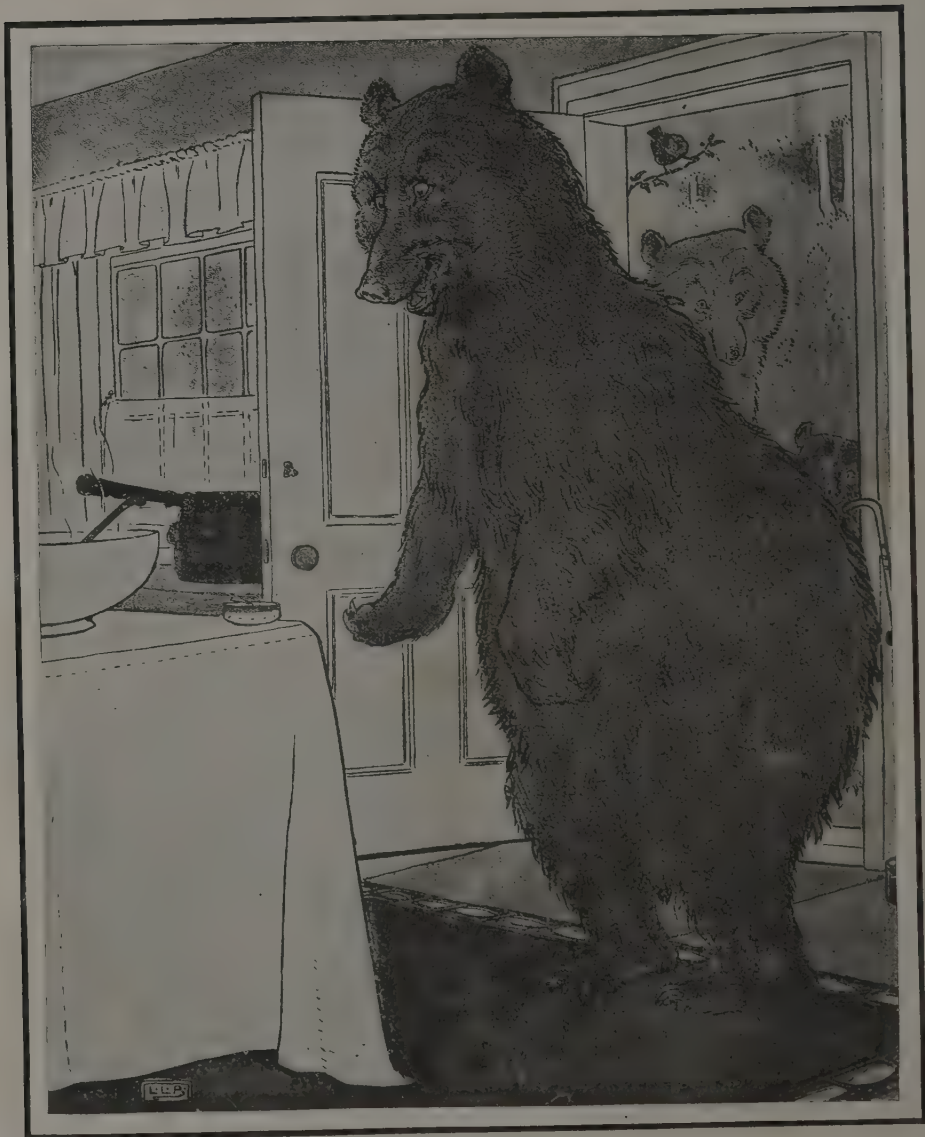
WHEN THE BEARS CAME HOME

By this time the Three Bears thought their porridge would be cool enough, so they came home to breakfast. Now little Goldilocks had left the spoon of the Great Big Bear standing in his porridge.

"SOMEONE HAS BEEN TASTING MY



FAST ASLEEP



THE BEARS RETURNING HOME

"PORRIDGE!" said the Great Big Bear, in his great big voice.

And when the Middle-sized Bear looked at hers, she saw that the spoon was standing in it.

"SOMEONE HAS BEEN TASTING MY PORRIDGE!" said the Middle-sized Bear, in her middle-sized voice.

Then the Little Tiny Bear looked at his, and

there was the spoon in the porridge pot, but the porridge was all gone.

"Someone has been tasting MY porridge, and has eaten it all up!" said the Little Tiny Bear, in his tiny little voice.



LEB

AWAY SHE RAN

! Upon this, the Three Bears, seeing that someone had entered their house and had eaten up the Little Tiny Bear's breakfast, began to look about them. Now little Goldilocks had not put the hard cushion straight, when she rose from the chair of the Great Big Bear.

"SOMEONE HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!" said the Great Big Bear, in his great big voice.

Little Goldilocks had also seated herself on the Middle-sized Bear's soft chair.

"SOMEONE HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!" said the Middle-sized Bear, in her middle-sized voice.

"Someone has been sitting in MY chair and has sat the bottom out of it!" said the Little Tiny Bear, in his tiny little voice.

The Three Bears were now getting vexed, so they ran upstairs, to search there. Now little Goldilocks had pulled the pillow out of its place when she lay on the biggest bed.

"SOMEONE HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!" said the Great Big Bear, in his great big voice.

And little Goldilocks had pulled the bolster of the second bed out of its place.

"SOMEONE HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!" said the Middle-sized Bear, in her middle-sized voice.

And when the Little Tiny Bear came to look at his bed, there was the bolster in its place and the pillow in its place upon the bolster; and upon the pillow was little Goldilocks' head.

"Someone has been lying in MY bed — and here she is!" said the Little Tiny Bear, in his tiny little voice.

Little Goldilocks had heard in her sleep the great big voice of the Great Big Bear, but she was so fast asleep that it was no more to her than the roaring of wind or the noise of thunder. She had heard the voice of the Middle-sized Bear, but it was only as if she had heard someone speaking in a dream. But when she heard the tiny little voice of the Little Tiny Bear, it was so sharp and so shrill that she sprang up wide awake. When she saw the Three Bears on one side of the bed, she gave a little cry, tumbled out at the other side, and ran to the window.

Now the window was open, and not far from the ground, so out little Goldilocks jumped, and away she ran into the wood, before the Three Bears could make up their minds what to do.





GOING OUT INTO THE WORLD

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

THERE was once a mother pig who was so poor that she could not keep her three little ones at home. "You must go out into the world and seek your fortunes," she said. And the three little pigs trotted forth.

The first little pig had not gone far when he met a man with a bundle of straw. "Please give me that straw to build a house," said he.

"I will," said the man, and the pig built a house.

Before long a wolf passed that way, knocked at the door, and called out, "Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

"No, no, by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin," answered the pig.

"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in," said the wolf. So he huffed, and he puffed, and he blew the house in, and ate up the little pig.

The second little pig met a man with a bundle of furze. "Please give me that furze to build a house," said he.

"I will," said the man, and the pig built a house.

Then along came the wolf, knocked at the door, and called out, "Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

"No, no, by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin," answered the pig.

"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in," said the wolf. So he huffed and he puffed, and he huffed and he puffed, and at last he blew the house in, and ate up the little pig.

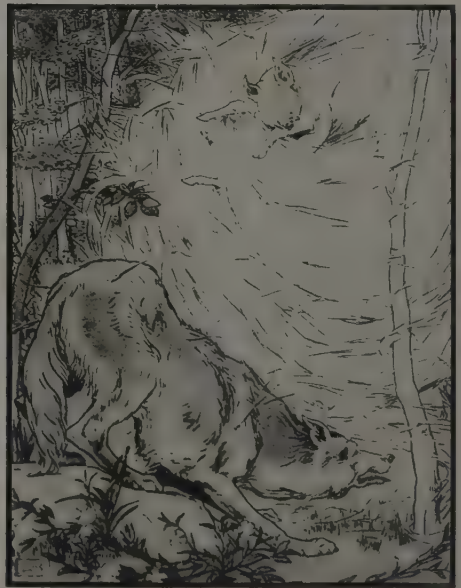
The third little pig met a man with a load of bricks. "Please give me those bricks to build a house," said he.

"I will," said the man, and the pig built a house.

Then along came the wolf, knocked at the door, and called out, "Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

"No, no, by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin," answered the pig.

"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in," said the wolf. So he huffed



HE BLEW THE HOUSE IN

and he puffed, and he huffed and he puffed, and he puffed and he huffed, and still he could not blow the house down. At last he gave up in despair, and called out, "Little pig, I know where there is a nice field of turnips."

"Oh, do you? Where?" asked the pig.

"In Mr. Smith's field. Would you like to come with me to get some?"

"Yes," said the little pig. "When?"

"At six o'clock to-morrow morning."

The next morning the little pig got up at five o'clock, went to Mr. Smith's field, and got the turnips. At six o'clock the wolf knocked at his door, and called out, "Are you ready?"

"Ready!" said the little pig. "I have been to the turnip field, and my turnips are now boiling in the pot."

The wolf felt very angry when he heard this, but he was determined not to be beaten, so he said, "Little pig, I know where there is a nice apple tree."

"Oh, do you? Where?" asked the pig.

"In Mr. Brown's garden. Would you like to come with me to get some apples?"



AT THE APPLE TREE

"Yes," said the little pig. "When?"

"At five o'clock to-morrow morning."

The next morning the little pig got up at four o'clock and went to Mr. Brown's garden. No smoke rose from the chimney of the little red-tiled cottage. Very likely Mr. Brown was asleep. Even if not, there was a broad river between the house and garden, and the little pig would have time to escape before Mr. Brown crossed the bridge. The apple tree was on the bank of the river. The little pig climbed up, and was enjoying a ripe, rosy-cheeked apple, when lo and behold! there was Mr. Wolf at the foot of the tree.

"Ah! little pig, you have got here before me," said the wolf. "Are n't they nice apples?"

"Yes, very," said the frightened little pig. "Here you are," and he threw one down. But he threw it so that it fell on the green bank of the river. Then it rolled and rolled, and the wolf had to run a long way after it. Quick as lightning the little pig climbed down, and ran for his life till he reached home safe and sound.

The next day the wolf came again to the little



THE HOUSE BUILT OF BRICKS



INSIDE THE CHURN

pig's house, and called out, "Little pig, I know where there is a fair."

"Oh, do you? Where?" asked the pig.

"At Shanklin. Would you like to come with me?"

"Yes," said the little pig. "When?"

"At three o'clock to-morrow morning."

The next morning the little pig got up at two o'clock, went to the fair, and bought a butter-churn. On his way home he was dismayed to see the wolf coming up the hill. In a terrible fright he jumped into the churn to hide. But the churn did not stay still. It rolled down the hill with the pig in it. This frightened the wolf so much that he did not go to the fair, but after a rest trotted slowly home.

In the afternoon he went round to the little pig's house, knocked, and called out, "Little pig, I got a terrible fright as I went to the fair this morning. A big round thing rolled down the hill and nearly knocked me over. I was too much afraid to look to see what it was."

"Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!" laughed the little pig. "I can tell you all about that. The big

round thing was a butter-churn that I bought at the fair, and I was inside it."

Then the wolf was wild with rage, and called out, "I mean to eat you up now, anyhow. I'm coming down the chimney."

"Oh, are you?" said the little pig, and he took the lid off a large pot of boiling water that was on the fire. Down jumped the wolf and tumbled into the pot. In a moment the little pig had popped on the cover again, and after the wolf had boiled for some hours the little pig ate him for supper, and lived happily ever afterwards.



SAFE AT HOME

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER SIXPENCE

AN old woman was sweeping her house, and she found a little crooked sixpence. "What," said she, "shall I do with this little sixpence? I will go to market, and buy a little pig."

As she was coming home, she came to a stile; but the pig would not go over the stile.

She went a little farther, and she met a dog. So she said to the dog—

"Dog, dog, bite pig!
Pig won't get over the stile;
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the dog would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a stick.
So she said —

"Stick, stick, beat dog!
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the stick would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a fire.
So she said —

"Fire, fire, burn stick!
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the fire would not.

She went a little farther, and she met some
water. So she said —

"Water, water, quench fire!
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the water would not.

She went a little farther, and she met an ox.
So she said —

"Ox, ox, drink water!
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the ox would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a
butcher. So she said —

"Butcher, butcher, kill ox!
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;

Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the butcher would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a rope.
So she said —

"Rope, rope, hang butcher!
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;



Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the rope would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a rat.
So she said —

"Rat, rat, gnaw rope!
Rope won't hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the rat would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a cat.
So she said —

"Cat, cat, kill rat!
Rat won't gnaw rope;
Rope won't hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

The cat said, "If you will give me a saucer
of milk, I will kill the rat."

So the old woman gave the cat the milk, and
when she had lapped up the milk —

The cat began to kill the rat;
The rat began to gnaw the rope;
The rope began to hang the butcher;
The butcher began to kill the ox;
The ox began to drink the water;
The water began to quench the fire;
The fire began to burn the stick;
The stick began to beat the dog;
The dog began to bite the pig;
The pig jumped over the stile,
And so the old woman got home that
night.



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl. She had neither brothers nor sisters, but lived alone with her father and mother. Her father was a woodman, and her mother looked after the house, and milked the cow, and made the butter, and baked the cakes. The little girl liked to help her mother. Best of all she liked to search every morning in the hen-yard for new-laid eggs.

Their home was a little cottage at the edge of a wood. At the other end of the wood was another little cottage. In it lived the little girl's grandmother.

The grandmother loved her little granddaughter very dearly, and gave her many pretty presents. The present the little girl liked best of all was a red cloak with a hood. She liked it so much that she always wore it, and so she was called Little Red Riding Hood.

One morning, immediately after breakfast, Little Red Riding Hood's mother said, "Put on your things, my child, and go and see how your grandmother is. She has not been well. Take this basket over your arm. I have put in it the six eggs you found this morning, and a



roll of fresh butter, and a newly baked cake."

Little Red Riding Hood set out at once with the basket on her arm. As she went through

the wood, she stopped often by the way to pick wild flowers for her grandmother.

All at once a gruff voice behind her said, "Good morning, Little Red Riding Hood."

Red Riding Hood turned round and saw a great big wolf. But she did not know what a wicked animal a wolf could be, so she was not afraid. She said politely, "Good morning, Mr. Wolf."

"What have you in your basket, Little Red Riding Hood?"

"Eggs and butter and cake, Mr. Wolf."

"Where are you going with them?"

"I am taking them to my grandmother. She is ill."

"Where does your grandmother live, Little Red Riding Hood?"

"Along that path past the wild roses, then through the gate at the end of the wood. I can see the smoke of her cottage, Mr. Wolf."

Then Mr. Wolf again said "Good morning," and set off along the path. And Little Red Riding Hood again answered "Good morning," and went in search of more wild flowers.

The wolf ran quickly through the wood and along the path to the gate till he reached the



grandmother's cottage and knocked at the door.

"Who's there?" called the grandmother.

"Little Red Riding Hood, with a basket of good things," said the wolf.

"Press the latch, open the door, and walk in, my dear," answered the grandmother.

The wolf pressed the latch, opened the door, and walked into the room where the grandmother lay in bed. He made one bound at her and gobbled her up, all but her nightcap. Then he took the nightcap and put it on his own head. Next Mr. Wolf crept beneath the bedclothes.

Now, while this was going on, Little Red Riding Hood had gathered a nosegay, and was tripping carefully past the wild rose trees and through the gate at the end of the wood. She reached her grandmother's cottage just as the wolf had settled himself snugly beneath the clothes.

Little Red Riding Hood knocked at the door.

"Who is there?" cried the wolf.

She was at first afraid at hearing the gruff voice of the wolf, but she thought that perhaps her grandmother had got a cold, so she answered: "It is your grandchild, Little Red Riding Hood. Mamma has sent you some eggs and butter and a newly baked cake."

"Press the latch, open the door, and walk in, my dear," answered the wolf in a softer voice.

Little Red Riding Hood pressed the latch, opened the door, and walked into the bedroom, where the wolf lay hiding under the bedclothes.

"Good morning, grandmother," she said. "I have brought you eggs and butter and a cake from mother. And here is a bunch of flowers I gathered in the wood. But oh, grandmother," she exclaimed, as she reached the bed, "what big ears you have."

"All the better to hear you with, my dear."

"But what big eyes you have, grandmother."

"All the better to see you with, my dear."

"But, grandmother, what a big nose you have."

"All the better to smell you with, my dear."

"But what big teeth you have, grandmother."

"All the better to eat you up with, my dear."

And with these words the wolf sprang at Little Red Riding Hood. Of course he meant to

gobble her up, as he had gobbled up her grandmother.

But just at that moment in rushed Little Red Riding Hood's father. He had his ax in his hand. With one blow he chopped off Mr. Wolf's head.

Then Little Red Riding Hood's father carried his little girl home, safe and sound to her mother, and they all lived together happily ever afterwards.



The STORY of CHICKEN-LICKEN

AS Chicken-Licken went one day to the wood, an acorn fell upon her poor bald head, and she thought the sky had fallen. So she said she would go and tell the King the sky had fallen.

So Chicken-licken turned back, and met Hen-len. "Well, Hen-len, where are you going?"

And Hen-len said, "I'm going to the wood for some meat."

And Chicken-licken said, "Oh! Hen-len, don't go, for I was going, and the sky fell upon my poor bald head, and I'm going to tell the King."

So Hen-len turned back with Chicken-licken, and met Cock-lock. "Oh! Cock-lock, where are you going?"

And Cock-lock said, "I'm going to the wood for some meat."

Then Hen-len said, "Oh! Cock-lock, don't go, for I was going, and I met Chicken-licken, and Chicken-licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald head, and we are going to tell the King."



So Cock-luck turned back, and met Duck-luck. "Well, Duck-luck, where are you going?"

And Duck-luck said, "I'm going to the wood for some meat."

Then Cock-luck said, "Oh! Duck-luck, don't go, for I was going, and I met Hen-len and Hen-len met Chicken-licken, and Chicken-licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald head, and we are going to tell the King."

So Duck-luck turned back, and met Drake-lake. "Well, Drake-lake, where are you going?"

And Drake-lake said, "I'm going to the wood for some meat."

Then Duck-luck said, "Oh! Drake-lake, don't go, for I was going, and I met Cock-lock, and Cock-lock met Hen-len, and Hen-len met Chicken-licken, and Chicken-licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald head, and we are going to tell the King."

So Drake-lake turned back, and met Goose-loose. "Well, Goose-loose, where are you going?"

And Goose-loose said, "I'm going to the wood for some meat."

Then Drake-lake said, "Oh! Goose-loose, don't go, for I was going, and I met Duck-luck, and Duck-luck met Cock-lock, and Cock-lock met Hen-len, and Hen-len met Chicken-licken, and Chicken-licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald head, and we are going to tell the King."

So Goose-loose turned back, and met Gander-lander. "Well, Gander-lander, where are you going?"

And Gander-lander said, "I'm going to the wood for some meat."

Then Goose-loose said, "Oh! Gander-lander, don't go, for I was going, and I met Drake-lake, and Drake-lake met Duck-luck, and Duck-luck met Cock-lock, and Cock-lock met Hen-len, and Hen-len met Chicken-licken, and Chicken-licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald head, and we are going to tell the King."

So Gander-lander turned back, and met Turkey-lurkey. "Well, Turkey-lurkey, where are you going?"

And Turkey-lurkey said, "I'm going to the wood for some meat."

Then Gander-lander said, "Oh! Turkey-lurkey, don't go, for I was going, and I met Goose-loose, and Goose-loose met Drake-lake, and Drake-lake met Duck-luck, and Duck-luck met Cock-lock, and Cock-lock met Hen-len, and Hen-len met Chicken-licken, and Chicken-licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald head, and we are going to tell the King."

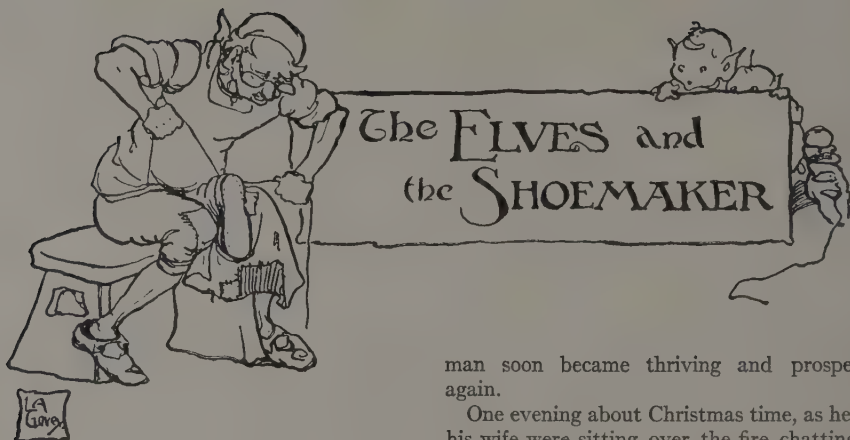
So Turkey-lurkey turned back, and walked with Gander-lander, Goose-loose, Drake-lake, Duck-luck, Cock-lock, Hen-len, and Chicken-licken. And as they were going along, they met Fox-lox. And Fox-lox said, "Where are you going, my pretty maids?"

And they said, "Chicken-licken went to the wood, and the sky fell upon her poor bald head, and we are going to tell the King."

And Fox-lox said, "Come along with me, and I will show you the way."

But Fox-lox took them into the fox's hole, and he and his young ones soon ate up poor Chicken-licken, Hen-len, Cock-lock, Duck-luck, Drake-lake, Goose-loose, Gander-lander, and Turkey-lurkey, and they never saw the King to tell him that the sky had fallen.





THERE was once a shoemaker who worked very hard and was very honest; but still he could not earn enough to live upon, and at last all he had in the world was gone, except just leather enough to make one pair of shoes. Then he cut them all ready to make up the next day, meaning to get up early in the morning to work, and went peacefully to bed and fell asleep. In the morning he sat himself down to his work, when, to his great wonder, there stood the shoes, all ready made, upon the table. The good man knew not what to say or think of this strange event. He looked at the workmanship: it was all neat and true; there was not one false stitch in the whole job.

That same day a customer came in, and the shoes pleased him so well that he willingly paid a price higher than usual for them; and the poor shoemaker with the money bought leather enough to make two pairs more. In the evening he cut out the work, and went to bed early that he might get up and begin betimes next day; but he was saved all the trouble, for when he got up in the morning the work was finished ready to his hand. Presently in came buyers, who paid him handsomely for his goods, so that he bought leather enough for four pairs more. He cut out the work again over night, and found it finished in the morning as before; and so it went on for some time; what was got ready in the evening was always done by daybreak, and the good

man soon became thriving and prosperous again.

One evening about Christmas time, as he and his wife were sitting over the fire chatting together, he said to her, "I should like to sit up and watch to-night, that we may see who it is that comes and does my work for me." The wife liked the thought; so they left a light burning, and hid themselves in the corner of the room behind a curtain that was hung up there, and watched what would happen.

As soon as it was midnight, there came two little naked dwarfs; and they sat themselves upon the shoemaker's bench, took up all the work that was cut out, and began to ply with their little fingers, stitching and rapping and tapping away at such a rate that the shoemaker could not take his eyes off for a moment. And on they went till the job was quite finished, and the shoes stood ready for use upon the table. This was long before daybreak; and then they bustled away as quick as lightning.

The next day the wife said to the shoemaker: "These little wights have made us rich, and we ought to be thankful to them, and do them a good office in turn. I am quite vexed to see them run about as they do; they have nothing upon their backs to keep off the cold. I'll tell you what: I will make each of them a shirt, and a coat and waistcoat, and a pair of pantaloons into the bargain; do you make each of them a little pair of shoes."

The thought pleased the good shoemaker very much; and one evening, when all the things were ready, they laid them on the table instead of the work that they used to cut out and then went and hid themselves to watch what



the little elves would do. About midnight they came in, and were going to sit down to their work as usual; but when they saw the clothes lying for them, they laughed and were greatly delighted. Then they dressed themselves in the twinkling of an eye, and danced and capered and sprang about as merry as could be, till at last they danced out at the door over the green; and the shoemaker saw them no more; but everything went well with him from that time forward, as long as he lived.

PUSS IN BOOTS

ONCE there was a miller who had three sons. When he died, the eldest took the mill, the second son had the ass, and for the third son there was only the cat.

The youngest son was very sad at first, because he did not see how a cat could be of any use to him. One day, he sat alone thinking, thinking, thinking. "What shall I do to earn a living?" he asked himself.

Just then the cat came up to him and said, "Dear master, give me a pair of boots and a bag, and I will show you how to make a fortune."

His master laughed at the thought of a cat making a fortune, but still he did as he asked. The cat put on the boots, took the bag on his back, and went out into the fields.

When he got there, he opened the bag, put some cabbage leaves into it, and then lay down. He kept very stiff and still, to make the rabbits think he was dead. Presently a fine, fat rabbit popped his head into the bag, and the cat drew the string tight and caught him.

He at once took him to the King, made a low bow, and said, "I have brought you a present, sire, from the Marquis of Carabas." This was the new title the cat had given his master.





The King said, "Tell my lord Marquis of Carabas that I take his present with much pleasure."

Soon after this, the cat caught some fine fat partridges in the same way and took them to the palace. The King sent back the same message, and told his servants to give the cat some milk. In this way the cat took presents to the King every week for some time, each time telling him the same story.

One day, the cat heard that the King was going to ride by the side of the river with his daughter, a most lovely princess. Puss told his master that if he would take his advice his fortune was made.

He said, "Go and bathe in the river in a place that I will show you, and leave the rest to me."

THE KING PASSES BY

He did just as Puss told him, not knowing what he meant to do. While he was bathing, the King passed by, and the cat called out,

"Help, help, my lord Marquis of Carabas is drowning."

The cat shouted so loudly that the King heard him, and put his head out of his carriage window. Of course he saw Puss in Boots, who had brought him so many presents. "Quick! quick!" shouted the King to his servants, "go at once and do all you can to save the Marquis of Carabas."

While they were taking the cat's master out of the river, the cat ran to the carriage, and told the King that some robbers had run away with his master's clothes while his master was bathing.

"I shouted 'Stop thief!' with all my might," said he, "but the robbers ran away faster than ever." The King at once sent two of his servants back to the palace to fetch a splendid suit of clothes.

THE KING AND THE MARQUIS

They soon returned, and when the young man was dressed he looked like a fine prince.



PUSS AND THE KING

When the King saw him, he liked him so much that he told him to get into the carriage.

As they were driving along, the cat ran in front. He was very proud, because his plan was going on so well. Soon he came to some men who were mowing grass in a large meadow, and he said to the mowers:

"Good people, if you do not tell the King, who will soon pass this way, that this meadow belongs to my lord Marquis of Carabas, you shall all be chopped into pieces as small as mince-meat."

When the King came, he asked to whom the meadow belonged, and they all said at once, "To my lord Marquis of Carabas," for they did not wish to be chopped into mince-meat.

The cat again ran on in front, and came to a field where some men were making sheaves of the corn they had reaped.

He said as before, "Good people, if you do not tell the King, who will soon pass this way, that the corn you have reaped belongs to the Marquis of Carabas, you shall all be chopped as small as mince-meat."

When the King passed, he asked to whom the corn belonged, and they said, "To the Marquis of Carabas."

PUSS AND THE OGRE

The cat still went on before, and came to a large castle that belonged to a very rich Ogre who owned all the land that the King had passed through. He asked to speak to him, and said he could not pass so near without coming to ask after his health.

The Ogre spoke kindly to him. "I have been told," said the cat, "that you are able to turn yourself into any kind of animal, such as a lion or a bear."

"It is very true," said the Ogre, "and to show you, I will take the form of a lion."

The cat was very much afraid at finding himself so near a lion, so he climbed on the roof of the house, though he found it hard to climb in boots.

Some minutes after, the cat came down again and told the Ogre he had been very much afraid of him.

"I have been told," said Puss, "that you can also take the form of a very small animal, such as a mouse, but I cannot believe it."

"You shall see," said the Ogre, and turning himself into a mouse he began to frisk about the room. The cat at once sprang upon him and in a moment had eaten him up.

The King, as he drove along, admired the castle of the Ogre, and, just as he came up to the gate, the cat came out to meet him, saying, "Your Majesty is welcome to the castle of my lord the Marquis of Carabas!"

The miller's son gave his hand to the Princess, and followed the King, who went in front. They went into a large hall, where they found a splendid feast.

The King was so pleased with the castle and the marquis that he gave him the Princess to be his wife. After this, Puss became a great lord, and never caught mice any more, except for fun.

CINDERELLA, OR THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER

HOW SHE GOT HER NAME

THERE was once an honest gentleman who married a second time. He had one little girl, who was as sweet a child as ever lived. His second wife was the proudest and most bad-tempered woman in the country. She had two daughters, who were in everything just like herself.

The stepmother had not been married a single day, before she became jealous of the little girl, who was so different from her own two daughters. What did she do but give her all the hard work of the house to look after? But our poor little damsel never complained; indeed, she did not dare to speak about her ill-treatment to her father, who thought his new wife was perfect. When her work was done, she used to sit in the chimney corner among the cinders, and from this the two sisters gave her the nickname of *Cinderella*. But Cinderella, though she was shabbily clad, was prettier than they, with all their fine clothes.

HOW THE KING'S SON GAVE A BALL

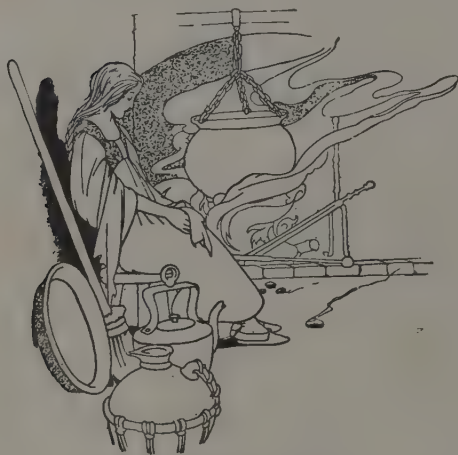
Now it happened that the King's Son gave a ball, to which he asked all people of rank and fashion in the city, and the two elder sisters

were invited. They were very proud at being asked, and took great pains in settling what they should wear. For days together they talked of nothing but their clothes.

"I," said the elder, "shall put on my red velvet gown with lace trimmings."

"And I," said the younger, "shall have my silk petticoat, but I shall set it off with an upper skirt of flowered satin, and I shall put on my diamond necklace, which is a great deal finer than anything of yours."

Here the two sisters began to dispute which



IN THE CHIMNEY CORNER

had the best things, and words ran high. Cinderella did what she could to make peace. She even kindly offered to dress them herself, and to arrange their hair, which she could do most beautifully.

The important evening came, and she did her best to adorn the two young ladies. When she was combing out the hair of the elder one, that ill-natured girl said, "Cinderella, don't you wish you were going to the ball?"

"Ah, madam," said Cinderella — they always made her say madam — "you are only making fun of me; I have no such good fortune." "True enough," said the elder sister, "people would only laugh to see a little cinder-wench at a ball."

Any other than Cinderella would not have taken such pains with these two proud girls;

but she was good, and dressed them very nicely. At last the carriage came to the door. Cinderella watched them step into it, and saw them driven away in grand style; then she sat down by the kitchen fire and cried.

HOW CINDERELLA'S GODMOTHER SENT HER TO THE BALL

Suddenly, her godmother, who was a fairy, appeared beside her. "What are you crying for, my little maid?" "Oh, I should so like — I should so like —" here her sobs stopped her.

"You would so like to go to the ball — is n't that it?" Cinderella nodded. "Well, be a good girl, and you shall go. Run into the garden, and bring me the biggest pumpkin you can see."

Cinderella could not understand what a big pumpkin had to do with her going to the ball; but she was only a little girl, and, of course, did as she was told. Her godmother took the pumpkin, scooped out all the inside, and then struck it with her wand. It became a splendid gilt coach, lined with rose-colored satin. "Now, my dear," said the godmother, "fetch me the mouse-trap out of the pantry."

Cinderella fetched it, and in it there were six fat mice. The fairy raised the wire door of the trap, and, as each mouse ran out, she struck it, and changed it into a beautiful black horse.

"But what am I to do for a coachman, Cinderella?" asked the fairy. Cinderella said that she had seen a large black rat in the



THE GODMOTHER'S ARRIVAL

rat-trap, and that he might do for want of a better. "That is a happy thought," cried the fairy. "Go and bring him."

He was brought, and the fairy turned him into a jolly, fat coachman, with great long whiskers. She afterwards took six snails from behind the hot-house, and changed them into six footmen in splendid suits, and they at once got up behind the carriage.

"Well, Cinderella," said her fairy godmother, "now you can go to the ball." "What, in these clothes?" said Cinderella, in a most doleful tone, looking down on her ragged frock.

Her godmother gave a laugh, and touched her also with the wand. Instantly, her wretched threadbare jacket became bright with gold, and shining with jewels; her woolen petticoat grew into a gown of sweeping satin; and her little feet were no longer bare, but covered with silk stockings and the prettiest glass slippers in the world.

"Now, Cinderella, off to the ball; but remember, do not stay an instant after midnight. If you do, your carriage will become a pumpkin, your coachman a rat, your horses mice, and you yourself the little cinder-wench you were a minute ago." "No, I won't stay an instant after midnight!" said Cinderella, and she set off with her heart full of joy.

Someone, most likely a friend of the fairy, had told the King's Son that a splendid princess, whom nobody knew, was coming to the ball. When Cinderella arrived at the palace, there he was standing at the entrance, ready to receive her. He gave her his hand, and led her proudly among the company, who made way for her to pass, and everyone whispered, "How beautiful she is!" The court ladies looked at her eagerly, clothes and all, and made up their minds to have their next new dresses made of exactly the same pattern. The King's Son himself led her out to dance, and she danced so gracefully that he admired her more and more. Indeed, at supper, which was early, he was already so much in love with her, that he quite forgot to eat.

As for Cinderella, she felt rather shy among so many strangers, so she sought out her sisters. She placed herself beside them and offered them all sorts of kind attentions, much to their surprise, for they did not know her in the least.

She was talking with them, when the clock struck a quarter to twelve. As soon as she heard that, she took leave of the royal family, reëntered her carriage, and soon arrived safely at her own door.

There she found her godmother, and, after



AFTER TWELVE

thanking her for the great treat she had enjoyed, she begged leave to go to a second ball, the following night, to which the Queen had invited her.

Just then, the two sisters knocked at the gate. The fairy godmother vanished, and, when they entered, there was Cinderella sitting in the chimney corner, rubbing her eyes and pretending to be very sleepy.

"Ah," cried the elder sister, spitefully, "what a delightful ball it has been! The most beautiful princess I ever saw was there, and she was very polite to us both."

"Was she?" said Cinderella, pretending not to care. "And who might she be?"

"Nobody knows, though all would give their ears to know, even the King's Son."

"Indeed!" replied Cinderella, a little more interested; "I should like to see her, madam. Will you not lend me the yellow gown that you wear on Sundays, and let me go tomorrow?"

"A likely story, indeed," cried the elder sister, "that I should lend it to a cinder-wench. I am not so mad as that!"

The next night came, and the two sisters, richly dressed in quite new dresses, went to the ball. Cinderella, more splendidly dressed and more beautiful than ever, soon followed them.

"Now, remember, twelve o'clock," was the last thing her godmother said.

But the Prince spent the whole evening by her, and, in the pleasure of listening, she forgot all about the time. While the two were sitting in the lovely garden looking at the moon from under a bower of orange blossoms, she heard a clock strike the first stroke of twelve.

She rose and fled away like a startled deer. The Prince was surprised, and attempted to follow her, but she could not be caught. Indeed, he missed his beautiful princess altogether, and only saw a dirty little lass running out of the palace gate, whom he had never seen before, and of whom he certainly would never have taken any notice. Cinderella reached home breathless and weary, without horses, or carriage, or footmen, or coachman. The only remains she had of her past finery was one of her little glass slippers. She had dropped the other in the ballroom as she ran away.

When the two sisters came back from the ball, they could talk of nothing but the strange princess, who had fled suddenly on the stroke of twelve, no one knew where, dropping one of her glass slippers as she ran. "The Prince is surely very much in love with her," they said.

Cinderella listened without saying a word, but she turned her face to the kitchen fire and blushed as red as a rose. Next morning she went to her weary work again.

HOW THE KING'S SON FOUND HIS BRIDE

A few days after, the whole city was roused by a loud sound of trumpets. It was the King's herald seeking the owner of the lost slipper. He held up the little glass slipper, proclaiming that the King's Son would marry the

lady whose foot was small enough to fit it, or the one who could show another like it. All the beautiful ladies of the land tried it on, but, being a fairy slipper, it fitted nobody. Besides, nobody could bring forward its fellow slipper, which lay all the time safely in the pocket of Cinderella's old gown.

At last the herald came to the house of the two sisters, and, though these knew well enough that neither of them was the beautiful lady, they tried their best to get their clumsy feet into the slipper. Of course, it was all in vain.

"Let me try it on," said Cinderella.

"What, you?" cried the others, bursting into shouts of laughter; but Cinderella only smiled and held out her hand.

Her sisters could not prevent her, since the command was that every young girl in the kingdom should make the attempt, in case the right owner might be missed. So the herald made Cinderella sit down on a three-legged stool in the kitchen, and he put the slipper on her pretty foot, and it fitted exactly. Cinderella then drew from her pocket the fellow slipper, which she also put on, and stood up.

With the touch of the magic shoes, all her dress was changed, and she was no longer the poor, despised cinder-wench, but the beautiful lady whom the King's Son loved.

Her sisters knew her at once and threw themselves at her feet, begging her pardon for all their past unkindness. She told them that she heartily forgave them, and only hoped they would love her always.

She was then taken to the palace, where she told her whole story to the King and the royal family. The young Prince found her more beautiful and charming than ever, and the wedding took place the next day.



JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

IN the good old times, when Alfred was king, a poor widow lived in an out-of-the-way village in England. She had a son named Jack, who was really a very good boy at heart; but his mother had given him so much of his own way, that he had become the idlest and most careless fellow in the whole parish. Besides being idle and careless, he was so wasteful that he had brought his mother almost to poverty. At last, there was not a crust of bread left in the house.

The mother went to Jack with tears in her eyes, and told him that her cow must now be sold to keep them from starving. Jack felt sorry to see her so sad, and promised, if she would trust him to drive the cow to the next village, that he would sell her for a good sum of money.

THE PRETTY BEANS

His mother agreed, so Jack set out. As he was going along, he met a butcher who was carrying some curious-looking beans in his hat. Jack looked at the beans, and the butcher looked at the cow, and asked Jack whether he would exchange the cow for his pretty beans.

"Certainly," said Jack, "I shall be most happy."

He jumped down, took the beans, and ran back in great haste to his mother, thinking that she would be as much pleased as himself. When the poor widow heard of this foolish action, she was full of despair. In great anger, she lifted the beans, and flung them out of the window in all directions. That night, both mother and son went supperless to bed.

Jack awoke early next morning, and, after rubbing his eyes, saw that his window was darkened by something he had never seen there before. He ran down into the garden and found that some of the beans had taken root during the night, and sprung up to a surprising height.

In fact they formed a kind of ladder, whose top was lost in the clouds. He at once resolved to climb this wonderful beanstalk. "Don't go," said his mother. "But I will," said willful Jack, and it was not long before he was making his way up.

He climbed and climbed for several hours, and was getting tired out, when at length he reached the top. There he found himself in a strange country, where not a living creature was to be seen.

JACK AND THE FAIRY

He now was very sorry for not having done as his mother had told him, and began to fear he should die of hunger before he could get down again. All at once, he saw a beautiful lady by his side. While he was wondering where she had come from, the stranger asked him how he came there. Jack told her. The lady asked him if he could remember his father.

"No," replied he, "and when I name him to my mother she always begins to weep, and will tell me nothing."

"She dare not," replied the lady. "But I can and will. I am a fairy, and I was a friend of your father's. He was a good man; but a giant, whom he had helped in trouble, slew him in return for his kindness, and seized all his property. The wicked villain also made your mother promise that she would never tell you anything about your father. If she did, he told her, he would kill both her and you. Then he turned her off, with you in her arms, to wander about the world. At the time all this happened, I was ten thousand miles away, and so was unable to give your father any aid. I returned on the day you went to sell your cow. It was I who made the beanstalks grow, and made you wish to climb to this strange country, for it is here the wicked giant lives, who killed your father. It is you who must punish him, and I will assist you. Do not let your mother hear that you know your father's history. If you disobey me, you will suffer for it."

Jack asked how he was to reach the giant's house.

"Go straight on," said the fairy, "and you will reach it about sunset. You must then act as you think best, and I will help you if you get into trouble. Farewell."

She smiled kindly on Jack, and vanished, leaving Jack gazing at the spot where she had been standing.



JACK AT THE GIANT'S HOUSE

Jack went on his way, and traveled till sunset, when he reached a large mansion. He went up to a woman who was standing at the door, and asked her to give him a crust of bread and a night's lodging.

"Alas!" said she, "I dare not, for my husband is a giant, who eats human flesh. He is now gone in search of some. You would not be safe for one moment in our house."

Jack was frightened enough; still he begged the good woman to take him in for that night, and to hide him as well as she could. The woman had a kind heart, so she said she would do her best. She led him into a huge kitchen, where she laid a plentiful supper before him. He was beginning to eat heartily, when a thundering rap came to the door, making the very house shake. The giant's wife hid Jack in the oven, and flew to let her husband in.

"I smell fresh meat!" said he.

"Oh," answered she, "it is only the sheep you killed this morning."

He walked in, grumbling and growling, and sat down while his wife brought him his supper. When supper was over, the giant called out, "Bring me my hen!" His wife brought a hen and placed it on the table, and every time the giant said, "Lay," the hen laid a golden egg.

The giant amused himself for a long time, but at last he grew drowsy, and fell asleep at the table, snoring like the roaring of cannon. The wife long before this had gone to bed.

JACK'S ESCAPE

As soon as it was light, Jack, seeing the giant still asleep, crept out of his hiding-place, and ran off with the hen. He ran till he reached the top of the beanstalk, and got down better than he had expected. His mother was delighted to see him, for she had given him up as lost. She was much surprised when Jack told her what he had brought home — a hen that would lay golden eggs.

Both mother and son were now rich and happy, and lived in comfort for many months. But Jack never forgot what the fairy had said, and told his mother he wished to climb the beanstalk again.

She advised him not to do so, saying that the giant's wife would know better than to let him in, and that the giant would be sure to kill him. But Jack was so set upon going, that he stained his skin with walnut juice, dressed himself like a sailor lad, and started one morning almost before it was light.

UP THE BEANSTALK AGAIN

He climbed the beanstalk, and made his way again to the giant's house, which he reached about evening. This time also he found the giant's wife at the door. Jack made up a pitiful story to induce her to take him in for the night.

She told him, as she had done before, that her husband was a powerful giant. She also added that she had taken in an ungrateful young scamp some months back, who had stolen one of the giant's treasures, and ever since he had done nothing but scold her.

Jack, however, begged so hard for a night's lodging, that at last the good woman led

him into the kitchen, and, after he had eaten some supper, hid him.

The giant walked in shortly after, and exclaimed as before, "I smell fresh meat!"

"Oh," said his wife, "it is only the crows, who have left a piece of raw meat on the roof of the house." So the giant grumbled awhile, till his supper was served. When he had eaten his fill, he called for his money-bags.

Jack now peered out of his hiding-place, and saw the wife return, dragging two heavy bags, one filled with new guineas, and the other filled with new shillings. After counting his treasure over and over again, the giant replaced it in the bags, and then dropped asleep, snoring as loud as the rushing of the sea on a stormy night.

At last, Jack, thinking that all was safe, crept to the table on tip-toe, seized the bags, and slinging them over his shoulder made his way to the beanstalk. He again managed to climb down safely.

Jack found that his mother was so ill from troubling about him that she was almost dying. On seeing him safe, however, she soon recovered. After this, they lived in comfort for about three years, during which time the beanstalk was not even mentioned by either of them.

But Jack felt he must make another journey to the giant's house to try his luck again.

So, without saying a word to his mother, he once more climbed the beanstalk. He followed the same road as he had done twice before, and again found the giant's wife at the door.

This time he had much more trouble in getting her to let him in. But he succeeded at last, and this time was hidden in the boiler.

When the giant returned, he said, savagely, "I smell fresh meat!"

Jack did not mind this much at first, but began to shake in his shoes when the giant began hunting about in every corner of the kitchen. He even laid his hand on the boiler lid, but did not lift it, for his wife just then called him to supper, and off he went to it. After supper, he ordered his wife to fetch his harp.

When it was brought, the giant placed it on the table, and said, "Play!" and at once, without anybody touching it, it played the most beautiful music. Jack was delighted and said to himself, "I must have that magic harp at all costs."



THE GIANT AND THE HEN

Its sound was so sweet, that it soon lulled the giant to sleep, and this time he snored like the rolling of distant thunder. As soon as the giant was asleep, Jack got out of the boiler and seized the harp. But the harp was enchanted, and, as soon as it found itself in Jack's hands, it cried out loudly, "Master! Master!"

The giant awoke, started up, and saw Jack scampering off as fast as his legs could carry him. "Oh, you young villain!" exclaimed the giant, "it is you who have robbed me of my hen, and my money-bags, and now you are stealing my harp also. Wait till I catch you, and I'll eat you up alive!"

The giant had, however, drunk so much wine at supper, that he could not run steadily, and Jack reached the top of the beanstalk first. He scrambled down it as fast as he could, and when he arrived at the bottom called loudly for a hatchet. There was the giant coming down!

Jack took the hatchet and cut the beanstalk through at the root, when the giant fell headlong into the garden, and was killed on the spot.

The fairy now appeared, and told Jack's mother everything. She also told Jack to be a good lad in the future, and to follow his father's example by living to do good. Jack never forgot her advice, and he and his mother lived happily to the end of their days.

SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED

ONCE upon a time a widow and her two little girls lived alone in a cottage. There was a pretty little garden in front of the cottage. In the garden were two rose-bushes. One bore white roses and the other red. The rose-bushes were older than the little girls, who were named Snow-White and Rose-Red after them. Rose-Red always wore a wreath of red roses on her hair, and Snow-White a single white rose on hers.

Both children were very good and obedient, and always busy, but they were different in their ways. Snow-White was quiet and gentle, and Rose-Red was merry and wild. The sisters were very fond of each other, and often vowed they would keep together as long as they lived.

Snow-White and Rose-Red lived a great deal in the wood near their home. Wild animals passed near them, but did them no harm. The hares ate from their hands, deer grazed by their side, the stags bounded merrily by, and birds would alight on their uncovered heads.

Snow-White loved the winter, when the snow was on the ground. She was always up early in the morning. She lighted the fire, put the kettle on, and set the table. In the evening, when the snow was falling, her mother would say, "Snow-White, go and bolt the door!" Then the two little girls would sit down by the fire, while their mother would read aloud stories of fairies and princes and goblins.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR

One evening, as they were sitting like this, listening to a fairy story, a loud knock came to the door. "Quick, Rose-Red, open the door!" said the mother, "perhaps it is someone lost in the snow." Rose-Red ran to the door, and pushed the bolt back, thinking to see some poor man seeking for shelter.

Instead of a man, there stood a big brown bear, who poked his thick head in at the open door. Rose-Red ran back to her mother in fright. But the bear spoke quickly.

"I have not come to harm you," he said in a gentle voice, "I only want to warm myself by your fire, for I am half frozen."

"Poor bear," said the mother, "come in, and lie down by the fire if you want to, but take care not to burn your furry coat." And the big brown bear lay down.

"Dear children, will you sweep the snow off my fur?" he asked.

Then Snow-White and Rose-Red crept near with the broom, and in turn swept the snow from the bear's coat. By the time this was done, the children lost all fear, and the bear had become their playfellow. When bedtime came the mother said, "Stay here by the fire all night, gentle bear."

In the morning the little girls opened the door, and the bear trotted away through the snow into the wood.

In the evening, he returned, and when the door was opened he walked to the hearth, and lay down as if he had been used to rest there all his life. The next evening he came again, and the next, and the next, nor did he stop his visits until the spring had come and the songbirds were heard in the wood. Then he said, "Good-by, Snow-White, good-by, Rose-Red, I must go into the forest to hide my treasures from the wicked dwarfs who live there. In winter these treasures are safe under the frozen earth, but now the warm sun melts the ice, and it will be easy for the dwarfs to dig down and reach what is mine."

The children felt quite sorrowful as the bear left them. As he passed out at the door, the latch caught him, and a piece of his fur was torn off.

It seemed to Snow-White that she saw gold shining through the hole in his hairy coat, but she was not sure. The bear ran quickly away, and was soon out of sight.

A DWARF IN TROUBLE

Some time after, the mother sent the children into the wood, to gather sticks. Within the wood, they came to a large tree lying on the

ground, where the wind had blown it down. Close to this tree, they saw something hopping up and down. At first they could not make out what it was. When they came nearer, they saw it was a dwarf, with an old, withered face, and a beard a yard long and as white as snow. The end of the beard was stuck fast in a cleft in the tree, and the little fellow was jumping about like a dog tied to a chain.

He did not know how to get free. He glared

you foolish, milk-faced things. Can't you make yourselves useful?"

The children did their best, but they could not pull the beard out; it stuck too fast.

"I will run and fetch help!" cried Rose-Red.

"You great sheep's head!" snarled the dwarf, "what do you want to call more people for? You are two too many for me already. Can't you think of anything else?"



AS THEY CAME NEARER THEY SAW IT WAS A DWARF WITH AN OLD WITHERED FACE AND A SNOW-WHITE BEARD.

at the girls with his red, fiery eyes and screamed out, "Why are you standing there like a couple of posts? Can't you come and help me?"

"What is the matter with you, little man?" asked Rose-Red.

"Stupid little goose!" answered the dwarf; "I wanted to chop the tree, so as to have some small pieces of wood for the kitchen. I had driven the wedge well in, and all was going smoothly, when out sprang the wedge. The tree closed up so quickly that I could not pull my beautiful beard out; now there it sticks, and I can't get away. There, don't laugh,

"Don't be in a hurry," said Snow-White, "I have thought of something." She took her little scissors out of her pocket, and cut the end of the beard off.

As soon as the dwarf was free, he snatched up a sack filled with gold that was sticking between the roots of the tree. He then threw it over his shoulder, grumbling and crying, "You stupid people, to cut a piece off my beautiful beard! Bad luck to you!" and he marched off without once looking round.

Some time afterward, Snow-White and Rose-Red went to catch some fish for tea. As they

came to the pond, they saw something like a great grasshopper jumping about on the bank, as if it were going to spring into the water. They ran up, and saw that it was the dwarf.

"What are you doing?" asked Rose-Red. "You don't want to go into the water, do you?"

"I am not such a fool as that!" cried the dwarf. "Don't you see a fish wants to pull me in?"

The little man had been sitting there fishing, and the wind had twisted the line and his beard together. So when a great fish bit at his hook, the feeble little fellow could not pull it out, and the fish was pulling the dwarf into the water. He caught hold of all the reeds and rushes, but that did not help him much. The fish pulled him wherever it liked, and he must have soon been drawn into the pond. The girls came just at the right moment.

They held him fast, and tried to get his beard loose from the line, but both were too closely twisted for that. There was nothing for it but to pull out the scissors and cut off another piece of the beard.

When the dwarf was free, he cried out: "You silly geese! what need is there to cut my beautiful beard? You cut it once before, and nothing will please you but you must cut it again. I dare not be seen by my people. I wish you had run the soles of your shoes off before you came here." He then took up a sack full of pearls, that lay among the rushes, and ran off.

Soon after this, the mother sent the two girls to the next town to buy thread, needles and pins, lace and ribbons. The road passed over a moor, which had great piles of rock here and there. Looking up in the air, they noticed a large bird flying round and round over their heads. Soon, it settled down on a rock not far in front of them. A loud cry, which seemed to come from this rock, made them hurry forward. There they found an eagle trying to carry off the same little dwarf they had met twice before. The children never thought of the cross things he had said to them, but at once seized hold of his coat, and pulled so hard, that the eagle let go and flew away.

As soon as the dwarf found that he was safe, he cried out in his shrill voice: "Could you not have held me more gently? You have torn my fine brown coat all to tatters, you clumsy

things!" Then he took up a sack full of precious stones, and slipped away behind the rock into his den.

THE BEAR AGAIN

Snow-White and Rose-Red never spoke, but went on their way, and bought what their mother wanted in the town. As they were returning home over the same moor, they again came across the dwarf. He had emptied his sack of precious stones on a little clean place, thinking that no one was likely to come that way. The setting sun made the stones shine so brightly, and they looked so pretty, that the children stood still to stare at them.

"What are you gaping at? What do you want?" cried the dwarf, his face turning red with rage.

While he was still scolding them, a loud growl was heard, and a black bear came trotting out of the wood. The little man ran off, without picking up his treasures. The bear ran after him, and caught him before he could reach his hiding-place. With his great paw, he gave the dwarf such a blow that he fell down and never moved again.

The little girls were running away, but the bear called out: "Snow-White and Rose-Red, do not be afraid. Wait a moment and I will go with you." They knew the voice at once. It was their old friend.

He came up to them, and lo, his skin fell off and showed them a handsome prince, dressed in cloth of gold from head to foot. "I am a king's son," he said. "I was changed into a wild bear by the wicked dwarf, who had stolen all my treasures. I was forced to run about in the wood till I should be set free by his death. Now he has got what he deserved."

Then all three went home together. Soon after this, Snow-White married the prince, and Rose-Red married his brother. They shared among them the riches which the dwarf had hidden in his cave.

The old mother lived at the palace with her children, for many years. The two rose-bushes were taken up from the cottage garden, and planted in front of her window. There they bore beautiful roses, white and red, every year.



HANS' NEW SKIS

AND WHERE THEY TOOK HIM

WHEN Hans was six years old, his father gave him a new pair of skis. Hans wanted to go out on them at once, but winter was slow that year in coming. A little snow would fall, but it would soon melt, until Hans said, "Will winter never come?"

But at last winter came. It snowed two whole days and nights. On the third morning, when Hans awoke, the sky was blue and the snow glittered like a million stars. How glad he was! After breakfast his mother helped him put on his thick coat, warm mittens, and red cap, and he started off into the forest.

How beautiful it was in the forest! And the farther he went, the more beautiful it became. It seemed to him, all at once, as if he was standing in the palace of the winter king, and he called in a loud voice, "I thank you, good King Winter, that you have come at last."

Then Hans almost fell over in astonishment, for there before him stood an old man, all glittering white. "Are you King Winter?" he asked politely.

"No," said the old man, "I am only Father Frost. Have I not made the forest beautiful to-day?"

"Did you do it?" said Hans eagerly. "Show me how you make it glitter."

"This way," said the old man, and blew against Hans' coat. The breath came out of his mouth like a white cloud, and Hans' coat was covered with white tinsel.

Father Frost laughed and pulled Hans' ear. "You are a brave boy. You do not get cross when your cheeks are nipped a little. You called King Winter. Don't you want to go to his castle with me?"

Hans agreed, and they went through the

forest together, Father Frost ahead, and he behind on his new skis.

Suddenly Hans began to sneeze. His feet felt damp, and the frost melted from his jacket. He looked up and saw a strange little old woman coming through the wood. She wore big rubbers and carried a birch broom over her shoulder and an umbrella in her hand.

Who could she be? Hans opened his mouth to ask, but Father Frost saw her and rushed up to her.

"Ho!" he cried. "Are you here again? Go away at once, and do not dare to come back till spring."

He blew great clouds of frost at her, and she ran off in such haste that she dropped her broom. Father Frost told Hans that she was Dame Thaw, who came with Lady Spring and made everything clean for her. Then she was welcome. But she could never learn to wait,



DAME THAW

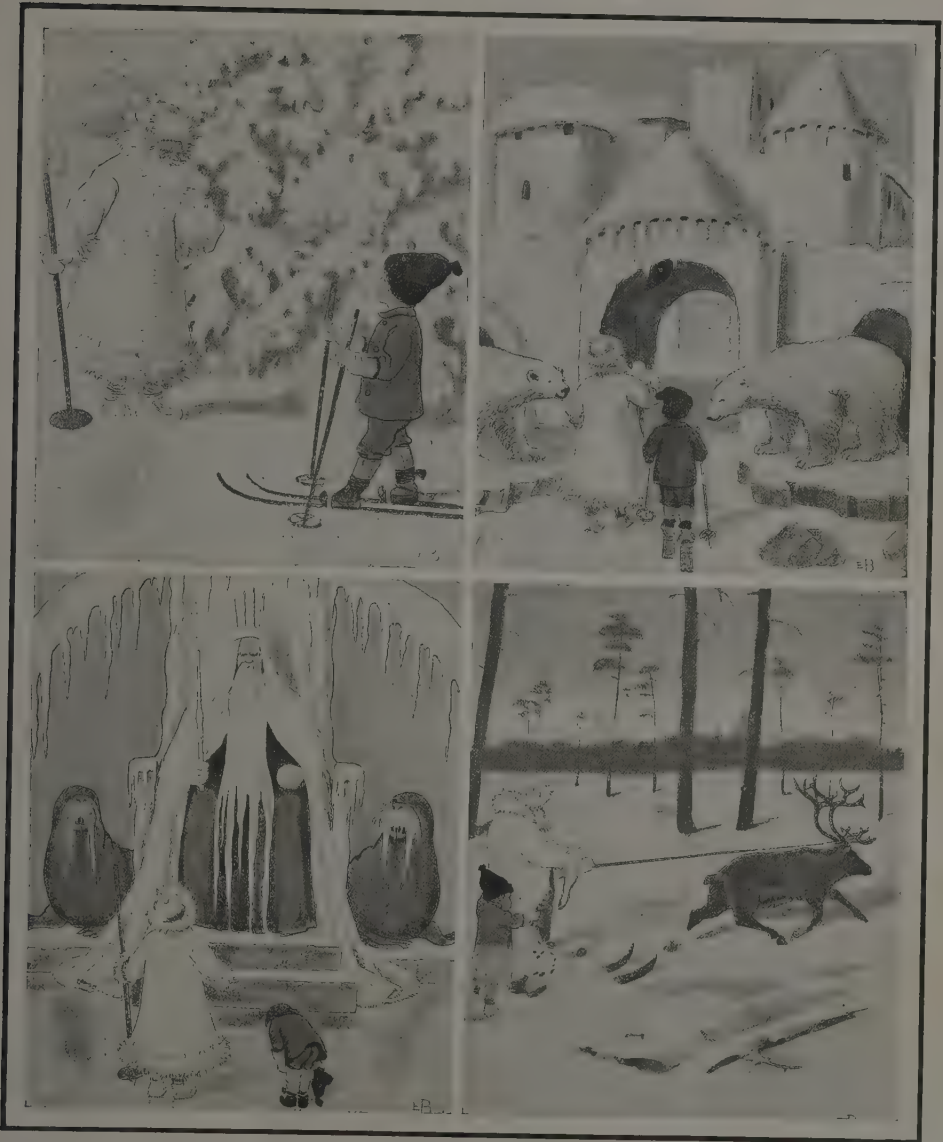


A SNOWBALL FIGHT AT KING WINTER'S PALACE

and was always poking her nose out in the middle of winter, and disturbing everyone with her muddy, slushy weather.

At last Father Frost and Hans came to King

Winter's huge snow-castle. By the gate stood two polar bears. The doors were of ice bound with iron. In the castle was a great hall where King Winter sat high on a throne of ice, with a



MEETING FATHER FROST. AT THE PALACE. KING WINTER. HOMEWARD BOUND

walrus on each side. At first Hans was frightened, but Father Frost led him to the throne.

"I bring you a brave boy, King Winter," he said. "He likes to have you rule. He called

to you in the forest and thanked you for the snow."

King Winter smiled, and his eyes twinkled like northern lights.

"I like brave boys," he said. "You run on skis?"

Hans showed him his new skis, and King Winter told Father Frost that he must take the lad through the castle. So they went through all the rooms and saw many strange things. The room Hans liked best was the one where little boys were making skis and sleds and skates to be given to children on Christmas day. King Winter sent word that they should stop work and play with Hans for a while. In the picture you see them snowballing each other.

When it was time for Hans to go home, Father Frost hitched a reindeer to Hans' skis and took him to the edge of the forest near his home. Then he disappeared, and Hans saw no more of him. But the snow lasted all winter. Dame Thaw was so frightened that she did not come again. And on Christmas Eve Hans heard something go "Krick, crack," against his window. When he tried to see what it was, the window was so covered with beautiful ice-flowers that he could not look through. But he ran out on the porch, and found two packages, one with skates for himself, and the other with a sled for his little brother. King Winter and Father Frost had not forgotten him.

(From the German legend by Elsa Beskow.)

THE FIRST WINTER

AN INDIAN STORY

THIS is the story Indian mothers of the great Iroquois tribe used to tell their children of how there came to be winters on the earth.

There was a time when the days were always of the same length, and it was always summer. In those days our fathers lived always in the smile of the Great Spirit and were happy. But there arose a chief who was so powerful that he thought himself greater than anyone. He despised all other chiefs and all other people, and at last he became so proud that he declared himself mightier than the Great Spirit. Nor was he content with feeling so in his heart and keeping silent. He taught his brothers to go out and dance and make mock of the Great Spirit.

For a long time the Great Spirit paid no heed. But at last he was angry with the foolish red men and told them that he would turn his smiling face away from them if they did not cease their foolish boasting. Then they would have no more light and warmth, but must build fires in the forest.

But the red men laughed and taunted the Spirit, telling him that he had followed one trail so long that he could not get out of it, but would have to come every day and give them light and heat. (You see they thought



FUN IN WINTER

the Great Spirit lived in the sun, or perhaps that he even was the sun.) So the red men did not heed the warning, but laughed and danced and made faces, as their foolish chief had taught them.

In a few days the quick eyes of some of the red men saw that the sun's face did not appear in the morning where it had always appeared. They were silent because they were afraid the others would laugh at them if they spoke their fear. Soon all noticed, and fear spread through the tribe.

Each day they saw less and less of the smile of the Great Spirit. His face was often hidden by dark clouds, while terrible storms swept across the forests and fields. Frosts came and lay heavy on the grass in the morning, and white frozen rain fell from heaven and piled up in great drifts.

The red men were not used to snow and cold. They had never felt it. Illness came in the tribe, sore illness and death. Then the red men cried to the Great Spirit. Where they had mocked, they stood and cried aloud in their grief. Even the proud chief humbled himself and told the Spirit that he knew now that he was but a man and had no power. By this time the Great Spirit had almost removed his face from the sight of the red men. But when he saw their suffering and sorrow he had pity on them and told them that he would come back. Day after day the few that were alive still watched his return. As the days grew warmer and the hours of sunlight were longer, the red men sang in praise of the Great Spirit who had of his goodness given summer back to them. But he told them that it would never again be quite the same on the earth. Every year they and their children and their children's children would feel again the power of the Spirit they had mocked. They would be more thankful for sunshine and warmth and summer if they were reminded that these were the gift of the Great Spirit who could take them away if he would. And so it has been to this day.

Other stories of this kind, myths telling of the creation of the world and the childhood of man, are in Vol. I, pages 107-116, 263-273.



THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

ONCE upon a time there lived a King and Queen who longed for a little baby-girl of their own. They waited and they waited, and they hoped and they hoped, and at last she came. She was a dainty little daughter, and her father and mother, to show their joy, gave a christening feast, and seven good fairies were asked to it. They were to be the baby's godmothers.

Now, just as they were all sitting down to the feast, in limped an old fairy who had not been invited, because no one had heard anything of her for fifty years. The King, who had ordered a gold plate for each of the seven fairies that he expected, had none for the old fairy, and so a china plate was set before her. This seemed to make her very angry, and she muttered crossly to herself.

As the youngest of the seven good fairies listened to her muttering, she thought: "This old crone will give Baby a present that will do her harm. I shall wait to give my present until after she has given hers, and perhaps

mine may undo the harm." Then this good fairy hid behind a curtain.

The six godmothers each gave the baby-girl a present.

The first said, "You shall have a beautiful face."

The second said, "You shall think beautiful thoughts."

The third said, "You shall do kind deeds."

The fourth said, "You shall dance like a fairy."

The fifth said, "You shall sing like a nightingale."

The sixth said, "You shall play the harp."

Then up got the old fairy, and in a spiteful voice said, "When you are fifteen years old you shall learn to spin, and you shall prick your finger with the spindle, and die."

When the guests heard this they all cried aloud, and the King and Queen cried loudest of all.

But out stepped the good fairy from behind the curtain, and said: "Weep not, O King and Queen. It is true that your daughter shall spin, it is true that she shall prick her finger, it is true that she shall fall asleep. But the sleep will not be the sleep of death. In a hundred years the son of a King shall find her, wake her, and marry her." Then all the fairies vanished.

Now the King made up his mind that his little daughter should, if possible, escape this hundred years' sleep. So he made a law that anyone having a spinning wheel in her house should be put to death, and soon it was believed that there was none left in all the land.

When the Princess was fifteen years old, all the gifts that the six good fairies had promised were hers. She had a beautiful face, and she thought beautiful thoughts, and she did kind deeds. She danced like a fairy, and she sang like a nightingale, and she played upon the harp.

It was at this age that her parents took her with them to visit one of their castles. One day while wandering through it, the girl came to a tower, and there in a little room at the top she found an old woman sitting at her spinning wheel. The old woman was so deaf that she had never heard the King's order.

"What are you doing, good dame?" asked the Princess.

"Spinning, my pretty child," said the old woman.

"Oh, how pretty, how wonderful! Let me try," said the Princess, seizing the spindle. But she no sooner had it in her hand than she pricked her finger, and, fainting, fell on the floor. The old woman shrieked, and the King and Queen rushed to the tower. The moment they saw their daughter, they understood that all had happened as had been foretold. The eyes of the Princess were closed in the sleep from which she should not wake for a hundred years.

While the King and Queen were still gazing at their sleeping beauty, the youngest fairy godmother drove up to the castle in a chariot of fire drawn by dragons. The King helped her to alight and led her to the turret. When this kind, thoughtful fairy saw that the Princess was in the sleep from which she should not awake for a hundred years, she went from room to room of the castle touching with her magic wand all the lords and ladies and men and maids. She went to the stables and touched the grooms and the horses, and she went to the garden and touched the gardeners, and they too all fell asleep for a hundred years.

But the King and Queen she did not touch. They left the palace grieving to part with their child, but rejoicing to leave her in a sweet and peaceful sleep, and not in the sleep of death. Before they left, the King gave orders that nobody was to approach the castle. But there was no need of the command, for in a quarter of an hour a dense forest sprang up, so thick and prickly that no one could venture through it. Above this forest could be seen only the turret, where the Sleeping Beauty lay.

Then round about that place there grew a hedge of thorns thicker every year, until at last the whole castle was hidden from view, and nothing of it could be seen but the vane on the roof. And a rumor went abroad in all that country of the beautiful sleeping Princess; and from time to time many kings' sons came and tried to force their way through the hedge; but it was impossible for them to do so, for the thorns held fast together like strong hands, and the young men were caught by them.

A hundred years passed, and the story of the Princess was forgotten.

One day the son of the King who now reigned was a-hunting. Coming to the thick, prickly wood, and seeing the turret, the Prince asked to whom it belonged. No one knew, but an old peasant said, "I once heard my grandfather tell that in that turret is a beautiful Princess who is doomed to sleep there, until she is awakened by the Prince who will marry her."

This news excited the Prince, who leaped from his horse, and determined to force his way through the wood. But there was no need of force. The branches parted and made a path for him of their own accord, and he soon reached the yard of the castle.

Here a strange sight met his eyes. He saw the horses and hunting dogs lying asleep, and on the roof the pigeons were sitting with their heads under their wings. And when he came indoors, the flies on the wall were asleep, the cook in the kitchen had his hand uplifted to strike the scullion, and the kitchen-maid had the black fowl on her lap ready to pluck. Then he mounted higher, and saw in the hall the whole court all lying asleep in their places. And still he went farther, and all was so quiet that he could hear his own breathing; and at last he came to the tower, and went up the winding stair, and opened the door of the little room where the Princess lay. And when he saw her looking so lovely in her sleep, he could not turn away his eyes; and presently he stooped and kissed her, and she awakened, and opened her eyes, and looked very kindly on him. And she rose, and they went forth together, and the whole court waked up, and gazed on each other with great eyes of wonderment. And the horses in the yard got up and shook themselves, the hounds sprang up and wagged their tails, the pigeons on the roof drew their heads from under their wings, looked round and flew into the field, the flies on the wall crept on a little farther, the kitchen fire leaped up and blazed, and cooked the meat, and the joint on the spit began to roast, the cook gave the scullion such a box on the ear that he roared out, and the maid went on plucking the fowl.

Then the wedding of the Prince and Princess was held with all splendor, and they lived very happily together until their lives' end.

BLUEBEARD

ONCE upon a time there was a nobleman who was very rich.

He was so rich that his silver, and his china, and his furniture, and his horses, and his carriages were grander than those of anyone who knew him. Although this gentleman was so rich, he was not at all a favorite with ladies, and that was because he had a blue beard which made him odd and unpleasant to look at.

Now, one lady, who lived near, had two beautiful daughters, called Anne and Fatima; and Bluebeard wanted to marry one of them. He did not mind which. This he told to their mother, and she told her daughters. But each said she could never marry a man with a blue beard. "Besides," they added, "he has married several wives already, and they have all disappeared, no one knows where."

"But I cannot tell him that these are the reasons why you will not marry him," said the mother.

"Oh, tell him that I say 'No,' that he may marry Fatima, as she is the more beautiful," said Anne.

"And tell him that I say 'No,' that he may marry Anne, as she is the elder," said Fatima.

When Bluebeard heard that neither of these ladies would marry him, he did not despair, for he had a plan by which he hoped still to win one of them. It was this. He sent an invitation to their mother to visit him at one of his country houses, and hoped she would bring her daughters with her.

Anne and Fatima were very pleased to go, for they knew they would enjoy all the amusements, and beautiful sights, and grand things at Bluebeard's house. But neither dreamt that one of them would be any more willing to marry him. Yet it was so, for before the visit was over Fatima promised to become his wife. She said to Anne that, after all, his beard was not so very blue.

Soon after their return home, Bluebeard and Fatima were quietly married.

About a month later Bluebeard told his wife that he had to leave home, for six weeks, on business. "But I want you to enjoy yourself as much as you can," he said. "Invite your friends, and order for their amusement what-



BLUEBEARD GIVING ORDERS

ever you like. Here are my keys. This opens the store-room, this the large box of gold and silver plate, this my money box, and this my diamonds and jewels." Then, very solemnly, he added: "But with this little key you have nothing to do. It unlocks the door of the room at the end of the passage on the ground floor. That room I forbid you to enter. If you enter it, there is nothing you may not expect from my anger."

Fatima thanked her husband for all his kindness, and gladly promised to obey his orders. Then Bluebeard rode off.

It was with great delight that Fatima invited her friends and neighbors to visit her. None of them had come to her wedding, nor to see her since, because of their terror of Bluebeard. But now that he was not there, Fatima's friends flocked to her. They were curious to see everything, and the wonders that were unlocked by the keys astonished them all. What gold and silver plate, what diamonds, what jewels! They had never seen such a dazzling sight. Through the large house they roamed,

admiring the furniture, and the velvet carpets, and the beautiful curtains and cushions. And they thought that, after all, Fatima was a very lucky woman.

But each day since her husband left, Fatima had grown more and more curious to see the room that she was forbidden to enter. The more she thought about it, the more curious she became, until one day she suddenly left the guests in the drawing-room, ran downstairs, each step quicker than the last, flew along the passage on the ground floor, and reached the door of the forbidden room. She was all in a flutter, and her hand trembled so that she could hardly fit the key in the lock. At last she succeeded, turned it, and the door flew open. All the blinds in the room were down, and, at first, Fatima saw nothing in the dim light. But gradually her eyes became used to it, and what did she then see? The floor covered with blood, and, lying there, the heads of several women. Fatima knew now what had become of Bluebeard's former wives. She felt so faint that she dropped the little key, and it was some time before she was well enough to pick it up again. Then, having carefully locked the door, she went to her own room to recover, before joining her guests. When she reached it, she was horrified to find that the little key was smeared with blood. She wiped it with her handkerchief, but the stain was still there. She fetched sandstone, and rubbed it hard, but as soon as the blood vanished from one side of the key it appeared on the other. It was a magic key.

Early that same evening Bluebeard returned. He explained that he had heard on the way that the business he was going on had been settled. His wife pretended to be delighted at his early return.

The next morning Bluebeard asked Fatima for the keys. She at once gave them to him, but he noticed that her hand trembled. That made him guess the truth, and when he looked at the bunch of keys, and saw that the little one was missing, he knew he had guessed right.

"Why is the little key not here with the others?" he asked.

"Oh, is it not there?" said his wife. "I must have left it on my dressing table."

"Do not fail to bring it to me presently," said Bluebeard. But Fatima dared not give him the key.

After putting it off several times, she was at last forced to hand the key to him. Bluebeard looked at it and then asked, "How comes it to be stained with blood?"

"I do not know," answered his terrified wife.

"Half of a quarter of an hour, but not one second longer," replied Bluebeard, leaving her.

Then Fatima called her sister and said: "Anne, sister Anne, run to the top of the tower and see if my brothers are in sight. They promised to come to-day. Make signs to them to gallop quickly. Quick, dear sister, or I shall die."

Anne ran as fast as she could to the top of the



PRAYING FOR FORGIVENESS

"You do not know, madam? But I do, I know," Bluebeard told her sternly. "You have been in the forbidden room, and your punishment shall be to take your place among the ladies you saw there." His poor wife fell on her knees, begged him to forgive her, promised never to disobey again, and pleaded that it was her first offense. But it was of no use. Bluebeard listened to her with a hard heart. Beautiful though she looked, and sorry though she was, he told her she should die that very moment. "Oh, if I must die, give me but a short time to say my prayers," begged Fatima.

tower, and gazed along the dusty road that ran by the shore of the deep blue sea.

"Anne, sister Anne, do you see no one coming?" called Fatima.

"I see nothing," said Anne, "but the sun which makes a dust, and the grass which looks green."

The time was up, and Bluebeard, with a sword in his hand, called out, "Come at once, or I shall fetch you."

"Just one moment," answered his wife, and then she called softly to the tower, "Anne, sister Anne, do you see no one coming?"

"Alas," said Anne, "I see nothing but the sun which makes a dust, and the grass which looks green."

"Come down at once!" shouted Bluebeard.



AWAITING HER FATE

"I am coming," answered his wife, and again she called out in a low voice, "Anne, sister Anne, do you see no one coming?"

"I see a large cloud of dust a little to the right."

"Is it my brothers?"

"Alas, no, my sister, it is only a flock of sheep."

"Are you coming down, madam?" roared Bluebeard.

"Yes," answered his wife, and then for the last time she called to the tower, "Anne, sister Anne, do you see no one coming?"

"I see two men on horseback, but they are still a great way off."

"They are our brothers. Beckon to them to make haste."

Then Bluebeard called out so loudly that his voice shook the house. His poor wife went down to him, and kneeling begged to be saved.

"It is of no use to plead with me, madam,"

said Bluebeard, and, seizing her by the hair with one hand, he raised the other above her head. It held a drawn sword.

"Let me first say my prayers."

"No, you shall not live another moment," and Bluebeard steadied his sword to strike off her head. But a loud knocking at the gates made him pause, and the next moment two soldiers had rushed in with drawn swords. Bluebeard knew they were his wife's brothers, and tried to escape, but the brothers chased, caught, and killed him.

Poor Fatima had no strength to rise and welcome her brothers and thank them for saving her life. But when she did, she was able to give them each a large sum of money, for, as Bluebeard had no children, his wife was very rich. Besides her gifts to her brothers, she gave a fortune to Anne, and another fortune to a brave soldier, whom she afterwards married. This husband was so kind to her that, in time, he made her forget the cruelty of Bluebeard.

TOM THUMB

HOW IT BEFELL THAT TOM WAS NO LARGER,
AND SOME OF HIS MISHAPS

IN the merry days of good King Arthur there lived a plowman and his wife, who had never been blessed with a child. But at this time, there was in Arthur's Court a famous conjurer and magician, called Merlin.

This great enchanter was traveling one day in the disguise of a poor beggar, and, being very weary, he stopped at the cottage of the honest plowman to rest himself.

The countryman gave him a hearty welcome, and his wife, who was a hospitable woman, soon brought him some milk in a wooden bowl, and some coarse brown bread on a platter.

Merlin was much pleased with this homely repast and the kindness of the plowman and his wife; but he noticed that though everything was neat and tidy in the cottage, they seemed both to be very unhappy. He asked them why they were so sad, and learned it was because they had no children.

The poor woman declared, with tears in her eyes, that she should be the happiest

creature in the world if she had a son; and although he was no bigger than her husband's thumb, she would be quite satisfied.

Merlin was so much amused with the idea of a boy no bigger than a man's thumb, that he determined to pay a visit to the Queen of the fairies, and ask her to gratify the poor woman's wish. The droll fancy of such a little personage among the human race pleased the fairy Queen too, and she promised Merlin that the wish should be granted. Accordingly, in a short time after, the plowman's wife had a son, who, wonderful to relate, was not a bit bigger than his father's thumb.

The fairy Queen, wishing to see the little fellow thus born into the world, came in at the window, kissed the child, and gave it the name of Tom Thumb; she sent for some of the fairies, who dressed her little favorite in this way:

"An oak-leaf hat he had for his crown;
His shirt of web by spiders spun;
With jacket wove of thistle's-down;
His trousers were of feathers done.
His stockings, of apple-rind, they tie
With eyelash from his mother's eye;
His shoes were made of mouse's skin,
Tann'd with the downy hair within."

Now, though Tom never grew any larger than his father's thumb, as he got older he became very cunning and full of tricks. When he was old enough to play with the boys, and had lost all his own cherry-stones, he used to creep into the bags of his playfellows, fill his pockets, and, getting out unseen, would again join in the game.

One day, however, as he was coming out of a bag of cherry-stones, where he had been pilfering as usual, the boy to whom it belonged chanced to see him. "Ah, ha! my little Tommy," said the boy, "so I have caught you stealing my cherry-stones at last, and you shall be rewarded for your thievish tricks." On saying this, he drew the string tight round his neck, and gave the bag such a hearty shake that poor little Tom was sadly bruised. He roared out with pain, and begged to be let out, promising never to be guilty of such bad practices again.

A short time afterward his mother was making

a batter-pudding, and Tom, being very anxious to see how it was made, climbed up to the edge of the bowl; but unfortunately his foot slipped, and he plumped over head and ears into the batter, unobserved by his mother, who stirred him into the pudding-bag, and put him in the pot to boil.

The batter had filled Tom's mouth, and prevented him from crying; but, on feeling the hot water, he kicked and struggled so much in the pot that his mother thought that the pudding was bewitched, and, instantly pulling it out of the pot, she threw it to the door. A poor tinker, who was passing by, lifted up the pudding, and, putting it into his budget, he then walked off. As Tom had now got his mouth cleared of the batter, he then began to cry aloud, which so frightened the tinker that he flung down the pudding and ran away. The pudding being broken to pieces by the fall, Tom crept out, covered over with the batter, and with difficulty walked home. His mother, who was very sorry to see her darling in such a woeful state, put him into a teacup, and soon washed off the batter; after which she kissed him, and laid him in bed.

Soon after the adventure of the pudding, Tom's mother went to milk her cow in the meadow, and she took him along with her. As the wind was very high, for fear of his being blown away, she tied him to a thistle with a piece of fine thread. The cow soon observed the oak-leaf hat, and, liking the appearance of it, took poor Tom and the thistle at one mouthful. While the cow was chewing the thistle Tom was afraid of her great teeth, which threatened to crush him in pieces, and he roared out as loud as he could:

"Mother, mother!"

"Where are you, Tommy, my dear Tommy?" said his mother.

"Here, mother," replied he, "in the red cow's mouth."

His mother began to cry and wring her hands; but the cow, surprised at the odd noise in her throat, opened her mouth and let Tom drop out. Fortunately his mother caught him in her apron as he was falling to the ground, or he would have been dreadfully hurt. She then put Tom in her bosom and ran home with him.

HOW TOM CAME TO BE A FAVORITE AT KING
ARTHUR'S COURT

Tom's father made him a whip of a barley straw to drive the cattle with, and, having one day gone into the fields, he slipped a foot and rolled into the furrow. A raven, which was flying over, picked him up and flew with him to the top of a giant's castle that was near the sea-side, and there left him.

Tom was in a dreadful state, and did not know what to do; but he was soon more dreadfully frightened, for old Grumbo the giant came up to walk on the terrace, and observing Tom he took him up and swallowed him like a pill.

The giant had no sooner swallowed Tom than he began to repent what he had done; for Tom began to kick and jump about so much that he felt very uncomfortable, and at last threw him up again into the sea. A large fish swallowed Tom the moment he fell into the sea. But it was soon caught and bought for the table of King Arthur. When they opened the fish in order to cook it, everyone was astonished at finding such a little boy, and Tom was quite delighted at regaining his liberty. They carried him to the King, who made Tom his dwarf, and he soon grew a great favorite at Court; for by his tricks and gambols he not only amused the King and Queen, but also all the knights of the Round Table.

It is said that when the King rode out on horseback he frequently took Tom along with him, and if a shower came on, he used to creep into His Majesty's waistcoat pocket, where he slept till the rain was over.

King Arthur one day asked Tom about his parents, wishing to know if they were as small as he was, and how they lived. Tom told the King that his father and mother were as tall as any of the persons about Court, but rather poor. On hearing this, the King carried Tom to his treasury, the place where he kept all his money, and told him to take as much money as he could carry home to his parents, which made the poor little fellow caper with joy. Tom went immediately to procure a purse, which was made of a water-bubble, and then returned to the treasury, where he received a silver threepenny-piece to put into it.

Our little hero had some difficulty in lifting the burden upon his back; but he at last succeeded in getting it placed to his mind, and set forward on his journey. However, without meeting with any accident, and after resting himself more than a hundred times by the way, in two days and two nights he reached his father's house in safety.

Tom had traveled forty-eight hours with a huge silver-piece on his back, and was almost tired to death, when his mother ran out to meet him, and carried him into the house.

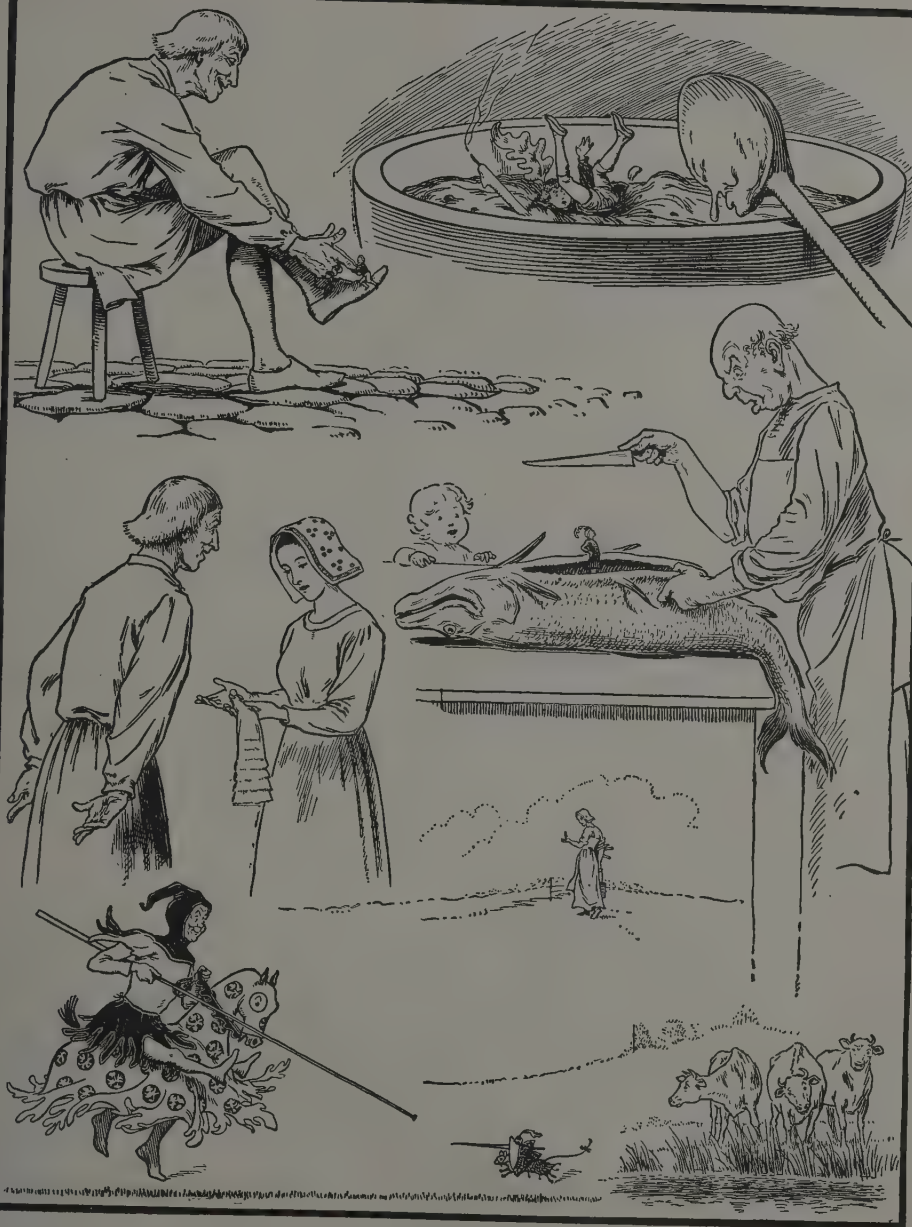
Tom's parents were both happy to see him, and the more so as he had brought such an amazing sum of money with him; but the poor little fellow was excessively wearied, having traveled half a mile in forty-eight hours, with a huge silver threepenny-piece on his back. His mother, in order to recover him from the fatigue he had undergone, placed him in a walnut shell by the fireside, and feasted him for three days on a hazelnut, which made him very sick; for a whole nut used to serve him a month.

Tom soon recovered; but as there had been a fall of rain, and the ground was very wet, he could not travel back to King Arthur's Court; therefore his mother, one day when the wind was blowing in that direction, made a little parasol of cambric paper, and tying Tom to it she gave him a puff into the air with her mouth, which soon carried him to the King's palace.

The King, Queen, and all the nobility were happy to see Tom again at Court, where he delighted them by his dexterity at tilts and tournaments; but his exertions to please them cost him very dear, and brought on such a severe fit of illness that his life was despaired of.

However, the Queen of the fairies, hearing of his illness; came to Court in a chariot drawn by flying mice, and placing Tom by her side drove through the air without stopping till they arrived at her palace. After restoring him to health, and permitting him to enjoy all the gay diversion of Fairyland, the Queen commanded a strong current of air to arise, on which she placed Tom, who floated upon it like a cork in the water, and sent him instantly to the royal palace of King Arthur.

Just at the time when Tom came flying across the courtyard of the palace the cook



TOM FOUND IN SURPRISING PLACES

happened to be passing with the King's great bowl of furmenty, which was a dish His Majesty was very fond of; but unfortunately the poor little fellow fell plump into the middle of it, and splashed the hot furmenty about the cook's face.

The cook, who was an ill-natured fellow, being in a terrible rage at Tom for frightening and scalding him with the furmenty, went straight to the King, and represented that Tom had jumped into the royal furmenty and thrown it down out of mere mischief. The King was so enraged when he heard this that he ordered Tom to be seized and tried for high treason; and, there being no person who dared to plead for him, he was condemned to be beheaded immediately.

HOW TOM ESCAPED FROM SOME EXTRAORDINARY SITUATIONS

On hearing this dreadful sentence pronounced, poor Tom fell a-trembling with fear, but, seeing no means of escape, and observing a miller close to him gaping with his great mouth, as country boobies do at a fair, he took a leap, and fairly jumped down his throat. This exploit was done with such activity that not one person present saw it, and even the miller did not know the trick which Tom had played upon him. Now, as Tom had disappeared, the Court broke up, and the miller went home to his mill.

When Tom heard the mill at work, he knew he was clear of the Court, and therefore he began to tumble and roll about, so that the poor miller could get no rest, thinking he was bewitched; so he sent for a doctor. When the doctor came, Tom began to dance and sing; and the doctor, being as much frightened as the miller, sent in haste for five other doctors and twenty learned men.

When they were debating upon the cause of this extraordinary occurrence, the miller happened to yawn, when Tom, embracing the opportunity, made another jump, and alighted safely upon his feet on the middle of the table.

The miller, who was very much provoked at being tormented by such a little pygmy creature, fell into a terrible rage, and, laying hold of Tom, he then opened the window

and threw him into the river. At the moment the miller let Tom drop, a large salmon swimming along at the time saw him fall, and snapped him up in a minute. A fisherman caught the salmon, and sold it in the market to the steward of a great lord. The nobleman, on seeing the fish, thought it so uncommonly fine that he made a present of it to King Arthur, who ordered it to be dressed immediately. When the cook cut open the fish, he found poor Tom, and ran to the King with him; but His Majesty, being engaged with state affairs, ordered him to be taken away and kept in custody till he sent for him.

The cook was determined that Tom should not slip out of his hands this time, so he put him into a mouse-trap and left him to peep through the wires. Tom had remained in the trap a whole week, when he was sent for by King Arthur, who pardoned him for throwing down the furmenty and took him again into favor. On account of his wonderful feats of activity, Tom was knighted by the King, and went under the name of the renowned Sir Thomas Thumb. As Tom's clothes had suffered much in the batter-pudding, the furmenty, and the insides of the giant, miller, and fishes, His Majesty ordered him a new suit of clothes, and to be mounted as a knight.

"Of butterfly's wings his shirt was made,
His boots of chicken's hide;
And by a nimble fairy blade,
Well learned in the tailoring trade,
His clothing was supplied —
A needle dangled by his side;
A dapper mouse he used to ride,
Thus strutted Tom in stately pride!"





TOM THUMB DANCING ON THE QUEEN'S HAND

It was certainly very diverting to see Tom in this dress, and mounted on the mouse, as he rode out a-hunting with the King and nobility, who were all ready to expire with laughter at Tom and his fine prancing charger.

One day, as they were riding by a farmhouse, a large cat, which was lurking about the door, made a spring and seized both Tom and his mouse. She then ran up a tree with them, and was beginning to devour the mouse; but Tom boldly drew his sword and attacked the cat so fiercely that she let them both fall, when one of the nobles caught him in his hat and laid him on a bed of down, in a little ivory cabinet.

The Queen of the fairies came soon after to pay Tom a visit, and carried him back to Fairyland, where he remained several years. Time goes fast in Fairyland, and during his stay there King Arthur and all the persons who knew Tom had died. As he longed to be again at Court, the fairy Queen, after dressing him in a suit of clothes, sent him flying through the air to the palace, in the days of King Thunstone, the successor of Arthur. Everyone flocked round to see him, and being carried to the King he was asked who he was — whence he came — and where he lived. Tom answered:

"My name is Tom Thumb,
From the fairies I've come.
When King Arthur shone,
This Court was my home.
In me he delighted,
By him I was knighted;

Did you never hear of Sir Thomas Thumb?"

The King was so charmed with this address that he ordered a little chair to be made, in order that Tom might sit upon his table, and also a palace of gold, a span high, with a door an inch wide, to live in. He also gave him a coach, drawn by six small mice.

The Queen was so enraged at the honors conferred on Sir Thomas that she resolved to ruin him, and told the King that the little knight had been saucy to her.

The King sent for Tom in great haste, but being fully aware of the danger of royal anger he crept into an empty snail-shell, where he lay for a considerable time, until he was almost starved with hunger; but at last he ventured to peep out, and perceiving a fine large butterfly

on the ground, near the place of his concealment, he approached very cautiously, and getting himself placed astride on it was immediately carried up into the air. The butterfly flew with him from tree to tree and from field to field, and at last returned to the Court, where the King and nobility all strove to catch him; but at last poor Tom fell from his seat into a watering-pot, in which he was almost drowned.

When the Queen saw him she was in a rage, and said he should be beheaded; and he was again put into a mouse-trap until the time of his execution.

However, a cat, observing something alive in the trap, patted it about till the wires broke, and set Thomas at liberty.

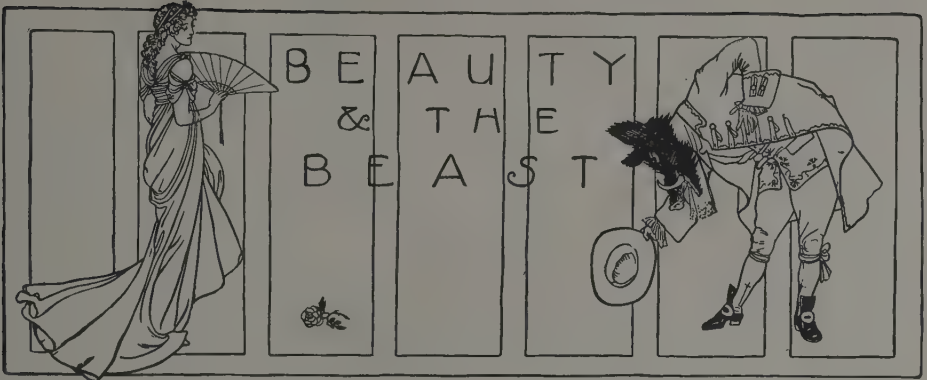
The King received Tom again into favor, which he did not live to enjoy, for a large spider one day attacked him, and, although he drew his sword and fought well, yet the spider's poisonous breath at last overcame him:

"He fell dead on the ground where he stood,
And the spider suck'd every drop of his blood."

King Thunstone and his whole Court were so sorry at the loss of their little favorite that they went into mourning, and raised a fine white marble monument over his grave, with the following epitaph:

"Here lyes Tom Thumb, King Arthur's knight,
Who died by a spider's cruel bite.
He was well known in Arthur's Court,
Where he afforded gallant sport;
He rode at tilt and tournament,
And on a mouse a-hunting went.
Alive he filled the Court with mirth;
His death to sorrow soon gave birth.
Wipe, wipe your eyes, and shake your head
And cry, — 'Alas! Tom Thumb is dead!'"





LONG, long ago, there lived in a town far away a rich merchant. He had three daughters. The youngest, who was the prettiest of all, was called Beauty, and was as good and kind as she was lovely. But her big sisters were not good and kind, although they were pretty. They were proud and selfish.

One day their father came home looking very grave. Then he told his daughters that he was no longer rich, and that they must all leave their beautiful home and go to live in a little cottage in the country. The big sisters were very cross about this, but Beauty thought how nice it would be to live among the woods and fields and flowers.

So they all went to a little cottage with a large garden. The father worked very hard in the garden, and by selling his fruit and vegetables got enough money to live comfortably there. Beauty was very busy too. She was a good little cook, and a good little housemaid, and a good little washerwoman. She did all the work of the house, while the big sisters did nothing but grumble because they were no longer rich.

One day the father told his daughters that he had to go on business to a town a little distance off, and might not return that night. He then asked them if there was any little gift he might bring them home.

THE MERCHANT'S STRANGE ADVENTURE

"Diamonds for me," said the eldest. "Pearls for me," said the second; but Beauty said, "Please, father, a bunch of white roses for me."

Then their father rode away on horseback, and, after finishing his business, set out for home. But before long it grew dark, and he lost his way. He found himself in a wood, and he could find no way out of it. But in the distance he saw a light, coming, he thought, from a cottage. Coming nearer, he found he was at the entrance to an avenue. He rode on, and arrived, to his surprise, in front of a palace. The door stood open, nobody was to be seen, and the merchant walked in. In a room on the right a fire blazed, the table was set, and a comfortable supper served. The merchant was hungry, and thought, if no one was in the room, after he had led his horse to the stable, he would have a good meal. When he returned from the stable, there was still no one in the room, so he enjoyed supper. Then he felt sleepy, and crossing the hall found a bedroom ready for use. He went to bed, and slept soundly till morning.

When Beauty's father awoke his own clothes were nowhere to be seen, but a new embroidered suit lay on the chair beside him. He put it on, and went to the room where he had had supper. Breakfast was ready. After breakfast he thought he would see to his horse. To reach the stable he had to pass a beautiful rose-garden. The sight of a white rose-bush reminded him of Beauty's wish, and he left the path to gather a bunch of the roses. The merchant had only gathered one, when he heard a terrible sound near him. Turning round he saw a big Beast.

The big Beast said, in a big voice: "You

ungrateful man! Whose bed have you slept in? Whose food have you eaten, and whose clothes are you wearing? Mine, mine, mine! And you repay my kindness by stealing my roses. You shall die!"

"Pray do not kill me," said Beauty's father.

"You stole my roses, and you must die," repeated the Beast.

"Can nothing save me?" asked the merchant in despair.

The Beast then told him that if he promised to come back in a month, bringing whatever met him first on his return home, his life should be spared. The merchant promised, wondering, "Will it be my cat or will it be my dog?"

WHAT WOULD MEET HIM FIRST?

But soon an awful thought struck him. "What if it were Beauty?" On his way home this thought grew and grew. By the time he was in sight of the cottage, he was filled with alarm, and hardly dared look that way.

Meantime Beauty, from the window of her room, was straining her eyes along the white road. Yes, there was her dear father at last! She rushed from the cottage, and danced gayly down the garden path, across the daisy field, and reached the road. Why, there he was only a few steps off! But what was the matter? How troubled and white he looked!

"Father, dear, are n't you glad to see me?" she gasped.

"Glad? Oh, my little Beauty! my little Beauty!" was all he could say.

When they reached the cottage, the merchant told his daughters of his adventure and his rash promise to the Beast. "But you shall not return with me, Beauty, whatever happens," he ended.

Beauty, however, begged her father so hard to keep his promise that he at last said she might go.

We are not told how Beauty and her father spent the month before their journey to the Beast's palace. We can only imagine that the little cottage must have been a sad home and that the weeks passed too quickly.

It was now time for the dreaded visit. Beauty and her father galloped through the wood, and arrived at the palace. As before,

no one was to be seen, so the father led Beauty into the room where he had had supper and breakfast on his last visit. A dainty meal for two was laid, but the guests were not tempted by it, for they had little appetite.

As they sat at table, a terrible sound was heard at the door. The merchant knew, and Beauty guessed what it meant. Yes, it was the Beast! In he walked, and went straight up to Beauty. He gazed at her for long, and then said to her father, "Is this the daughter for whom you gathered the white roses?"

"Yes," said the merchant, "and she would not let me come back without her."

"She need not be sorry," said the Beast, "for everything in the palace is for her use. You must leave to-morrow, and Beauty must stay with me. No harm shall happen to her. Her room is ready now. Good night." And the Beast left them.

When Beauty reached her room, she found it more beautiful than any she had ever seen. Quite tired out, she was soon fast asleep.

In the morning she had breakfast with her father, and then they said good-by, both crying bitterly.

BEAUTY'S LIFE AT THE PALACE

Beauty went to her room, and, when she could no longer see her father from the window, she looked at the beautiful pictures and ornaments. On one wall hung a curious mirror, and beneath it, in letters of gold, was written:—

"Little Beauty, dry your eyes.
Needless are those tears and sighs;
Gazing in this looking-glass,
What you wish shall come to pass."

These lines comforted Beauty, for she thought if she were very unhappy she could wish to be at home.

But the days, although long, did not pass drearily, for the Beast had provided her with many interests. She read, and she painted, and she played, and she gathered flowers. At each evening at supper-time the same sound was heard at the door, and a big voice asked, "May I come in?" And each evening Beauty, trembling, answered, "Yes, Beast." Then Beauty and the Beast had a chat.

Although the Beast's big body and voice terrified Beauty, all he said was so kind that she soon grew less and less afraid.

"Am I very ugly, Beauty?" the Beast asked one evening.

"Yes, Beast."

"And very stupid?"

"No, not stupid, Beast."

"Could you love me, Beauty?"

"Yes, I do love you, Beast, for you are so kind."

"Then will you marry me, Beauty?"

"Oh, no, no, Beast."

she was so unhappy, and begged him to let her go home.

"It will break my heart if you go, Beauty," said the Beast. "But still," he added, "better that than that you should grieve. You shall go to-morrow."

"Thank you, oh, thank you, Beast," said Beauty, "but I will not break your heart. I promise to come back in a week."

The Beast looked very doubtful, for he was afraid he was going to lose Beauty forever. "Take this ring," he said sadly, "and, if you should wish to come back, lay it on your table



THE BEAST ENTERTAINING BEAUTY

The Beast seemed so unhappy that Beauty felt very miserable, for he had become her best friend, and she could not bear to make him sad. "But I could not marry a Beast," she said to herself.

The next morning Beauty's eyes fell on her mirror. "I wish I could know how dear father is," she said; and gazing into the looking-glass she saw a sad picture. Her father was ill in bed, and alone. Beauty cried all day to think of his pain and loneliness.

When the Beast paid his usual visit, he saw how sad Beauty looked. "What is the matter, Beauty?" he asked. She then told him why

before you go to bed at night. And now, good-by, good-by."

That night Beauty looked in her mirror, and wished she might wake up in her father's cottage. And she did. When her father saw her, he began that same minute to get better.

Beauty was a good little nurse, and took great care of the invalid. She was so busy that it was a great surprise to her when she found that a week had passed. As she did not yet want to leave her father alone with her unkind sisters, Beauty said she would stay for another week. But only a day or two had passed when she had a dream.

BEAUTY'S DREAM AND WHAT CAME OF IT

Beauty dreamt that the Beast was lying on the grass near the white rose-bush in the palace garden. He was murmuring, "Oh, Beauty, Beauty, you said you would come back. I shall die without you."

When Beauty woke, she could not bear to think of her dream. She jumped out of bed and laid the magic ring on her table. Then she fell asleep again. When she woke in the



BEAUTY FINDS THE BEAST

morning she was in her own room in the Beast's palace.

Beauty knew the Beast never came to see her till the evening, and the day seemed as if it would never end. At last supper-time came, but no Beast. The clock struck nine, and still the Beast did not come.

Poor Beauty felt miserable. At last a sudden thought struck her. What if her dream were true? What if the Beast were lying on the grass near the white rose-bush? Beauty ran to the spot. Yes, there on the dew-wet grass lay the Beast as if dead. But no, he breathed, and, as Beauty bathed his forehead with the dew, his eyes opened, and he saw her.

"I could not live without you, Beauty," he whispered, "so I starved myself to death. But I shall die contentedly now that I have seen your face."

"Oh, dear Beast, live and I will marry you," said Beauty. "I love you; indeed I do. You have such a kind heart."

When Beauty had said this, she hid her face in her hands, and cried and cried. When she looked up, the Beast was gone and a handsome Prince stood by her side. He thanked her for setting him free.

"What can you—what do you mean?" said Beauty, bewildered. "Oh, I want my Beast, my dear Beast, and nobody else."

Then the Prince said: "A wicked fairy enchanted me, and said I must be a Beast and seem stupid and ugly till a beautiful lady should be willing to marry me. You are the beautiful lady, Beauty." Then the Prince kissed her and led her to the palace, and soon a good fairy appeared bringing with her Beauty's father and sisters. Beauty married the Prince, and, with her dear father near her, lived happily ever after.

LITTLE ONE-EYE, LITTLE TWO-EYES,
AND LITTLE THREE-EYES

ONCE there lived, in the country, a mother and her three daughters. The eldest was called Little One-Eye, because she had only one eye; the second was called Little Two-Eyes, because she was like other people; and the youngest was called Little Three-Eyes, because she had an eye extra.

Now, because Little Two-Eyes was like other people, her mother and sisters could not bear her. Indeed, they were unkind to her in every way. Little Two-Eyes had all the rough work to do, she had only the scraps left by the others to eat, and she had her sisters' left-off clothes to wear. But the other girls had not to work at all, and they always wore new clothes, and they could order what they liked. The mother and sisters always spoke harshly to Little Two-Eyes, and knocked her about, and she had no one to comfort her.

One day Little Two-Eyes was in a field looking after the goat. She felt very tired and very

hungry, and altogether miserable. Sitting down on a stone, she hid her face in her hands, and cried as if her heart would break. In a little while she looked up, with streaming eyes, to make sure that the goat had not wandered. And there beside her she saw a little old woman with a kind face. Little Two-Eyes did not know that this was a fairy in disguise.

"Why do you cry, Little Two-Eyes?"

"Because I am so hungry."

"Well, dry your tears, little one, and I will tell you how you need never be hungry again. Say to the goat, 'Little goat bleat, little table rise,' and you will find before you a neatly laid table and a tempting meal. When you have had enough say, 'Little goat bleat, little table away,' and it will disappear." The fairy then vanished before Little Two-Eyes had time to thank her.

As the little girl was famishing, she at once said, "Little goat bleat, little table rise," and there appeared before her a table on which was served a nice hot dinner. When she had had enough she said, "Little goat bleat, little table away," and it disappeared.

When Little Two-Eyes reached home she found the usual scraps on a plate. They were meant for her dinner, but that day she gave them to the cat. The next morning Little Two-Eyes left the crusts, which were all that she was given for breakfast.

This went on for some days, but her mother and sisters did not notice that neither scraps nor crusts were touched. But before long they discovered, and felt sure that, as Little Two-Eyes ate nothing indoors, she must in some way find food in the fields. So they agreed that she must be watched, and it was arranged that next day Little One-Eye should go with Little Two-Eyes to look after the goat.

That morning Little Two-Eyes, as usual, ate no breakfast. As she was starting for the fields, Little One-Eye said, "I am coming with you."

Then Little Two-Eyes felt sure that her mother and sisters guessed something was going on of which they did not know. So she drove the goat into the longest grass of the field, and then said to Little One-Eye, "You look hot and tired. Lie down, and I will sing you to sleep." Now it was true that Little One-Eye was very hot and tired. So she lay down, and

Little Two-Eyes sang to her, "Are you awake, Little One-Eye? Are you asleep, Little One-Eye?" over and over again. Little One-Eye heard the words more and more faintly, as she



grew sleepier and sleepier, and at last she was sound asleep, and heard nothing at all.

Then Little Two-Eyes said, "Little goat bleat, little table rise," and had as good a dinner as usual. At once when she had finished, she said, "Little goat bleat, little table away," and the table vanished. Just in time, too, for Little One-Eye awoke.

"Why, you have slept so long that it is time to go back now," said Little Two-Eyes. So the two little girls went home, and again Little Two-Eyes did not touch her dinner of scraps, and Little One-Eye had to confess to her mother that she had fallen fast asleep in the field.

Next morning the mother said to Little Three-Eyes, "You had better go to the fields this morning with Little Two-Eyes." Again Little Two-Eyes led the way into the longest grass, and then said to Little Three-Eyes, "You look hot and tired. Lie down, and I will sing you to sleep." Little Three-Eyes was very glad to lie

down, and Little Two-Eyes sang to her, "Are you awake, Little Three-Eyes? Are you asleep, Little Three-Eyes?" over and over again. But Little Three-Eyes took a long time to fall asleep, and Little Two-Eyes began to think more of how hungry she was than of the song she was singing. And so she became careless, and sang, "Are you awake, Little Three-Eyes? Are you asleep, Little Two-Eyes?" And so it happened that two of the eyes of Little Three-Eyes went to sleep, but one eye stayed awake.

Little Two-Eyes did not notice this one wakeful eye, so she said quietly, "Little goat bleat, little table rise." Then she enjoyed dinner even more than usual, because she had waited longer for it. When she had finished, she said, "Little goat bleat, little table away," and immediately there was no sign of a meal left. As Little Two-Eyes had no idea that one of her sister's eyes had not been asleep, but had been peeping from time to time at what was happening, she was quite happy.

When the little girls reached home, Little Three-Eyes ran straight to her mother and told her of the magic words spoken by Little Two-Eyes, and of the nice hot dinner. The mother was very angry indeed, and said, "Does she think she is going to be better off than we? Fetch me the knife, Little Three-Eyes." Little Three-Eyes brought it, and the mother plunged it into the goat's heart. The poor animal fell down dead.

When Little Two-Eyes saw that the goat was dead, she ran out of the house, and along the road, till she stopped to rest on a wayside hillock.

"Why do you cry?" asked a kind voice, and, looking up, Little Two-Eyes saw the same little old woman who had told her the magic words.

"Because my goat is killed, and now I must be hungry again," sobbed Little Two-Eyes.

"Listen to me, my dear," said the fairy. "Take the heart of the goat, and bury it in front of the house. If you do this, there will be no need for tears." And the fairy vanished.

Little Two-Eyes went home and begged for the goat's heart. Her mother said, "Yes, stupid, you are welcome to it, take it away," and her sisters made fun of her. Little Two-Eyes took the heart, and buried it as she had been told.

Next morning the three sisters went to the front door together, and there, just in front of the house, what did they see? A beautiful tree with silver leaves and golden fruit. No one knew how it had come there, but Little Two-Eyes noticed that it sprang from the spot where she had buried the heart. The girls called their mother to see the wonderful sight.

"What a beautiful tree!" she exclaimed. "Climb up, Little One-Eye, and gather some fruit."

Little One-Eye climbed up the tree, but each time she tried to grasp one of the golden apples the branch sprang back out of her reach.

"Come down, Little One-Eye," said her mother. "Little Three-Eyes can see three times as well as you, let her try."

Little Three-Eyes tried, but with no more success. Each time that she tried to reach a golden apple, back sprang the branch.

The mother became impatient, and said she would try herself. But she failed too.

Then Little Two-Eyes said, "Let me try."

"You!" cried her sisters, "how can an ordinary girl like you expect to do what we cannot?"

"Let me try," repeated Little Two-Eyes, and she climbed the tree. The golden fruit dropped into her hand, and she came down with her apron full. The mother and sisters were not only astonished but very angry with Little Two-Eyes for doing what they could not do. They took the fruit from her, and treated her worse than ever.

One day, as they all stood together by the tree, a young knight rode by. As they saw him coming, the sisters pushed Little Two-Eyes into a barrel beneath the tree. "Hide there, you fright," they said. They also put in the barrel some golden apples, which Little Two-Eyes had gathered for them.

The knight stopped to admire the beautiful tree, and asked to whom it belonged.

"To us," answered the sisters.

"Give me a branch," said the knight, "and you shall have all that you wish." Both sisters tried, but it was of no use. Each time they stretched out their hands the branches sprang back.

"It is strange," said the knight, "that you cannot gather the fruit from your own tree." And still the sisters insisted that it was theirs.

Now Little Two-Eyes felt very angry when she heard her sisters speak so, and she rolled one golden apple after another out of the barrel. They rolled to the knight's feet, and he asked the sisters where they came from.

"Our sister, Little Two-Eyes, is in the barrel, but she is too ugly to appear," they said.

"Come out, Little Two-Eyes," called the knight, and at the sound of his kind voice, Little Two-Eyes crept out, and stood beside her sisters. The knight was astonished to see how beautiful Little Two-Eyes was.

"Can you gather me a branch of this tree?" he asked.

"Yes, for it is mine," said Little Two-Eyes, and she quickly climbed up, broke off a branch, and handed it to the knight.

"You shall have whatever you wish, Little Two-Eyes. What shall it be?" asked the knight.

"Oh, if you will only take me away. That is all I want. Here I am hungry, and thirsty, and tired and miserable all day long." The knight at once lifted Little Two-Eyes on to his horse, and carried her off to his father's palace. For the knight was a Prince, and his father was the King.

In the palace Little Two-Eyes was beautifully dressed, and had delicious fruit and cakes and sweets to eat. She grew happier and happier, and the Prince loved her more and more, till at last he married her.

Little One-Eye and Little Three-Eyes were very jealous of their sister, but they thought they had one reason to be glad that the knight had carried her off. "For now," they said, "the wonderful tree will no longer be claimed by Little Two-Eyes. It is ours, and everyone will admire it." But lo and behold, the next morning the tree had vanished.

Many years after Little Two-Eyes had been happily married, two beggar women arrived at the palace gates. Little Two-Eyes recognized her sisters, who had treated her so cruelly long ago. They were now so poor that they had to wander through the country begging for bread. Little Two-Eyes felt very sorry for them. She welcomed them to the palace, and treated them very kindly. At last they told her how sorry they were that they had behaved so badly to her in their old home, and Little Two-Eyes forgave them from the bottom of her heart.

THE FROG PRINCE

IN olden days there lived a King whose daughters were all beautiful, but the face of the youngest was radiant as the sun.

The favorite plaything of this Princess was a golden ball. Often when it was too hot to play in the palace gardens, she would wander with her ball into the forest, and toss or bounce



BY THE WELL

it under the shade of an old lime tree. Then, when she grew tired, she would sit by the edge of a cool well beneath the lime, and wish it might be summer all the year round.

One bright morning the Princess was playing as merrily as ever with her golden ball. Toss, catch, toss, catch, toss—but this time the Princess did not catch. The ball fell on the sloping grass, rolled straight into the silver well, and immediately disappeared.

The poor Princess sat down and wept as if her heart would break. Nothing, she felt, could ever make up for the loss of her golden ball.

As she cried bitterly, sitting by the edge of the well, she was startled to hear a voice ask, "What is the matter, Princess?"

Looking round, she saw a frog stretch its broad, ugly face out of the water.

"Oh, it is you, is it, old Splasher?"

"Yes; what is the matter, Princess?"

"Matter? I want my ball, my golden ball. It has fallen into the water."

"There is no need to cry about that; I can bring it to you."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, dear Frog."

"But what will you give me, when I bring you your golden ball?"

in his mouth the golden ball. He threw it on the grass, at the feet of the Princess.

"Oh, my ball, my pretty toy," she exclaimed, as she picked it up, and ran off toward the palace.

"Wait, wait," croaked the Frog, "I cannot run so quickly."

But the Princess did not listen. She hurried home, rejoicing to possess once more her favorite plaything, but forgetful of the kind Frog and her promise.



"WHAT YOU HAVE PROMISED, YOU MUST PERFORM"

"Oh, anything, anything — my silken robes, my pearls, my diamonds, even my crown."

"What care I for silken robes, for pearls, for diamonds, or even for the crown you wear upon your head? If you will promise to let me sit at your table, eat off your golden plate, drink from your silver cup, and sleep in your little white bed, then I will fetch you the golden ball."

"Yes, yes, I promise. Bring it. Quick."

The Frog disappeared under the water, and the Princess thought, "What nonsense the silly old Splasher talks. Of course, he cannot come with me to the palace. This well in the forest is his home, and here he must live and croak until he dies."

In a little while the Frog came back, carrying

The next day, as the Princess was sitting at dinner with the King and his courtiers, they heard a sound, as of something coming flip-flop upstairs. All laid down their knives and forks to listen. Flip-flop, flip-flop. The sound came nearer and nearer. Flip-flop, flip-flop. Then it ceased just outside the door of the dining-hall, and one knock after another was heard, while a voice croaked:

"Youngest King's Daughter,
Open to me,
Do you not know
What you promised me,
Yesterday
Under the linden tree?
Youngest King's Daughter,
Open to me."

"My daughter," said the King, "what you have promised, you must perform. Open the door."

So the Princess opened it, and the Frog came in and flopped along close to her feet, until she sat down.

Then he reminded her, "You promised I should sit at your table."

The Princess hesitated, but the King said, "What you have promised, you must perform."

So a chair was placed for the Frog by the Princess.

But the Frog asked to be put on the table. "You promised that I should eat off your golden plate and drink from your silver cup."

The Princess drew her plate away, and lifted the cup in her hand, but the King repeated, "What you have promised, you must perform."

So the Frog thoroughly enjoyed dinner, but the Princess could not swallow a morsel.

When evening came, the Frog said, "I am tired. Carry me now to your little white bed. We must sleep."

Then the Princess began to cry. How could she let that cold, slippery frog, that she could not bear to touch, sleep in her little bed?

But the King said once more, "What you have promised, you must perform." Then he added, "You must never despise anything that has helped you in time of need."

So the Princess caught the Frog with the tips of her two fingers, and carried him upstairs to her own pretty room. There she put him down in a corner. But when she popped into bed, the Frog came jumping toward her and croaked, "You promised I should sleep in your little white bed. If you do not let me, I shall call the King."

"You hideous thing, you may sleep there," she exclaimed angrily, picking him up and flinging him with all her might against the wall.

The Frog struck the wall and fell to the ground. Then —

The Princess rubbed her eyes. Who was that handsome Prince standing where the Frog had fallen? And where was the Frog? Was it a dream? The Princess pinched herself. No, she was wide awake.

"I was changed into a frog," said the Prince, "by a wicked fairy, and a frog I had to remain until I was flung from the hand of a fair Prin-



THE PRINCE

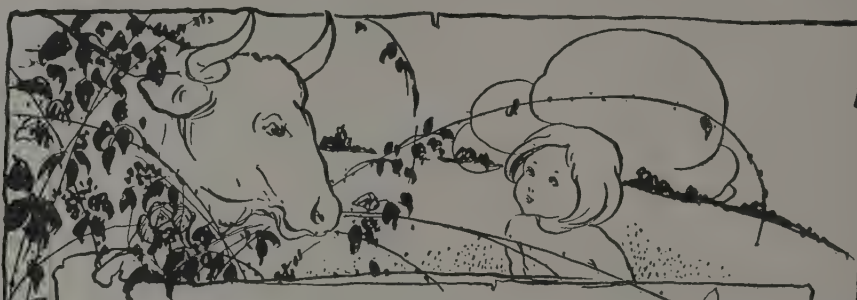
cess. So you have saved my life, and I want, above everything in the world, to marry you, and to take you back with me to the kingdom that I left so long ago."

Then the face of the Princess was once more as radiant as the sun, and the King, when he heard the tale, was almost as glad as his daughter, and ordered the wedding feast to be got ready without delay.

And the day after the wedding, a golden coach, drawn by eight snow-white horses, dashed up to the palace gates, to carry the Prince back to his kingdom, and with him his fair bride.

Behind the coach rode Henry, the faithful servant whose heart had nearly burst with grief when his master was turned into a frog. Suddenly there came a loud sound of cracking. Henry begged them to have no alarm. He was only tearing off the iron bands with which he had bound his heart to keep it from breaking.

As they rode gayly off, bowing to the cheering crowd, the horses pranced, the bells on the reins jingled, and all was rejoicing and merriment. As they passed the well in the forest the Princess drew from her pocket the golden ball, and rejoiced to think of all the good fortune it had brought to her and her dear Prince.



The Cow

THANK you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day and every night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank;
But the yellow cowslips eat,
They will make it very sweet.

Where the purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

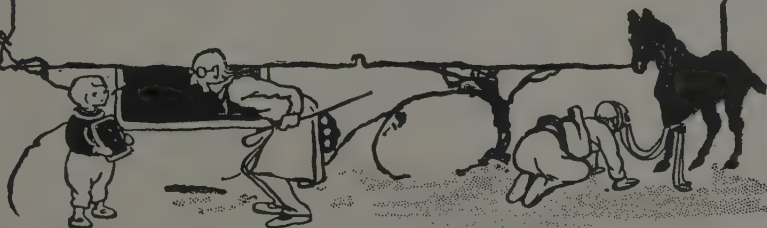
J. L. Govey

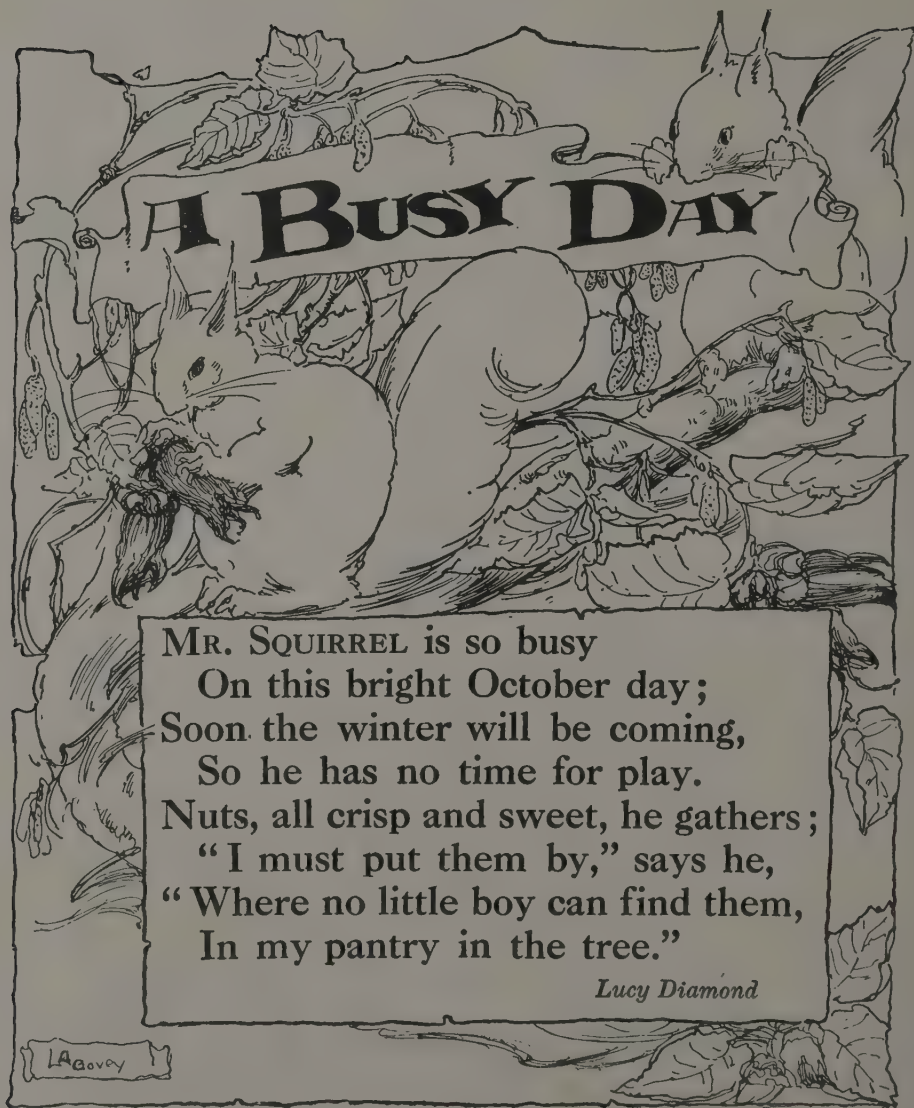


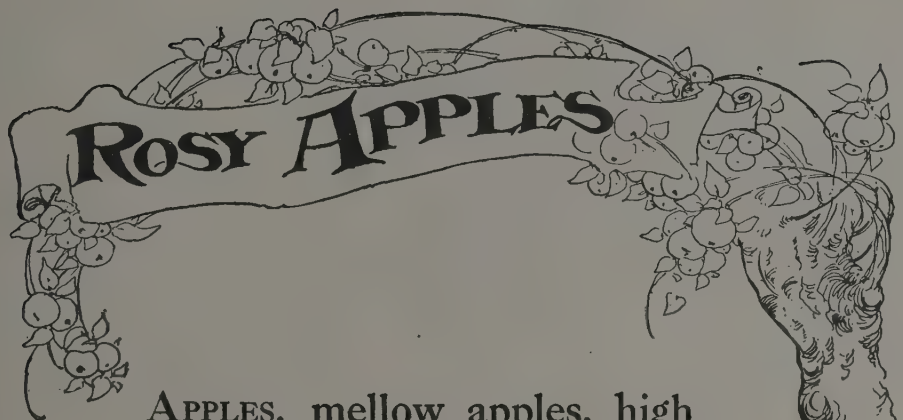
Topsy Turvey World



If the butterfly courted the bee,
 And the owl the porcupine ;
 If churches were built in the sea,
 And three times one was nine ;
 If the pony rode the master,
 And the buttercups ate the cows,
 If the cat had the dire disaster
 To be worried, sir, by the mouse;
 If mamma, sir, sold the baby
 To a gipsy for half-a-crown ;
 If a gentleman, sir, was a lady,—
 The world would be upside-down !
 If any or all of these wonders
 Should ever come about,
 I should not consider them blunders,
 For I should be Inside-Out !







APPLES, mellow apples, high
above my head,
Swinging on the branches,
shine all rosy red.
Please, Mr. North Wind, come
and shake the tree,
Send the rosy apples tumbling
down to me.

Lucy Diamond



THE SNAIL



How would you like to
take with you your house upon your
back,
And such a funny house as this—all curly,
brown, and black?
You say, “As slow as any snail,” and yet,
I’d like to see
If *you’d* go any faster, if you had a load
like me!

Lucy Diamond



THE MOLE

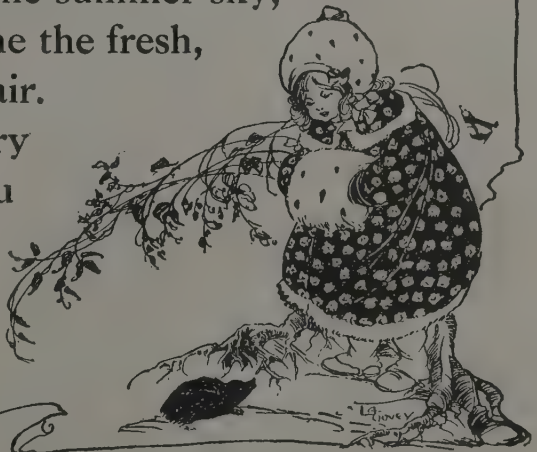
OH, funny little Mr. Mole,
Your house is large and fine,
Your velvet coat is grander far
Than any coat of mine.

And yet I would not change with you,
Not for a single day!
It's surely not a pleasant thing
Beneath the ground to stay.

I like to see the summer sky,
And breathe the fresh,
sweet air.

How very, very
strange of you
To choose to
live down
there!

Lucy Diamond.





THE BROOK

I LIKE to watch the merry brook
Go rippling on its way;
It sings me such a happy song
All through the summer day;

It tells me tales of many things,
As on the grass I lie,
About the hills from which it came,
And where it goes—and why.

And if I had a tiny boat,
A-sailing I would go,
And hasten with the
brook to join
The river deep and
slow.

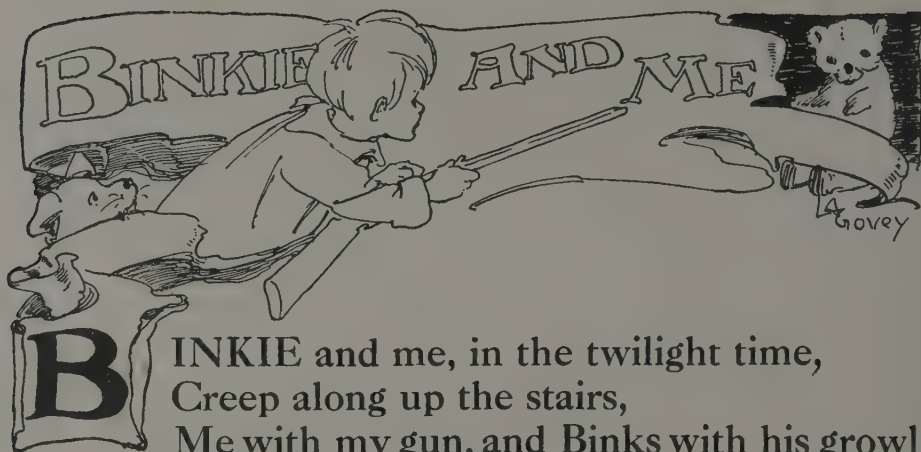
Lucy Diamond





SING a song of sunshine
On a rainy day,
When the skies are clouded
And we cannot play.
If to-day be stormy,
Soon to-morrow's here,
That may bring us sunshine,
Skies all blue and clear.

Lucy Diamond



BINKIE and me, in the twilight time,
 Creep along up the stairs,
 Me with my gun, and Binks with his growl,
 Hunting Bears.

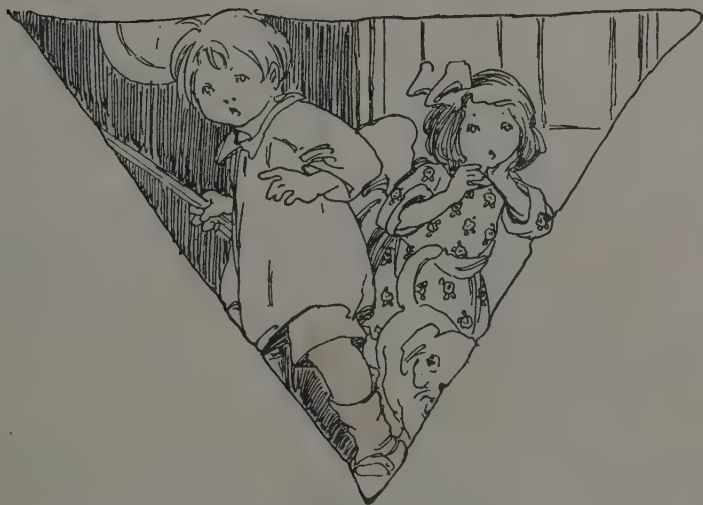
Just at the darkest corner of all
 A terrible big one lies ;
 We hear him growling as we come by.
 See his eyes !

But I am a man, and Binkie's so brave,
 We track him right home to his lair.
 I shoot him dead, and Binkie he *growls* !
 We don't care !

When Dorothy came here to stay with us once,
She was as 'fraid as could be,
Though why she should mind, when I had my gun,
I can't see !

Oh, the loveliest time in the day for me
Is when we two creep up the stairs ;
Me with my gun, and Binks with his growl,
Hunting Bears.

Thora Stowell



ALL ASLEEP

SEE! the merry little Squirrel now
has scrambled to his nest,
And the funny, prickly Hedgehog
seeks a cosy place to rest.



Mr. Frog has found a blanket in
the pond so dark and deep,
While the drowsy little Dormouse
too, has safely gone to sleep.



If I go to pay a visit to the house
of Mr. Snail,
I shall find his doorway covered
with a shining coat of mail;
While at the very bottom of his
home so dull and big
Mr. Mole is hidden deeper than
a little boy can dig.





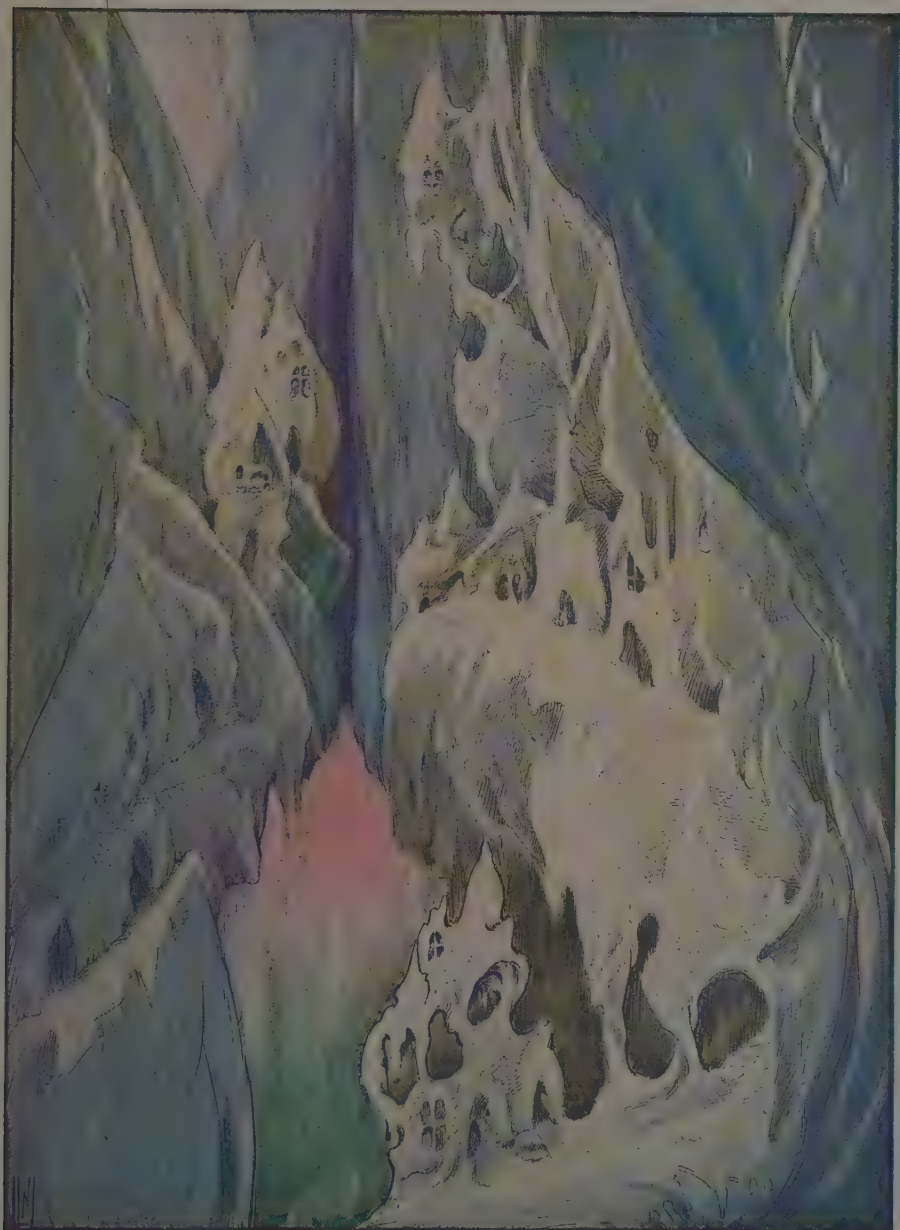
Copyright, George L. Shuman & Co.

THE SNOW MAKERS

On the opposite page is

THE HOME OF THE SNOW MAKERS

From the original paintings by Nelly Littlehale Umbstaetter



Copyright, Geo. L. Shuman & Co.

STORIES
TOLD
BY
PICTURES





1. THE BROWNIE FAMILY, WHO LIVED IN THE WOOD—FATHER, MOTHER, THREE BOYS AND A GIRL. THE CHILDREN AT PLAY



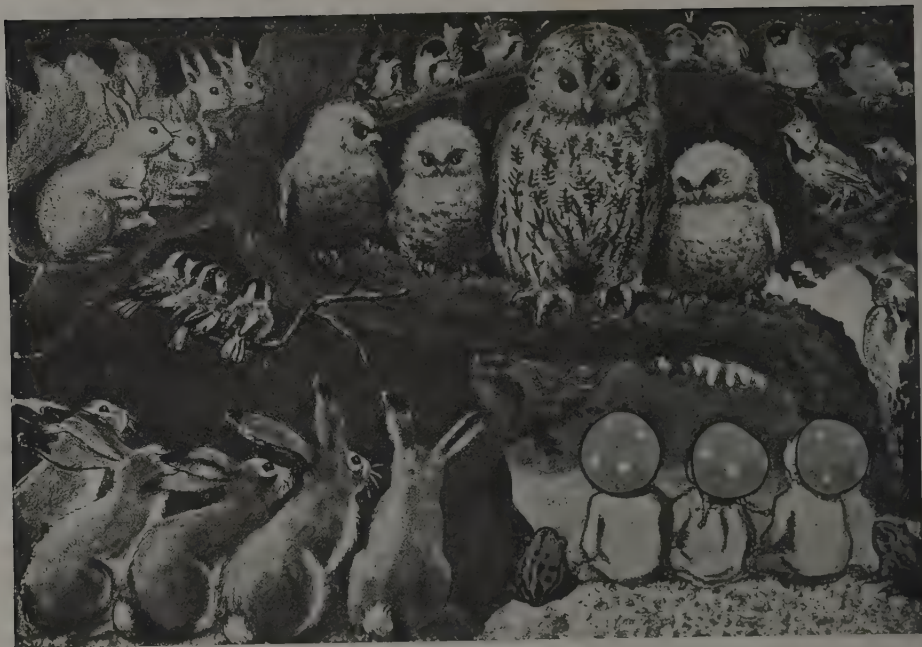
II. WHEN THEY WENT TO GATHER BLUEBERRIES, THE MOUNTAIN SPIRIT FRIGHTENED THEM. THEY HELPED THEIR FATHER AND MOTHER PICK TOADSTOOLS AND MUSHROOMS



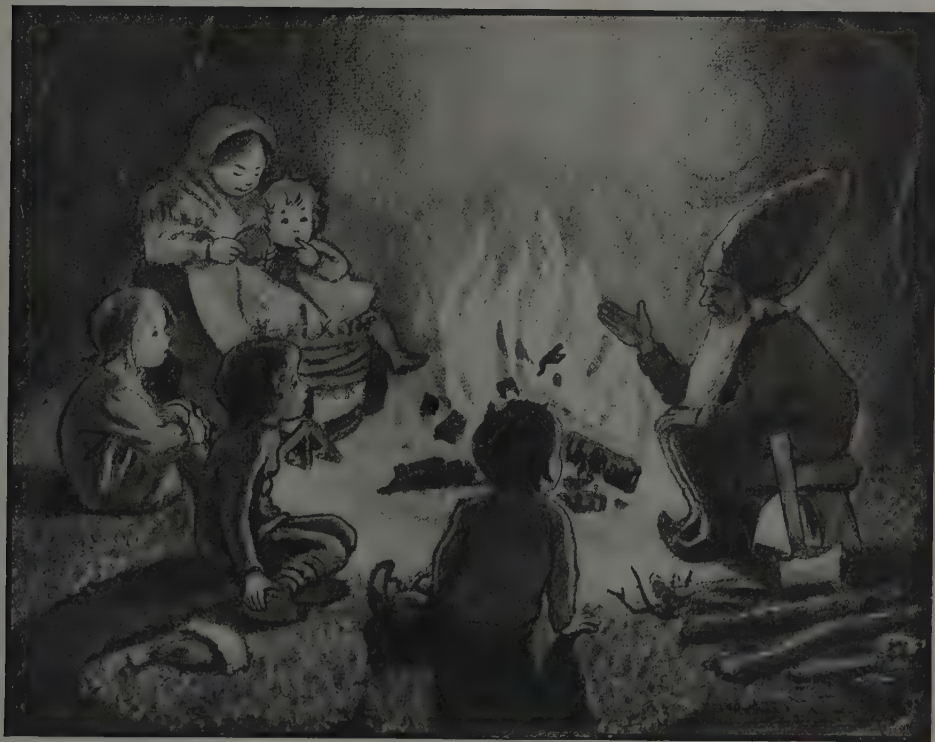
III. THEY MET A BIG SNAKE, BUT THEIR FATHER CAME AND KILLED IT. THEN THEY WENT TO FIGHT THE ANTS AND WERE BADLY STUNG, AS THEY DESERVED TO BE



IV. ONE MOONLIGHT NIGHT THEY SAW THE ELF-PRINCESS AND HER SEVEN MAIDENS DANCE. WHEN WINTER CAME THEIR MOTHER ASKED THE OWL TO TEACH THEM



V. THEY WENT TO THE OWL'S SCHOOL. A WHITE RABBIT CAME AND WANTED TO LIVE WITH THEM



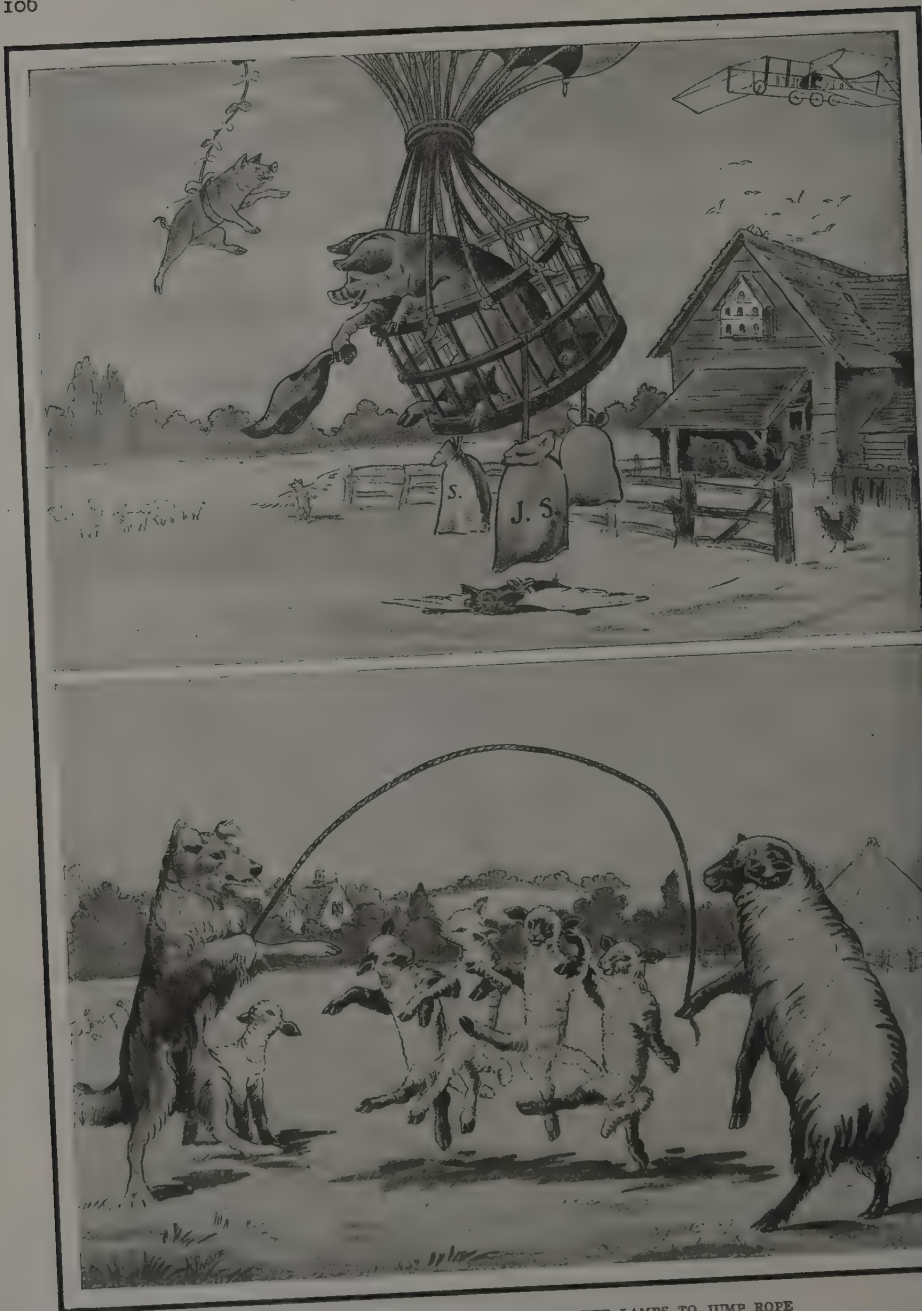
VI. ALL WINTER THE RABBIT TOOK THEM RIDING. THEIR FATHER TOLD STORIES IN THE EVENINGS



AT PROLIC FARM: I. IN THE FARMYARD. THE WEDDING OF KING COCK



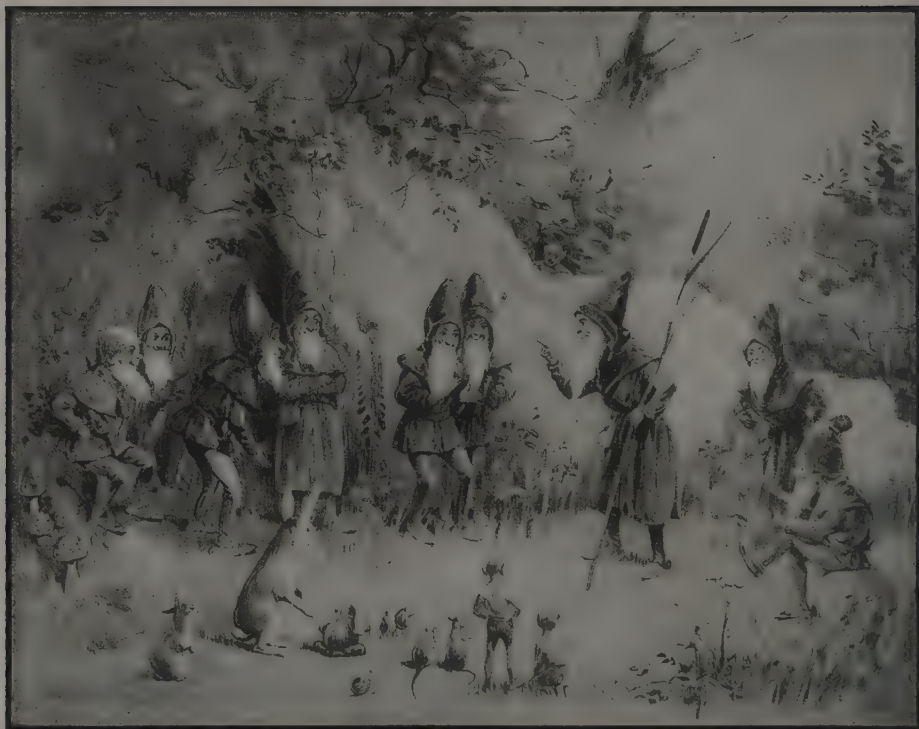
II. DUCKS, GEESSE, AND TURKEY-COCK FISHING. FOOTBALL, WHERE THE "BALL" BREAKS OPEN



III. THE PIGS TRY FLYING. TEACHING THE LAMBS TO JUMP ROPE



IV. CHRISTMAS AT FROLIC FARM — PIGS UNDER THE MISTLETOE. TOBOGGANING



I. THE COUNCIL OF THE GNOMES

THE GNOMES' PARTY

THE Gnomes decided to have a party. The Elves had been bothering them, and telling them they were slow and stupid, and of course that would never do! First they held a council to plan for it. Then they all set busily to work. The invitation list must be made out. Tickets must be given to all the forest creatures

and every elf, sprite, and woodland fairy. Invitations must be nailed to the trees lest any be left out by mistake. Then they set to work to cook the supper, for they had decided to make their party a supper and grand ball. The preparations went well, and at last the great night came. The King and Queen of Fairyland honored them by their presence. The supper went off well. There were dancing and games, Blind Man's Buff, and all sorts of fun. But at last it was time to close the ball. All the guests were sent home, and the Gnomes went to bed, tired but happy.





V. MAKING OUT THE INVITATION LIST AND GIVING TICKETS



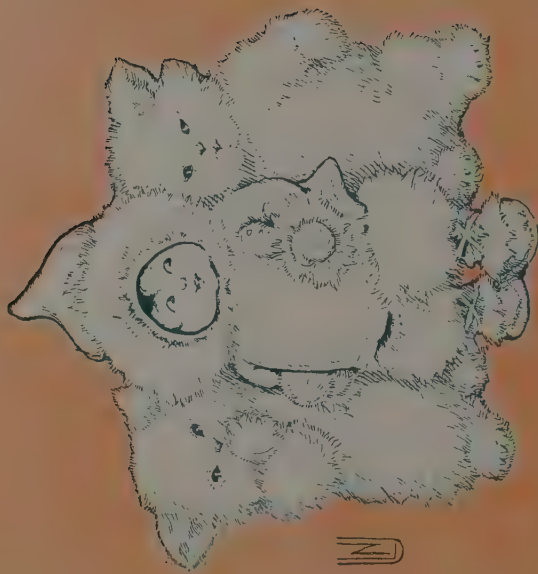
III. NAILING INVITATIONS TO THE TREES, LEST SOME ONE BE LEFT OUT. IV. IN THE GNOMES' KITCHEN PREPARING THE FEAST



V. AT THE SUPPER, WITH THE KING AND QUEEN OF FAIRYLAND PRESIDING. VI. KING AND QUEEN WITH THEIR HERALDS AND ESCORT



VII. BLIND MAN'S BUFF. DANCING AND FUN. BEDTIME



N



BEFORE OUR CHILDREN GO TO SCHOOL

SUGGESTIONS OF TRAINING THAT THE MOTHER MAY CARRY ON AT HOME

THE MONTESSORI METHOD

WHO is Dr. Montessori? And what is meant by the Montessori method? These are the questions which American parents and teachers are asking, and which books and magazine articles are seeking to answer helpfully. Educationally we are a wide-awake people, we Americans. If a new prophet has risen to help us in the training of our children, we want to know it. To those of us who have to deal with children, such interest is twofold. We want to know for the sake of our own general intelligence, and we want to gather up from the crumbs of every pedagogical feast such bits as can be made use of in our own home and school conditions. Of these the Montessori system has more than the usual number.

WHO IS DR. MONTESSORI?

Maria Montessori is an Italian educator, trained as a physician, the first woman to take the degree of Doctor of Medicine at the University of Rome twenty years ago, one-time

director of the clinic for deficient children in a hospital in Rome, student of and later lecturer on child pedagogy in European universities, and finally practical experimenter and leader in schools founded according to her directions and managed according to the system which bears her name.

WHAT IS THE MONTESSORI MOVEMENT?

Dr. Montessori's opportunity to work out the plans which she had developed in her long years of observation and scientific study of children came when she was asked by the leader of the Roman Association for Good Building to try in its model tenements the experiment of "schools within houses," where the children of each tenement could gather for a longer or shorter day of work and play.

The first schools, christened *Casa dei Bambini*, or "Children's Houses," were opened under Madam Montessori's care in 1907. So much attention did her methods, and their remarkable results attract, that within a short five years visitors were coming from England

and the United States to study her work. Her own book, "The Montessori Method," was written and translated into English, and her schools were the subject of magazine description and comment. Now other books have been written by American observers of her work, a "House of Childhood" company has been established in New York which manufactures and supplies an outfit of her material, and a training class has been established in Rome by the American Montessori Committee, to which she will give a personal exposition of her principles. Montessori schools have been established in various sections of the United States, and a wide circle of kindergartners and teachers of young children are studying her principles and making such use as they can of her system in their own work.

THE MOTHER'S RELATION TO THE MOVEMENT

Whatever the possible place of Montessori methods in our American public school system (where everyone recognizes that their incorporation must necessarily be a matter of slow adaptation and long testing), their suggestiveness to the mother of a restless, energetic three-year-old is beyond question. It must be understood from the first that in picking out certain features which happen to be easy to carry out under many conditions, we are not giving any adequate idea of the well-rounded educational system which goes by this name. To detach these exercises or principles and give them independently would be unfair, if Dr. Montessori were not the first to admit that her method is not original. Like all good things, it is a gathering up of the best from many lines and presenting them in a consistent educational philosophy. If in the interest of reminding mothers, as she does, of some points which might not otherwise occur to them, we seem to be stealing the plums from the pudding, we can only say that full accounts of the system are easily accessible. If the plums stimulate to a taste for the whole appetizing dish, they have served a double purpose which no one could regret.

Dr. Montessori's basal idea is that we do too much for the child. By running ahead of him and anticipating him we interfere with his liberty and so with his natural and rightful

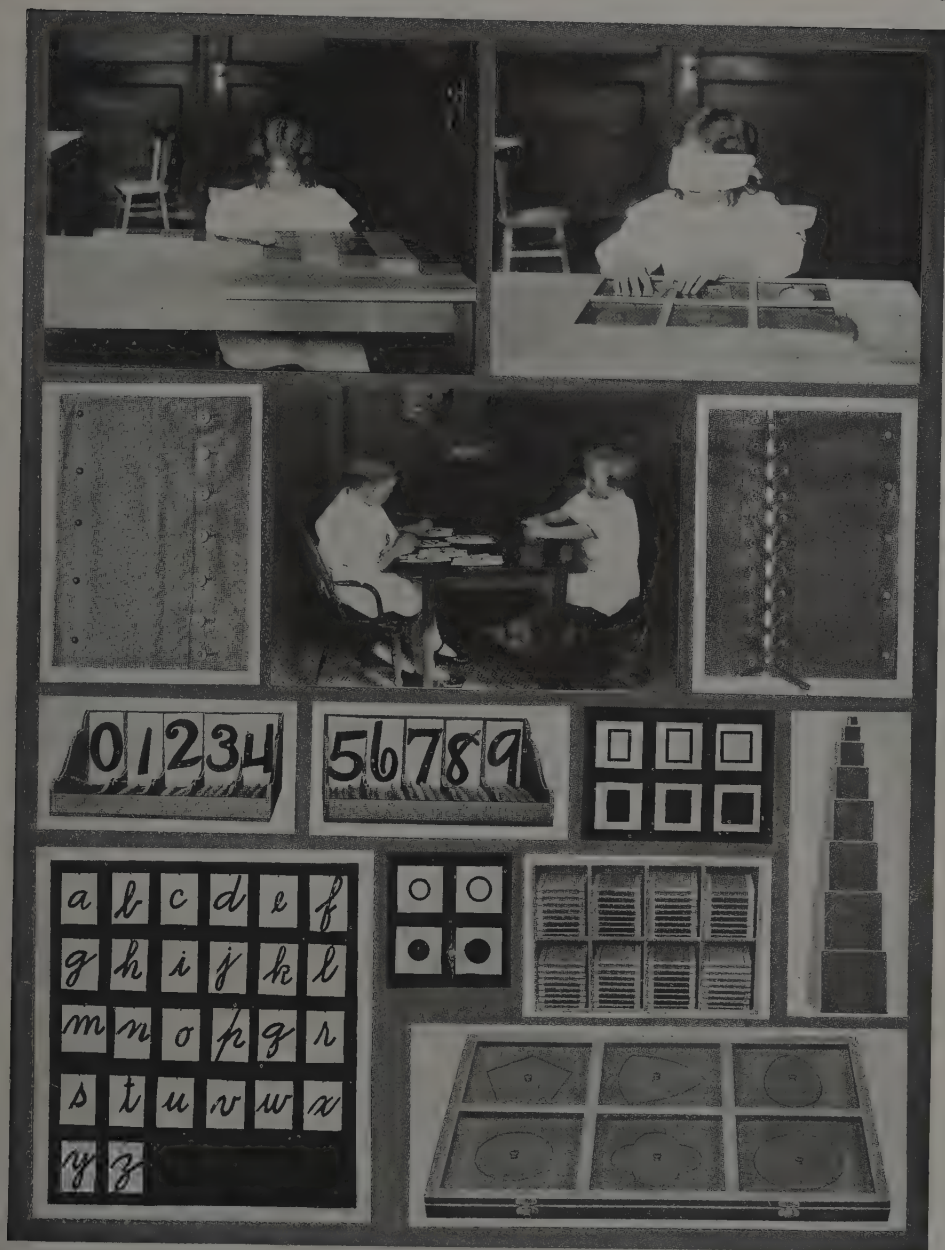
opportunity for development. Mothers do this to a greater or less degree, but so difficult is it for an adult to wait for the slow movements of a little child, that all workers with children are shown to be transgressors in this line.

"No one can be free," says Dr. Montessori, "unless he is independent: therefore, the first, active manifestations of the child's individual liberty must be so guided that through this activity he may arrive at independence. . . . He who is served is limited in his independence." The child's first impulse is, "I want to do it myself." "This," says Ellen Yale Stevens, "is the natural expression of an activity which should be developed, not repressed. It is always easier to be a nurse than an educator, but if we, as parents or teachers, yield to our own desire to serve rather than train, we only hamper the child and hold him back on the road to liberty through independence and keep him from the joy of self-mastery."

THE PRACTICAL APPLICATION

With these principles we should all agree. But how carry them out in an educational way? Here the suggestions of the Montessori material come to our aid. Visitors tell of going into a Montessori room and coming upon a little boy of three seated by a window playing what seemed to be a most fascinating game. Children in other parts of the room were talking and laughing, people were moving about; but he did not look up. His whole attention was given to some delightful effort. And what was the game? When they went near enough to see they found that he held one of the simple frames within which were stretched two pieces of cloth, one with large buttons, the other with strong, easy buttonholes overlapping. The delightful employment on which his mind was bent to the exclusion of all else was the effort to push the button through the hole. As the visitors stood watching he succeeded. The little fumbling fingers had finally obeyed the will and the thing was done. With a smile of victory and utter satisfaction he looked up into their faces, then went off to do something else. Next day he would doubtless go to the frame again and attack the problem with renewed energy.

These are the simple devices with which



THE MONTESSORI APPARATUS

Montessori materials are obtainable only in the complete set furnished by "The House of Childhood, New York City, sole licensees for the United States and Canada," to whom we are indebted for the use of the photographs here reproduced.



AN AMERICAN MONTESSORI ROOM

Dr. Montessori begins the training of the muscles. The boy has been shown how to button the two pieces together. The process has been carried on before him, and he has understood it. Then, instead of watching, suggesting, helping, and explaining, the director has left him alone. If he had put the frame down, she would not have been discouraged, for the child's natural interest is always used as a guide as to which of the various materials he is ready for. He would have come back to the frame some other time, as he will now again and again till he can button and unbutton the row perfectly. Then he will probably have a period of doing it over and over again just for the pleasure of doing it. After that it will be dropped as having lost its interest. But there will come a day when he will connect this lesson with the buttoning and unbuttoning of his own clothes. The new joy will be his of practical application; but the

discovery and training of his powers in each case will be the child's.

THE CENTRAL IDEA

"The central idea of the Montessori system," says Dorothy Canfield Fisher in her excellent book, "A Montessori Mother," "on which every smallest bit of apparatus, every detail of technic rests solidly, is a full recognition of the fact that no human being can be educated by anyone else. He must do it himself or it is never done. . . . We have admitted the entire validity of this theory in physical life. We no longer send our children for their outdoor exercise bidding them walk along the street, holding to Nurse's hand like little ladies and gentlemen. If we can possibly manage it we turn them loose with a sandpile, a jumping rope, hoops, balls, bats, and other such stimuli to their

natural instinct for vigorous body-developing exercise. . . . The Montessori child, analogously, is allowed and encouraged to let go the hand of his mental nurse, to walk and run about on his own feet, and an almost endless variety of stimuli to his natural instinct for vigorous mind-developing, intellectual exercise is placed within his reach."

Here, as Mrs. Fisher points out, the mother has her opportunity. No one is more unwilling than Dr. Montessori to limit the possibilities of her principle to the minimum of "sense apparatus" which she has painstakingly devised. For the schoolroom the apparatus is necessary; for the home it is convenient and suggestive, but can be supplemented by any inventive mother.

A buttoning frame can be improvised, and

a lacing frame. Boxes with spools of graded colors and number boxes can be provided. The material has as one of its important features "The Tower," ten cubes varying in size, which can be duplicated from building blocks. The "solid insets with cylinders of equal height varying in diameter," which sound so scientific, are made after the fashion of the nests of boxes which have delighted so many generations of children.

SENSE TRAINING

To take account of each of the five senses and deliberately train it is one of the fundamentals of the system which parents do well to adopt. To the little child the distinction between work and play is very slight. He throws into his play an earnestness, a concentration,



AN ATTRACTIVE PLAYROOM WHICH CAN BE COPIED



OFF FOR THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD

and a persistent industry which put to shame the work of many an adult. "Experiment," says Ellen Yale Stevens, "has shown that there is less fatigue for a child in organized play than in restless, disorderly activity, provided always that such organized play is the expression of his own spontaneous impulse." So the play is planned to act as food to his eager, active mind. He is given the tower of cubes, varying in size, and is shown how they go to make a perfect pyramid. Then they are mixed together, and he is left. He plays with them for a time. Then the tower is built for him again. As he plays he gradually comes to see that the largest should be at the bottom, the smallest at the top. He builds the pyramid. Then the teacher goes a step farther. She takes the largest block and says, "This is the largest"; another, and says, "This is the smallest," holding the two in contrast. She returns them to the child, and then says, "Give me the largest, give me the smallest." If he cannot, she begins again. When he has fully grasped these two steps, she adds the third and most difficult, saying, "Which is this?" and waiting for the child's response, as she holds each up before him. Attention, sight, and muscular sense have all been trained in this play with blocks.

The children learn blindfold to distinguish bits of silk, cotton, velvet, and the like; they

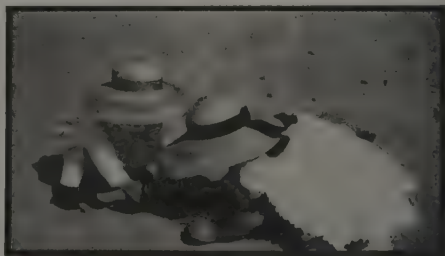
have a "silence lesson" when they sit in perfect silence, then tell what they hear, or respond to a call from another room. They work with weights of various kinds, balancing them in their hands and telling which is the heavier. The color boxes are a feature which attract much attention from visitors, who marvel to see tiny children sorting out reels representing eight shades of the same color. In short, every opportunity is offered for the spontaneous development of their powers. "The aim is not," says Dr. Montessori, "that the child shall *know* colors, forms, and the different qualities of objects, but that he refine his senses through an exercise of attention, of comparison, of judgment. These exercises are true intellectual gymnastics. They are the powder-trains that bring about those mental explosions which delight the child so intensely, when he makes discoveries in the world about him."

When these principles are once grasped, as Dr. Montessori's clear statements help us to grasp them afresh even if we have had a vague idea of them before, they can be applied to many of the child's activities. The reader who cares to go further with this particular system of training will find help from the following books, which are only a few of many which are excellent:

The Montessori Method, by Maria Montessori, translated from the Italian by Anne E. George; Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

A Montessori Mother, by Dorothy Canfield Fisher; Henry Holt and Company, New York, 1912.

A Guide to the Montessori System, by Ellen Yale Stevens; Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.



PLAYING IN THE SAND



Copyright, Underwood & Underwood

A TYPICAL KINDERGARTEN SCENE

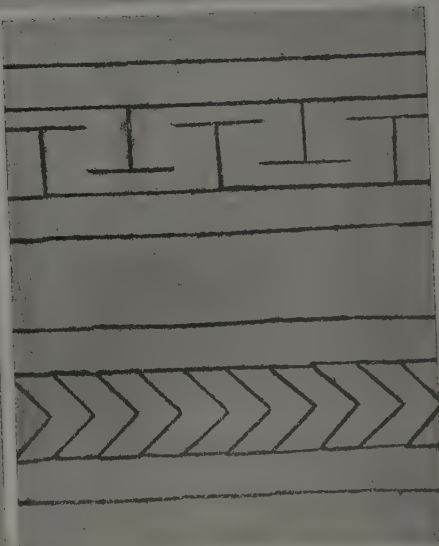
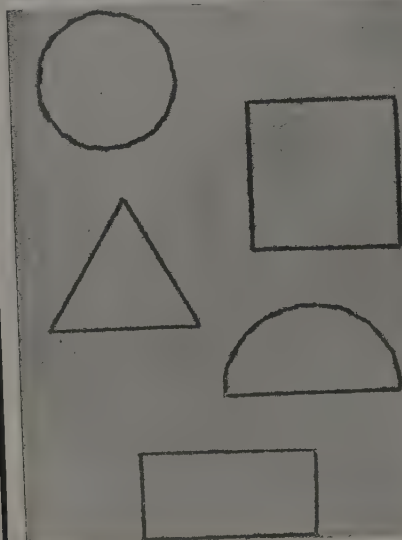
BORROWING FROM THE KINDERGARTEN

IN the years since its adoption in America the kindergarten has become so definite and concrete in its methods that we associate it instinctively with an attractive schoolroom, a group of children playing games, and a teacher guiding their fingers in the use of various kindergarten materials. This is the picture that the word kindergarten ("child garden") calls to our minds. But homes are also "children's gardens." The "kindergartner's Bible," as it has been called, is a book of "Mother Plays," which Froebel worked out from the various games and finger plays which he saw German mothers using with their little ones. It was his wish that mothers begin the training of the child in early infancy. So when mothers inquire into their possible use of kindergarten methods, they are fulfilling the ideal of its great founder.

Friedrich Froebel was born in the little German village of Oberweisbach in 1782. His father was a pastor, and the young man passed through various struggles to obtain an education, and spent some years in other work

before he came into his chosen vocation of teaching. The man who urged him into teaching had been a pupil of the famous Pestalozzi. In 1805 Froebel visited Pestalozzi's school, and later spent several years studying and working with this wise educational pioneer. Leaving him, he took a school in which he worked out some of the principles which had been gradually crystallizing in his mind during his years of experience and study. In 1840 he began the German "Kindergarten," consisting of classes to train young women in the true methods of educational development, and having in connection with it a school for little children in which these experiments could be carried out. This was the beginning of the kindergarten, which was much observed and praised by wise men of his own day and has since been adopted in many other countries. Froebel worked out a theory of child training based on many wise principles, and a system of "gifts" and "occupations" which still remain to the uninitiated the most familiar symbols of the kindergarten.

Froebel's system began with a development into practical usefulness of the haphazard, instinctive play of the child. "Play to man,

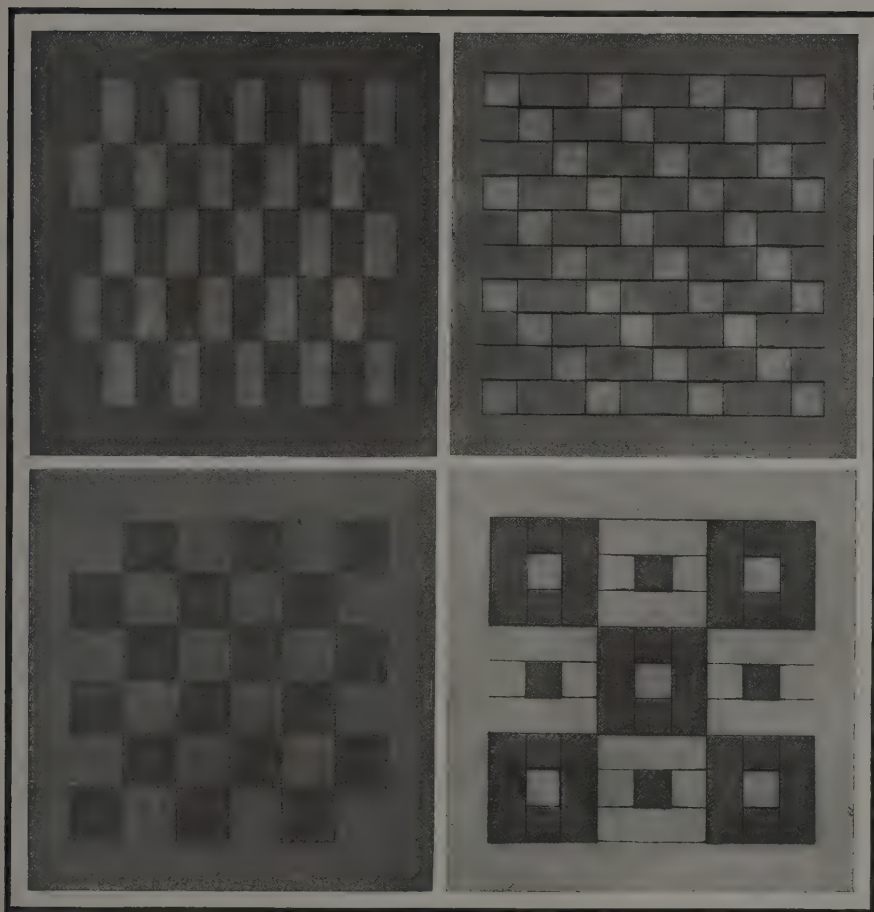


DESIGNS IN SEWING CARDS

[Published by courtesy of the Milton Bradley Company, Springfield, Mass., from whom these materials can be obtained.]

especially in childhood," he says, "is a mirror both of thoughts, and feelings, and of surroundings. In childhood it is emphatically a mirror of the innate need for life and occupations."

Again he says, "Play is the highest expression of human development in childhood, for it alone is the free expression of what is in the child's soul. . . . A child who plays vigorously,



WEAVING MATS MADE WITH COLORED PAPER

[Published by courtesy of the Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass.]

freely, and quietly, and who persists till he is thoroughly tired, will of a certainty grow into a capable and quietly persistent man, ready to sacrifice his own present ease when a higher good for himself and others demands it."

GIFTS AND OCCUPATIONS

The kindergarten recognizes two kinds of play, directed and undirected. In the directed are employed the gifts and occupations.

"The gifts are a progressive series of objects, so named," says V. M. Hillyer, "from the fact that they are given to the child for directed play, and from which he is to obtain both concrete and abstract ideas of form, color, motion, size, direction, number, etc. These ideas are to be gained by directed play with the 'gifts,' and by arranging them in various orders to present concrete objects — 'forms of life' — as they are called, such as houses, bridges, cars, tables, soldiers, etc., and in abstract color and

form designs — called 'forms of knowledge' and 'forms of beauty.' The occupations are forms of constructive work with different materials — needle and thread, paper and paste, mats and strips, etc., with which the child is to make various concrete objects and abstract designs."

This is the definite system which the kindergarten studies, these the pieces of apparatus and lines of training which the mother may borrow from the kindergarten. Several of the books on the home kindergarten suggest that some definite period, a half hour twice in a morning, be set aside for their use. The Froebel gifts can be obtained from any of the kindergarten supply companies. They are:

1. Six rubber balls, covered with a network of twine or worsted of various colors.
2. Sphere, cube, and cylinder, made of wood.
3. Large cube, consisting of eight small cubes.
4. Large cube, consisting of eight oblong parts.
5. Large cube, consisting of whole, half, and quarter cubes.
6. Large cube consisting of doubly divided oblongs.
7. Square and triangular tablets for laying of figures.
8. Sticks for laying of figures.
9. Whole and half rings for laying of figures.
10. Material for drawing.
11. Material for perforating.
12. Material for embroidering.
13. Material for cutting of paper.
14. Material for braiding.
15. Slats for interlacing.
16. The slat with many links.
17. Material for intertwining.
18. Material for paper folding.
19. Material for peas-work.
20. Material for modeling.

The occupations are perforating, sewing, drawing, thread game, paper twisting, slat interlacing, weaving, paper cutting, paper folding, and clay modeling. Their first use is described by Froebel to be "to train the eye and mind to be the ready servants of the will."

THE KINDERGARTEN SPIRIT

The list of gifts and occupations gives no adequate idea of the modern kindergarten. It is in truth a "child's garden," where children and leader share in play and work, where the holidays are observed with appropriate games and busy work, where marching and singing and co-

operative living are features of a happy three hours, and where the exercise of the art of story telling is carried to its highest development. The mother will never be a kindergarten. Indeed, in the school system adopted in many places, the kindergarten is the first taste of life which the child gets outside the home, and is his bottom step on the ladder of school life. It is intended to supplement the home.

But many places are without kindergartens. The mothers wish to give their children the best that can be offered, and turn to the kindergarten for help. They will find the suggested outline of occupations invaluable. The gifts are more technical and symbolic; but the wise mother can make much use of them. Every child can have beads, one lot colored, one lot uncolored, and can have them kept for definite play. He can sort out the different shapes — spheres, cubes, cylinders — and the different colors. He can string them, first singly, one of each kind; then, two of a kind, and so on till he has made a dozen combinations. All this work can be kept to show his stages of progress, and can be shown to his father as his day's accomplishment. Weaving is one of the kindergarten arts which is particularly pretty and educative. Every child delights to make the simpler and then the more intricate mats. Pricking and sewing cards, drawing, pasting, and crayon work, are all home occupations which a mother does well to adopt, even though she cannot enter into the symbolism of the kindergarten.

To the mother who desires to go further, three excellent books can be suggested. There are dozens of books on kindergarten principles and practice, but these three are designed to meet her particular need. The first is general in its suggestions, giving many wise hints as to home substitutes. In the other two, full programmes are suggested.

The Home-made Kindergarten, by Nora Archibald Smith; Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston and New York, 1912.

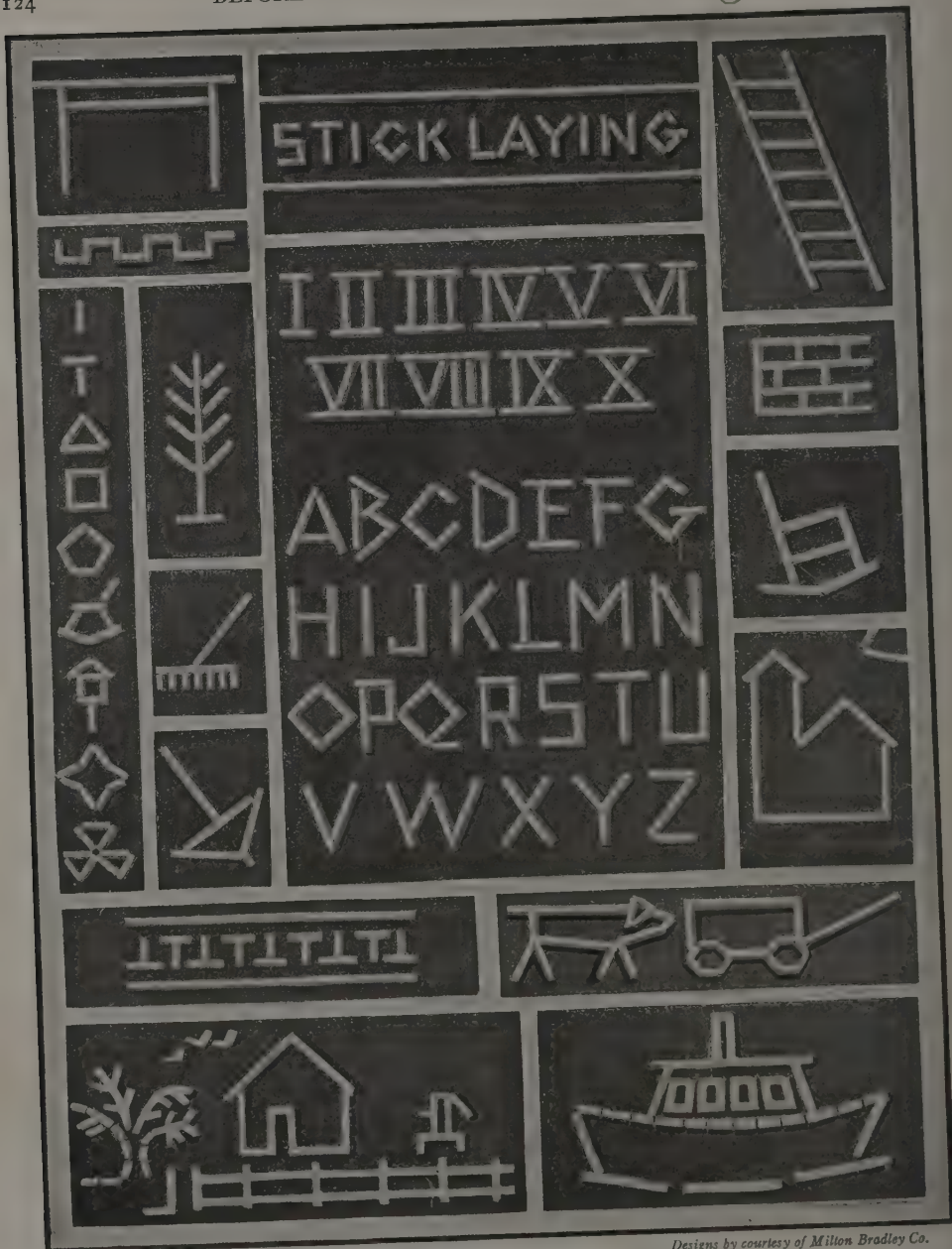
The Home Kindergarten, by Katherine Beebe; The Saalfeld Publishing Company, New York; Akron, Ohio, and Chicago, 1905.

Kindergarten At Home, by V. M. Hillyer, The Baker and Taylor Company, New York, 1911.



WORKING WITH CLAY

No one of the kindergarten employments makes a greater appeal to the home child than the clay work. He will begin with a bird's nest with eggs and then gradually come to success in the more difficult shapes. [This page of models is published by courtesy of the Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass., from whom these materials may be obtained.]



Designs by courtesy of Milton Bradley Co.

A KINDERGARTEN GIFT WHICH MAY BE USED AT HOME

Beside the alphabet and Roman numerals and picture designs, the row at the left uses the first ten numbers, one at the top, two forming T, three a triangle, etc.



FIRST LESSONS AT HOME

SENSE and finger training are really lessons to the child; but there comes a time when we begin to want to give him "real lessons"—learning his letters, reading, counting, and numbers. It may be difficult to send him to school at the usual age, or he may begin to be restless and to need something that is harder work for his active mind. Often children are kept out of school by slow convalescence and long quarantine after illness, or by severe weather in the winter months. Then comes the mother's question of how she shall teach her child, who so plainly wants to be taught.

Most mothers are too easily awed by the methods of the school. Teachers are usually the first to regret this. The mother will teach differently, but it does a boy or girl no harm to find out that there is more than one way of explaining a thing. There will be funny situations, as there were between Kenneth and his mother in Marion Hill's bright story, "In the Wake of William Tell."

KENNETH AND HIS MOTHER

"The longer Kenneth went to school the surer he became of the fact that his dear mother knew nothing at all, or next to it. This was a saddening discovery for a loving little boy to make of a nice lady. . . . As loyal as he was loving, Kenneth hated to humiliate her by correcting her, but sometimes she left him no escape. As now:

"Why don't you do your ciphering on your slate?" she asked.

"What's ciphering?" he counter-questioned,

hopefully. This might prove a loophole. She looked so intelligent sitting there sewing in the sunny, flower-potted window of her room!

"Arithmetic."

"Kenneth twisted uncomfortably. The issue was upon him.

"We do number-work," was his gentle accusation.

"Number-work, then," she admitted, smiling. She was so disarmingly pretty when she smiled that she could have stopped right there with honors. Instead she added, dementedly, 'Just another name for the same things—addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division.'

"Cobwebs of ignorance for the broom of his knowledge to sweep down.

"It's put-together," he elucidated. 'And take-aways. And timeses. And goes-intos.'

NUMBER WORK WITH BEANS

All the better for Kenneth if he is forced to regard addition from a new angle. It is "put-togethers," and he can begin it as a game with beans or marbles. Children are usually taught at home to count to ten. Go a little farther, and let them find out what the first five or six numbers mean. The little girl in the picture is struggling over them with her fingers. Start her with beans. Here is one bean. Give her two more, putting them on the other side of the table. "How many beans are there?" "Three," she will answer, probably putting them all in a row, and counting them. "How many were there on this side of the table?" "Two." "And on your side?" "One." "And now there are—?" "Three." "Then one and two make what?" "Three." Your first lesson in addition has been taught, and can be reviewed with further lesson-games. It will not be strange if in the course of the day she stumbles upon a number of ones and twos, which eliminates the beans. To subtract three beans from five beans and find out what is left will be a new interest. Then the three and the two can be put in a single row again, and how many will there be? Even multiplication is shown to be a shorter way of addition when six beans are divided into three groups of two each. This will be beyond the little ones, but



COUNTING ON FINGERS

the game may well be kept up with the older children who are making hard work of their arithmetic at school. There the fun will be to see which can do sums fastest, both with the beans and in their heads.

PLAY WITH LETTERS

It is the greatest mistake in the world to let the new — and wise — system of teaching reading by phonics frighten you out of letting your five-year-old learn to read with you if he wants to. A child should not be forced to read before

he cares about it. But when he looks wistfully at his picture-books and alphabet verses and wants to find out for himself what is underneath, give him the help he needs.

Start him, as you naturally would, with letters. Teach him A, let him find it in his letter blocks and in the large-type pages of this book. Tell him to look for it in the advertising pages of magazines, and in his nursery rhymes. He will have all the joy of the discoverer as he hunts it out. Then he will learn B, and so he will go on with a dozen letters, or until he has finished the alphabet.

But, after all, words are easier than letters. That is why the old method of teaching W and Q and Z as earliest lessons has been discarded. The word CAT with a picture is more interesting than a single letter. Teach it to him. Then let him hunt it out in nursery rhymes that he can say, or stories with which he is familiar. "Pussy CAT, Pussy CAT, where have you been?" What a joy to find and recognize the word! "The CAT and the Mouse." There it is again. Before you know it, your five-year-old will be finding words in one place and another, saying rhymes aloud and then studying the printed page, and all at once beginning to read. After the first hint that letters and words have names and can be told apart, all you will have to do will be to answer questions, which is the ideal method of teaching. Every teacher in the land would envy you your chance to give one bright mind the help it wants when it wants it.

WHEN YOU HAVE BEGUN

As soon as you have established the habit of teaching, do a little of it every day. Fifteen minutes twice in the morning will cover a great deal of ground in three months.

There is a clever and attractive little book, "Work and Play with Number" (published by Ginn and Company, Boston), in which nursery rhymes are used for the first arithmetic. "One; two, buckle my shoe," and the "seven wives of St. Ives," and all the other number stories are put to charming use. It may be wearisome at times, but don't discourage your little girl when she wants to count in the people in a picture or the chairs in a room. Only be sure to correct her when she does it wrong. That is your responsibility.

If you have read the Montessori and kindergarten articles, you will not stop with number and letter teaching. "It is surprising," said a kindergartner to me, "how few children know the primary colors, red, blue, green and yellow, or even black and white when they come to me." And yet Dr. Montessori's three-and-four-year-olds are able to sort seven shades of each color, and think it is only play.

Miss Mabel Hill, who wrote the civics section

for the "Quiz Book," told the other day of a game she has been playing all winter with a five-year-old. They sit down together and Miss Hill says, "Now close your eyes, and we'll go to the barn. What shall we find there?" "A horse," the little girl will answer. "Yes, and a cow," is Miss Hill's response, and so they go on matching objects until they have been all around the barn and told everything that is there. Or, if they have not, the next visit to the barn will be full of eager interest to spy out and learn the names of new or forgotten things.

They go to the grocery, to the dry-goods store, to the market, and the little girl is equally at home in each. When a seven-year-old came to visit, and the game was tried with her, she could not tell more than two or three things in each place. Her mind had not been stimulated to this quick action and her vocabulary was much more limited than that of the little girl two years younger. There are many such games which can be played with your little children while you are sewing, which will help them to be more keen and alert, both in school and out.

WHEN THEY ARE IN SCHOOL

DON'T let your connection with your children's education cease when they are well placed in school. Even so far as actual lessons are concerned, the greatest difference is noticed by teachers in the boys and girls who have no helpful interest at home, and those where fathers and mothers, while they do not actually help with home lessons, still keep in touch with the children's interests. You can do great good by encouraging your children in their aptitudes, and adding your help to that of the teacher where there are weak spots and difficulties.

THE BOOK HOUR

The story hour is a familiar institution with little children. The book hour, which is its natural successor, is unfortunately less common. Reading aloud will follow story telling, and there will be no perceptible break to the children's mind. Because they are allowed to sit

up a little longer, father as well as mother can join the group, and the family can be united in their interest in one after another of the children's classics. A college professor told me that he could hardly keep from going to the hiding place and reading between times, so excited did he get over the nightly readings. Here the father takes his natural place with his boys and girls, and here, best of all, the passing magazine literature with which our boys and girls are saturated will be supplanted by something more lasting.

MAGAZINE READING

A recent investigation among high school pupils as to what magazines they read, and what they read in them, showed astonishing facts. Almost all read from four to six, besides the voluminous Sunday newspaper. Many were familiar with eight or nine. Several had a speaking acquaintance with more, and one twelve-year-old read thirteen. What can be the intellectual effect of running all this passing, light-weight fiction and these many articles through the mind of a twelve-year-old whose teachers are trying to stimulate in him a taste for good literature! Yet these are what his parents provide and read. They are on the table, and he reads them, not so much at first because they are his choice, but because they fall in his way. It behooves us to return with our boys and girls to our own earlier favorites and to cultivate with them our own good taste in reading.

READING ALOUD

You began by reading aloud to your children. Let them take their turn in reading aloud to you. It is splendid training for them, and they will come to enjoy it greatly. If you begin with something they want to read and want you to hear, it will come easily. Give a few hints as time goes on if the reading is in a sing-song, or lacks conspicuously some quality of tone or inflection. The art of reading aloud well will prove a valuable social gift. The book hour with much reading aloud will also be one means of bridging over the long summer vacations with their liability to an absolute pause in intellectual interest.

PLAYING GAMES THAT HELP

Many games are possible in the home circle which will be a distinct help to the schoolboy or schoolgirl. Families that keep each other bright along lines of mental quickness are likely to carry off unexpected honors at some party or in a school competition. The best speller in school is often the one who has played Anagrams at home until words are playthings with which he can juggle quickly and easily. A box of letters is simple, old-fashioned material for entertainment, but it will hold its place for fun and pleasure when many a newer game has become wearisome. Cultivate any game that has to do with letters, words, writing telegrams, giving lists of objects (like Bird, Beast, or Fish), or observation. Authors, Flower Families, made on the same principle, Bible games, memory tests, and the like are all as useful as they are entertaining. A wide variety of games has been provided in Volume VI, and Dr. Bridgman has also told in his article, which follows in this book, his own experience in playing family games.

FATHER AND THE NEWSPAPER

Here we have the material for the best current-events club in the world. Leader and a daily textbook are provided, with weekly or monthly extras to supplement. The children need a guide. They are too apt to read only the headlines, which are just what in many of the yellow newspapers they should not read. It is for father to reveal the newspaper to them as a textbook in everyday history, both American and foreign, with short stories about all sorts of interesting people.





FIRST RESULTS WITH PENCIL AND PAPER

A child will attempt to draw anything he sees. [This page is reproduced by courtesy of the Milton Bradley Company, Springfield, Mass., publishers of kindergarten materials.]

ALL THE DAYS OF THE WEEK



On Sunday we go to Church. *E.H.S.*



On Monday we wash. *E.H.S.*



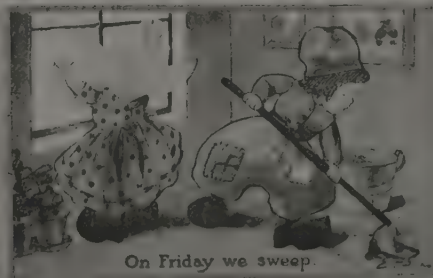
On Tuesday we iron. *E.H.S.*



On Wednesday we go to market. *E.H.S.*



On Thursday we mend. *E.H.S.*



On Friday we sweep. *E.H.S.*



On Saturday we bake. *E.H.S.*



WORK AND PLAY

The things a child can make
May crude and worthless be;
It is his impulse to create
Should gladden thee.

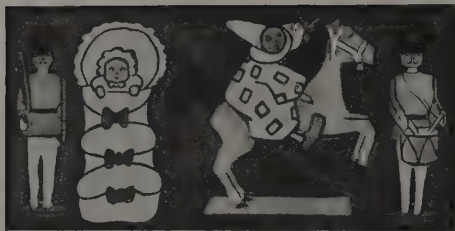
Friedrich Froebel.

THE creative instinct of the child is a delight, but it may also become a weariness unless it is given a proper outlet with simple material and occasional direction. Nothing is more pathetic than the many "don'ts" with which a child is met when in the natural exercise of this God-given power he attempts to make use of things which he should not touch or do things which make for disturbance, acts performed not from naughtiness, but from lack of suitable objects on which to work his will. The mother who forestalls these times by laying up a storehouse of suggestions and articles saves herself

many weary hours and gives the child the opportunity he needs for self-development. This section is intended to offer in brief compass hints for two periods which occur in almost every day, certainly in every week of a mother's life, — the first when she must say, "Don't do that," and would like to add, "But why not do this instead?" The second when in the middle of her own occupations she is met with the words, "Mamma, what shall I do now?" "Go and play," she says. "But I have played everything," is the discouraging reply. Happily, however, this discouragement is quickly dispelled by a very simple suggestion, for here, as everywhere else, the child is born a creator. Give him something to build on and he will carry your idea beyond your own dreams of its possibilities.



THE FAMILIAR QUESTION, "WHAT SHALL WE DO NOW?"



A WORD ABOUT PLAYTHINGS

There is nothing more illuminating than to pause once in a while and go back into the reason why we do certain things. We give the child playthings, or if he is not supplied he makes them for himself out of a piece of cloth, a stick of wood, a stone, the family waste basket, or anything he can lay his hands on. What are these playthings for? First and foremost, to amuse and entertain. It would be a dreary set of toys that was selected solely for their instructive worth. The problem, then, of selecting a child's toy is to see what will best amuse, interest, and employ him.

Psychologists have pointed out that the large motor activities of the child develop before his more specialized powers. He delights to run and stretch and exercise because these are the movements which it is natural for him to make first. For the same reason he likes to play with large objects rather than small. He will work for an endless period, as it seems to the adult, carrying a box almost as big as himself from one end of the garden to the other and back again, sitting down on it each time he has placed it, but jumping up soon to go at his self-imposed stint with fresh enjoyment. The box is big enough for him to get hold of it, and the pull of it satisfies the craving of the muscles for motor activity. So the baby who rejects the tiny rattle or the familiar ball and creeps with persistence and enthusiasm toward the foot-tub or waste basket which she can lift and roll over and half get into, knows very well what she wants, though we are quite sure when we restrain her that we are wiser than she.

Have a few big toys, then, for the little children. It is almost useless to say nowadays, "Avoid all mechanical toys for small boys and

girls." Yet every observing parent will testify that the elaborate mechanical toys are soon broken or set aside, while the lasting pleasure comes from some simple toy on which the child can exercise his imagination. Two days after Christmas a four-year-old of my acquaintance was exhibiting a complicated fire engine with the proud boast "And it isn't broken yet," a statement which drew out on inquiry the further information that Robert, who lived next door, had broken four of his toys already.

Solely from the point of view of what will delight the child most and entertain and employ him longest, we come around to just those things which the student of psychology, starting from



another point of view altogether, has recommended. He will find the greatest happiness in the playthings which lend themselves best to the use of his imagination. A set of building blocks, a pile of spools or clothespins, a sand-pile with shovel, large spoon, bottle, cooky cutter, and cup, offer endless opportunities for his changing moods and imaginings. Select those toys which exercise the imagination, and you will have done the best for the child.

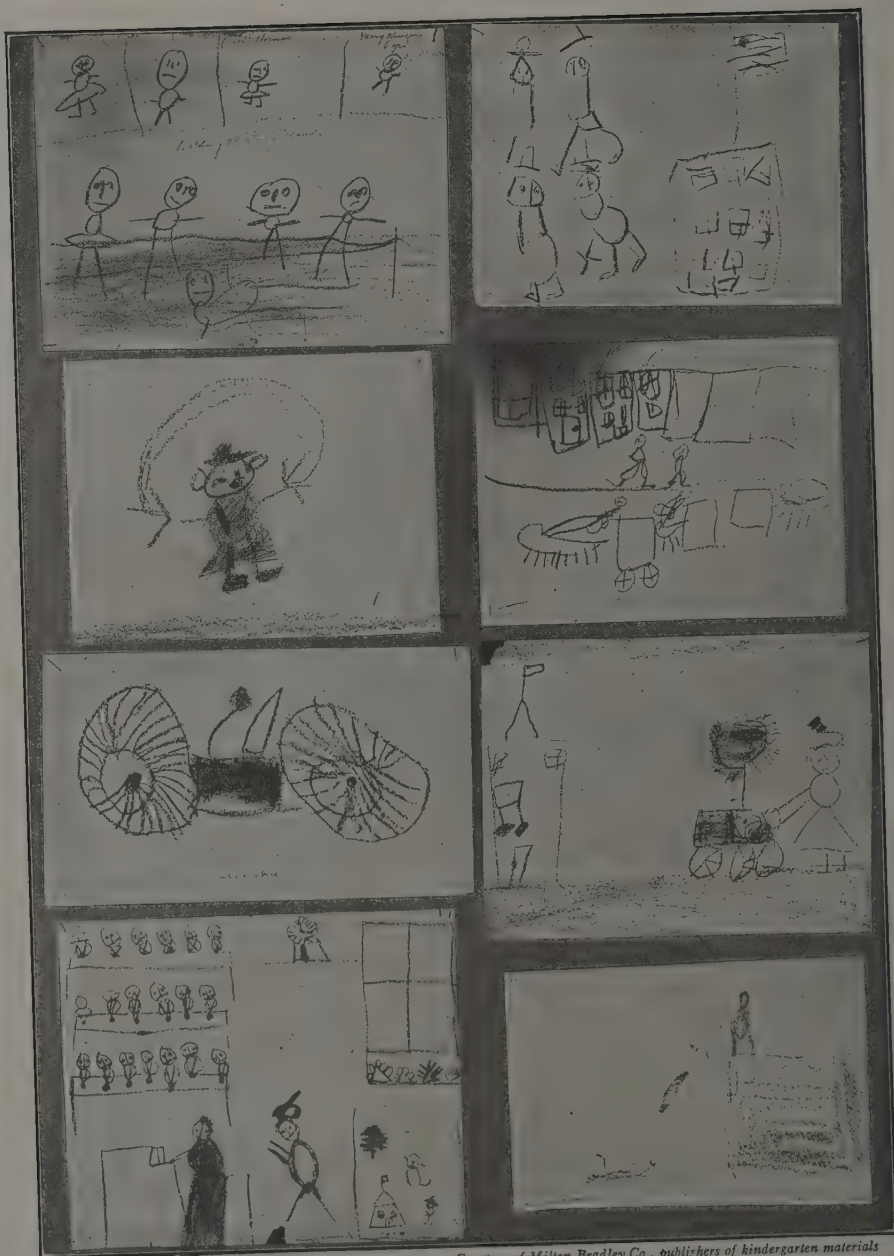




A ROYAL FAMILY IN THEIR HOME

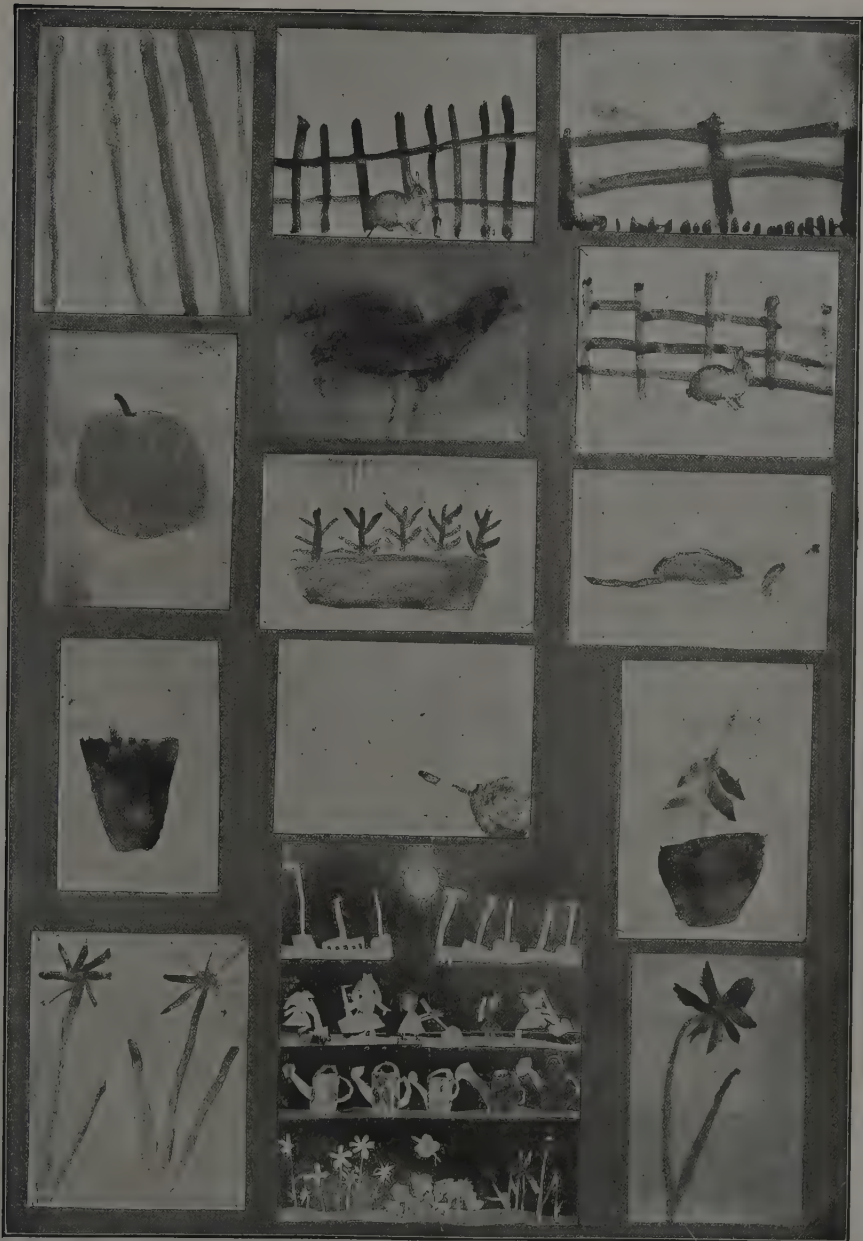
Copyright, Underwood & Underwood

Prince Henry of Battenberg, Princess Ena, and her two younger brothers.



Courtesy of Milton Bradley Co., publishers of kindergarten materials

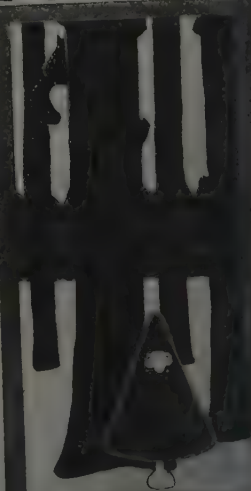
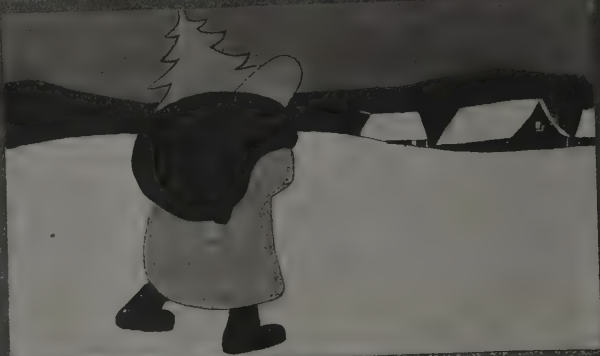
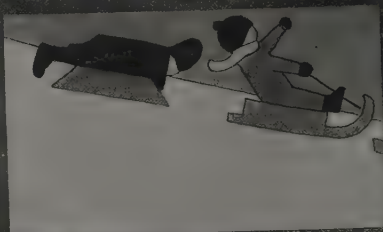
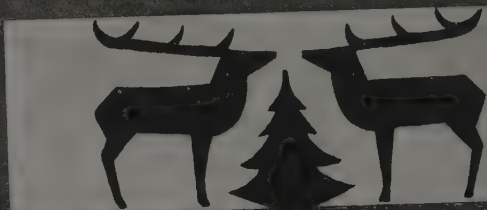
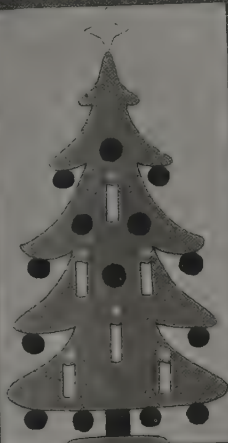
In this page of children's work we see the increased ability to express ideas with the pencil.



Courtesy of Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass.

Brush work follows drawing, and is often a great delight to the boy or girl who is tired of black and white pencil work.

SCISSORS AND PASTE POT





WITH SCISSORS AND PASTE POT

PASTE POT and scissors are an unending resource for children under twelve. The little ones should begin with blunt-end scissors which are not too small. Their paper should be newspaper, wrapping paper, colored pieces, kindergarten folding sheets, and once in a while, for very special work, sheets of gold and silver paper. Tissue or crêpe papers are too soft for these uses. It is well to keep a private supply of black paper, on which especially good figures cut out of white can be mounted, and also to mount colored "cut-outs" on white sheets of paper, giving silhouette effects.

CUTTING OUT PICTURES

Magazines and advertisements bring to the modern child what would have been untold wealth to his grandfather and grandmother in their childhood. There is a danger that a child will get a mania for cutting up everything he can lay hands on. It is well to have a box plainly marked "Pictures to Cut Out," into which each member of the family may put his contributions, for the eager collector to find when the mood for cutting is upon him.

Before he has real pictures he must learn to follow lines with his scissors. Shapes marked with ink or crayon in rectangles, curves, and triangles on white paper will teach him that. Then he can begin his collections of pictures.

Loose-leaf scrapbooks are easily made from brown manila paper, punched in two places on the left-hand side and fastened with shoe-strings. They are better than the scrapbooks you buy, because there can be more of them, and a spoiled page can be easily removed.

SORTING OUT

The care the mother should take in all these employments is that they be done well, if done at all. Then each will lead when the child is older to real skill in "Amateur Handicraft."

He must be held up to not spoiling his pictures by jaggging into them or by leaving rough outside edges. Then he should be encouraged to sort out his pictures in groups. There should be an out-of-door book, a book of children, an automobile book with all the makes, an animal book, etc. Older children will delight in making a story, with pictures for some of the words, and writing, or words cut from advertisements, pasted between to fill out what cannot be supplied by pictures. Friends of mine have started a "Peter and Polly Book" in which the life histories of the hero and heroine are to be told in a long-continued picture story.

Pictures of both in their babyhood, cut from advertisements of baby foods, begin the story. Then come scenes from their childhood, at play or at school, with the houses in which they live. If a certain type of girl and boy is





LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD AND THE WOLF

To make this picture in cut-out work you must have a dark background, perhaps of two shades of green paper. The little specks on the grass can be tiny bits of any colors you happen to have. Then cut out a black wolf. You see he has a straight back, one point for the ear, another for the eye, one for the open mouth, etc. For Little Red Riding Hood cut a square red piece for hood, a red skirt, a white blouse, two white legs, black shoes, white basket, braids and hair ribbons. Paste these on your green paper and you will have the picture.

selected, it will be easy to keep it fairly consistent. Peter goes to military school, Polly to a girls' boarding school. They are both fond of athletics, as is shown by pictures of them in every kind of sport. They take vacations, travel, go to parties, all as the accommodating magazine pictures allow, till now the first comment when a new periodical comes is likely to be, "Oh, here's Peter on horseback!" or "Here's Polly learning to cook!" Start a "Peter and Polly Book" and see how it will grow.

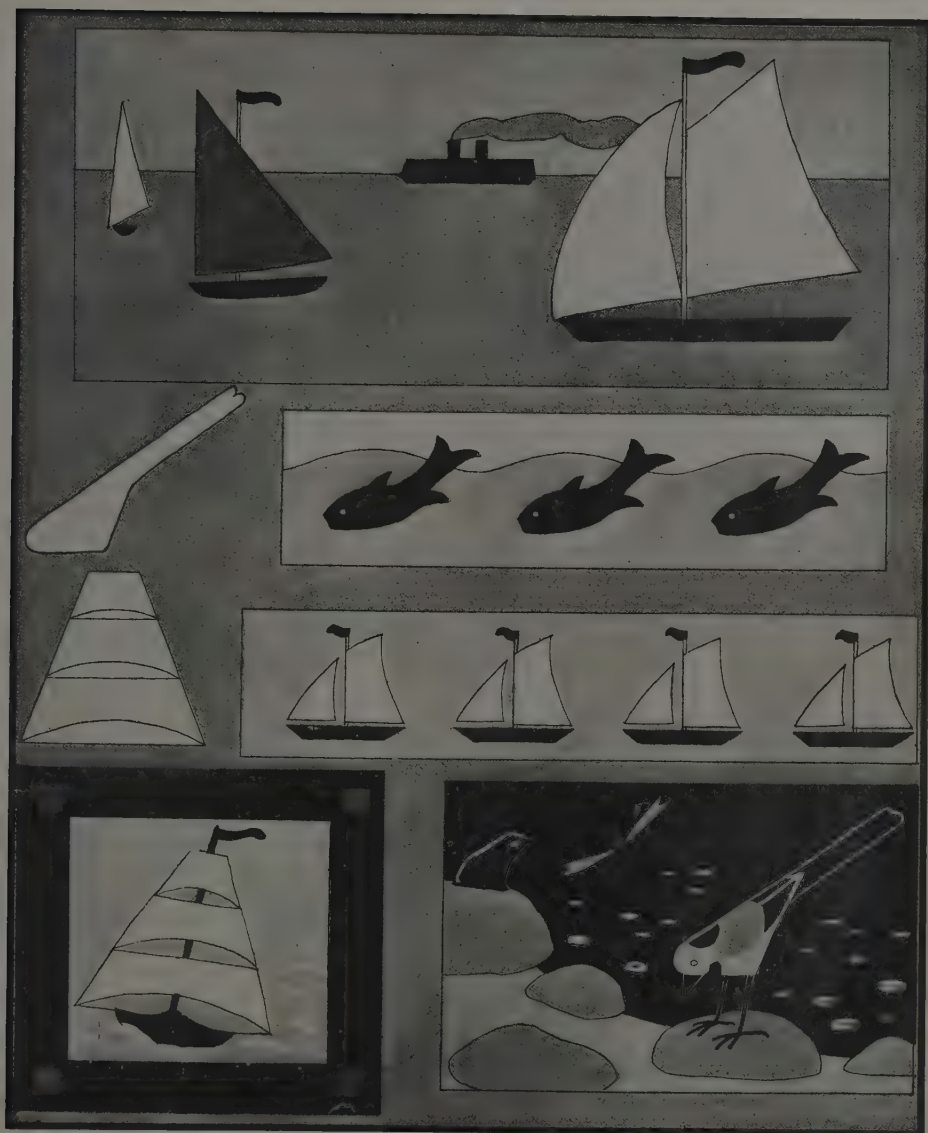
A BOOK-HOUSE FOR PAPER DOLLS

Paper dolls belong in a book-house; it is perfectly suited to their needs. An old blank-book will do if it is big enough, but to be really satisfactory it should be of the size of the fashion magazines and should be made of brown paper, like the scrapbooks. Here your paper dolls are to live. They must have a picture of the house on the cover, a hallway or piazza at the first opening, and then a set of rooms, each with proper cut-out furnishings. Try to find in advertisement pages furniture of about the same

size, as it will look odd to have your table very large and your chairs small. Put in a window-picture occasionally, with cushions and window-seat. Have a stairway to go upstairs, a bedroom for each doll, and a bathroom, which will be the easiest room in the house to find pictures for. Paste each piece of furniture straight up and down, as that will look better, but plan to have your rooms evenly balanced with chairs, tables, and rugs in the upper (or back) part of each book-room as well as at the front.

REAL CUT-OUT WORK

Cutting out printed pictures is good fun, but not half so much fun as what we call *real* cut-out work, which is making figures and pictures out of plain paper and pasteboard with only the help of scissors and paste. The pictures will show you how. Begin by cutting out tables and chairs and other things with straight lines. Sailboats are easy to cut out. If at the bottom of everything you make you leave a piece that can be creased back and



MAKING PICTURES WITH CUT-OUT WORK

These will be easy shapes to copy, and will make very effective pictures. Use a gray cardboard for background. Then put in what colors you want, white or colored sails or boats, fishes of green, red or blue on a light background, etc. The two diagrams on the left will show how to cut the sails and the bird's tail below.

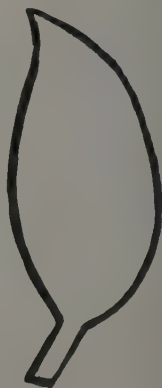
folded under, it will serve as a support, and your chair or table can really stand.

Don't be satisfied with single figures. Make sets of people and animals. Let your boy be Jack, and make a Jill to match him. Give him a pail, and with a paper hill you can put together a story picture. Practice every picture first in newspaper or old wrapping paper. Then,

or mark it heavily enough on the thicker paper to make a line for cutting.

When you have a good collection of animals, ships, and houses, color them with crayons, or make parts of them out of colored paper, and you will get very good effects.

Paper tearing is harder than using scissors, but it is possible, and with a little practice you

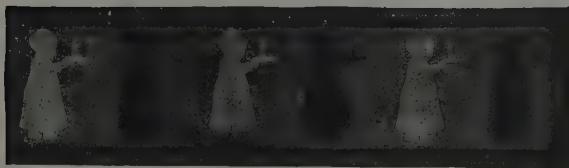


Courtesy of Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass.

MAKING BORDERS FROM CUT-OUT SHAPES

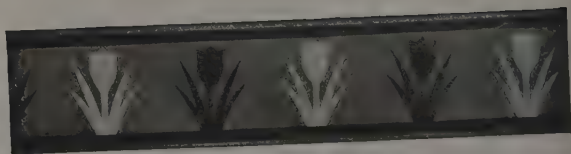
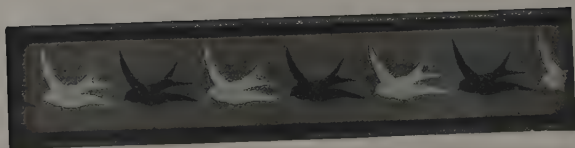
when you have worked out your shape, you are ready to use better materials. In the pictures a great many shapes and suggestions have been given. Cut out all you can of these by carrying the shape in your mind. If your eye and hand are well trained, you can do most of them. But if any figure is too hard to get, take a piece of thin paper, lay it over the picture, and trace the outline of the figure through. From the thin paper you can either cut it out

will get so that you can do it fairly well. The lion and the Santa Claus on pages 142 and 143 were done by folding paper and tearing very carefully. That is why the edges are rough. Try it, and see how good your figures will be. For this you must have soft paper. If it is stiff like ordinary letter paper it will not do at all. Paper tearing is good fun for a party. Let each person tear some animal, then try to guess what each intended.



WITH PENCIL OR SCISSORS

[Designs on this page are reproduced by courtesy of the Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass.]



[Designs on this page are reproduced by courtesy of the Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass.]



[Designs on this page are reproduced by courtesy of the Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass.]

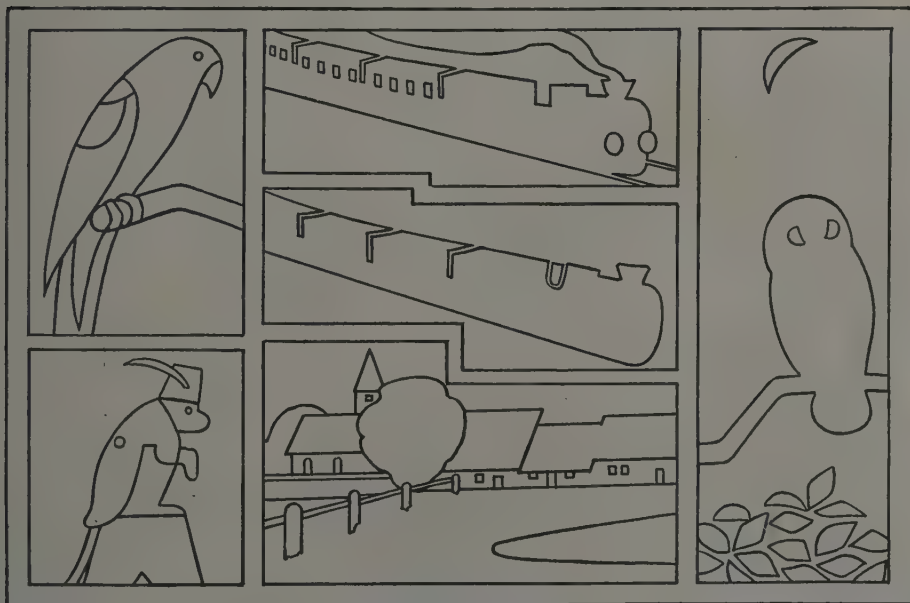


Courtesy of Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass.

CUTTING WITH CURVES, STRAIGHT LINES, AND THE TWO COMBINED



The diagram below shows the outlines. When you have done this page you will be ready to turn back to the Christmas cut-outs and make the Christmas tree, Santa Claus, the reindeer, etc., on page 136.





ANIMAL SILHOUETTES



IN FARMYARD AND FIELD



GIVING A PARTY

PARTIES for children are so easy to get up compared with the large amount of pleasure they give. My mother used to have one every day at five o'clock in the parlor. It needed only an orange, peeled and divided into sections to be given out one by one, or a few pieces of candy brought by a friend and set aside by us all to make "the party." Why? Because my mother gave it and we all came to it in the party spirit, which is the secret of every successful entertainment, big or little.

THE REFRESHMENTS

That is what the busy mother thinks of first, and it is often what keeps her from letting her

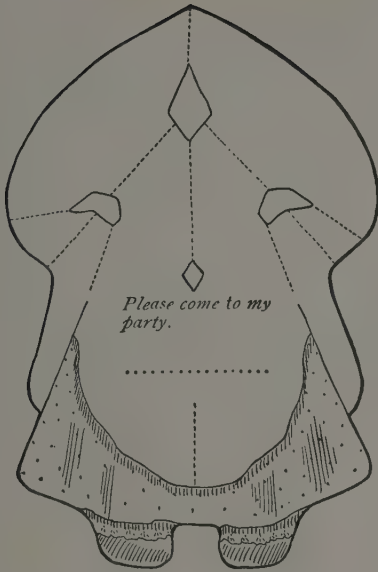
little children or her big boys and girls invite in their friends. But if a party could be made with a single orange, we need not be halted there. Lemonade and cookies are ample provision for a group of little girls and boys who have been asked to play games for an hour. If they have been out-of-doors, a "play picnic" with each luncheon packed in a little box, a wooden plate, paper napkin, three sandwiches, a piece of cake, and two pieces of candy will make a perfect ending for the afternoon. A popcorn party need have only lemonade or fruit punch to drink with the dry popcorn. Your children and their guests would rather have a simple party once a month than an elaborate one with ice cream and confections once



A KATE GREENAWAY BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK PARTY



LITTLE SAMMY DUCKLING



A PAPER DOLL INVITATION

Cut out outlines and fold on dotted lines.

in three months. Cultivate the grace of hospitality with your children. Let them see that it is a pleasure to entertain with what you can easily provide.

A CLOTHESPIN PARTY

Some rainy day let your children practice dressing clothespins. Then let them give a clothespin party. If there are invitations, draw a clothespin in the corner. Have scissors, as many pairs as there will be children, several colors of tissue and crêpe paper, a spool of black thread with which to tie on the skirts, paste for the extras, and pencils or ink for marking faces, and set the whole party dressing clothespins which they may take home. Your children will have had enough experience to help the timid ones who do not know at first how to attack this queer-shaped doll.

A "BEFORE CHRISTMAS" PARTY

Early in December have a scrapbook party. Ask all the children of the neighborhood to

come, bringing picture postcards or pictures which they are willing to put into scrapbooks. Provide two or three old magazines with pictures in case some child has none to bring. Have two or three scrapbooks of pink or blue cambric prepared. Your own children will enjoy helping to make these books beforehand. Then let the children lay out all their pictures and choose how to put them together. Two can cut and two paste, and then turn about, till the scrapbooks are made and ready to send on Christmas Day to a children's hospital.

A SOAP BUBBLE PARTY

This is a kitchen or a piazza affair, and lots of fun. The children should have a clay pipe apiece, and dip from a bowl of strong suds. They should compete to see which can blow the biggest bubble, which can hold it the longest, and which can carry his best and toss and catch it. Two should practice at joining theirs, and finally three can sometimes join in blowing a huge bubble. If it is a sunny day, the lights in the floating bubbles could lead to a story of how the colors come there, with a prism to illustrate more fully, and the rainbow for the biggest sun spectrum of all. (See Volume I, pp. 100-104, for material.) This will be for the quiet time, when the children are tired and want to sit still.





MAY BASKETS

GAMES FOR PARTIES

THE success of a children's party usually depends on filling in one game after another so that there are no pauses. Here are a few suggestions, old and new, for keeping the company busy.

MENAGERIE

Let one child, the keeper of the menagerie, be blindfolded. The rest will choose each the name of an animal which he or she will represent. The animals form a circle and march around the keeper, who is in the center. He gives the order, "Halt," and touches with his long stick (a cane or umbrella) some animal, who must come into the center (the cage) and make the noise of the animal he has chosen to be. If the keeper can guess what animal he is, he ceases to be an animal and takes his place as keeper, while the keeper returns to the ring.

HUNTING THE RING

Put a ring on a long string and tie the ends securely together. Let the children, standing

in a circle, put their hands on the string and try to pass the ring from one to the other while a child in the center tries to locate it. Sometimes it will travel two or three times around the circle before it is found. As he suspects its place the leader says, "Take your left hand off the string," and the child must obey, but the one in the center can have only one guess before it is started again on its travels. The boy or girl with whom he locates it goes, as in all these games, into the center.

GAMES TO MAKE YOU LAUGH

After a few ring games your guests will be glad to try some sitting-down plays. Of these the favorites are those in which the children try to keep from laughing or are put in some ludicrous situation. The leader may say, "I can make all of you say something untrue." "Oh, no," the replies will come in quick chorus. "Yes, I can," will be the leader's answer, "and now you must say after me just what I say. But if you can stop in time to save yourself from saying something that is untrue, do." The leader then begins the old, "Birds fly," and the children repeat it, making a flying motion with their arms. Then "ducks fly," "swallows fly," "robins fly," and so on till their whole attention is taken with repeating quickly and with moving their arms. Then the leader adds quickly, "Dogs fly," and it will be a surprisingly level-headed set of youngsters who do not chant it after him.

Another game is the old-fashioned "Good-evening, Royal Lady. I a Royal Gentleman come from a Royal Lady to say that I have a monkey with pink eyes." The first child says this to his right-hand neighbor; he in his turn repeats it with some addition of his own; and so it goes around the circle, increasing till its sober repetition is almost impossible.

Still another "funny game" is for each of a group to announce what he or she will put in Grandmother's Trunk, when she goes a-traveling. Each must repeat all the odd things the others have put in and add his own, and the child who laughs drops out of the circle. Every child may also choose some response that he will make to any question asked him, and carry that through as long as he can. Any one



Copyright, Underwood & Underwood

GIRLS IN FANCY COSTUME PLAYING BALL

of these familiar plays will break up the stiffness of a shy company.

ACTIVE GAMES

Plan in every party to have some active games, a potato race, "Going to Jerusalem," throwing bean bags through a hole, hunting peanuts, or following a string through a cobweb that winds up and down stairs. It is fun to stretch four parallel strings two feet apart across a room at about the height of the children's chins. Put a cornucopia of paper on each of the strings and have the children come up in teams of four, each racing with the other three to blow the cornucopia across the room. A big puff at a wrong angle will not move the paper at all, while a small puff will sometimes send it three feet.

LETTING THE CHILDREN CHOOSE

It is the place of host and hostess to start the ball rolling. Once this has been done with a few of these familiar games, the guests will be full of suggestions which they are glad to volunteer. It is their party, and in a homelike, hospitable atmosphere they will take care of it and have the best of times, needing only your guidance to suggest when a game has been played long enough and to start them off again.

If you want to give a party which is more work

for you, let them play charades or act Mother Goose rhymes for different groups to guess. But for this you must be ready with help in "costumes" and "setting."

Suggestions for these and all sorts of other parties will be found in Volume VI, with special plans for all the holidays.



A NURSERY PARTY FOR THE DOLLS



SENSE AND NONSENSE

IN VERSE AND PICTURES

A FROG HE WOULD A-WOOING GO

A frog he would a-woeing go,
Heigho, says Rowley,
Whether his mother would let him or no.
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

So off he set with his opera hat,
Heigho, says Rowley,
And on the road he met with a rat.
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

"Pray, Mr. Rat, will you go with me,"
Heigho, says Rowley,
"Kind Mrs. Mousey for to see?"
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

When they came to the door of Mousey's hall,
Heigho, says Rowley,
They gave a loud knock and they gave a loud
call.
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"
Heigho, says Rowley,
"Oh, yes, kind sirs, I'm sitting to spin."
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, will you give us some
beer?"

Heigho, says Rowley,
"For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer."
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!



"Pray, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song?"
Heigho, says Rowley,
"But let it be something that's not very long."
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

"Indeed, Mrs. Mouse," replied the Frog,
 Heigho, says Rowley,
 "A cold has made me as hoarse as a hog."
 With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
 Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

"Since you have caught cold, Mr. Frog,"
 Mousey said,
 Heigho, says Rowley,
 "I'll sing you a song that I have just
 made."
 With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
 Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

But while they were all a merry-making,
 Heigho, says Rowley,
 A cat and her kittens came tumbling in.
 With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
 Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!



The cat she seized the rat by the crown,
 Heigho, says Rowley,
 The kittens they pulled the little mouse
 down.
 With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
 Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright,
 Heigho, says Rowley,
 He took up his hat, and he wished them good-
 night,
 With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
 Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!



As Froggy was crossing over a brook,
 Heigho, says Rowley,
 A lily-white duck came and gobbled him
 up,
 With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
 Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

So there was an end of one, two, and three,
 Heigho, says Rowley,
 The Rat, the Mouse, and the little Frog-
 gee!
 With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
 Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY MAID?

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
 "I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
 "You're kindly welcome, sir," she said.

"What is your father, my pretty maid?"
 "My father's a farmer, sir," she said.

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.

"Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid!"

"Nobody asked you, sir!" she said.

IF —

If all the seas were one sea,
 What a *great* sea that would be!
 And if all the trees were one tree,
 What a *great* tree that would be!
 And if all the axes were one ax,
 What a *great* ax that would be!
 And if all the men were one man,
 What a *great* man he would be!
 And if the *great* man took the *great* ax,
 And cut down the *great* tree,
 And let it fall into the *great* sea,
 What a splash splash *that* would be!

SEE A PIN AND PICK IT UP

See a pin and pick it up,
 All the day you 'll have good luck;
 See a pin and let it lay,
 Bad luck you 'll have all the day!

WHAT THEY SAY

Bow-wow, says the dog;
 Mew, mew, says the cat;
 Grunt, grunt, goes the hog;
 And squeak goes the rat.

Tu-whu, says the owl;
 Caw, caw, says the crow;
 Quack, quack, says the duck;
 And moo, says the cow.

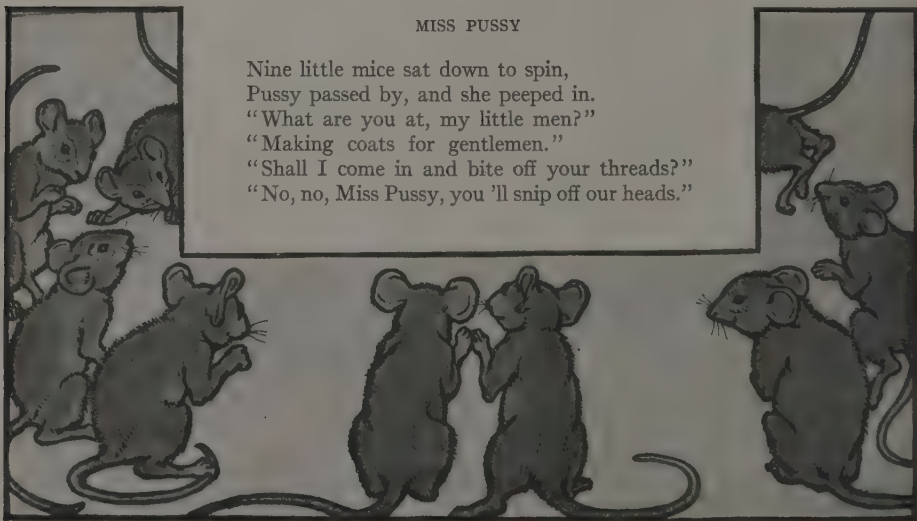
THE WREN AND THE HEN

Said a very small wren
 To a very large hen,
 "Pray why do you make such a clatter?
 I never could guess
 Why an egg more or less
 Should be thought so important a matter."

Then answered the hen
 To the very small wren,
 "If I laid such small eggs as you, madam,
 I should not cluck so loud,
 Nor should I feel proud,
 Look at these! How you 'd crow if you had 'em."

MISS PUSSY

Nine little mice sat down to spin,
 Pussy passed by, and she peeped in.
 "What are you at, my little men?"
 "Making coats for gentlemen."
 "Shall I come in and bite off your threads?"
 "No, no, Miss Pussy, you 'll snip off our heads."





THE PEEK-A-BOOS, BY CHLOE PRESTON

At the top is Araminta, whose birthday it is. She has just had a present of this huge brown Teddy Bear. Next is Eugenia, who has just decided the poodle needs to have his hair cut. She is not very experienced with scissors, as you can plainly see. Below are the two boys, the soldier with his drum-major cap, and Adolphus, dressed as clown to go to a party.

40



THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS

Three little kittens lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"Oh mother dear,
We very much fear,
That we have lost our mittens."

"Lost your mittens!
You naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie!"
"Me-ow, me-ow, me-ow!"
"No, you shall have no pie."
"Me-ow, me-ow, me-ow!"

The three little kittens found their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"Oh mother dear,
See here, see here!
See! we have found our mittens!"

"Put on your mittens,
You silly kittens,
And you shall have some pie."
"Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,
Oh let us have the pie.
Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r!"

The three little kittens put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie.
"Oh mother dear,
We greatly fear
That we have soiled our mittens."

"Soiled your mittens,
You naughty kittens!"
Then they began to sigh,
"Me-ow, me-ow, me-ow!"
Then they began to sigh,
"Me-ow, me-ow, me-ow!"

The three little kittens washed their mittens,
And hung them out to dry,
"Oh mother dear,
Do you not hear,
That we have washed our mittens?"



A RAT CLOSE BY

"Washed your mittens?
Oh, you're good kittens.
But I smell a rat close by!"
Hush! hush! me-ow, me-ow!
I smell a rat close by.
Me-ow, me-ow, me-ow!"



CAUGHT IN THE PANTRY



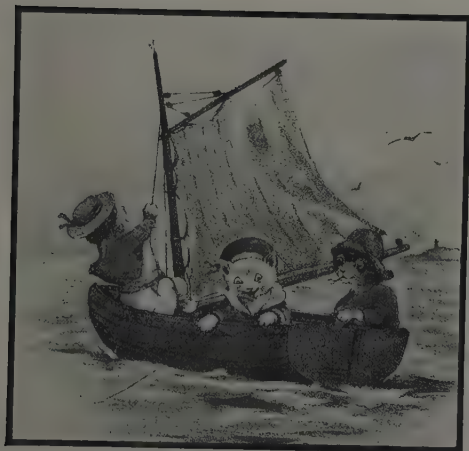
THE KITTENS AT SCHOOL



AT THE CATS' BALL



REHEARSAL FOR THE CAT CHORUS



A BRAVE START



NOT SO MUCH FUN



LITTLE Dame Crump, with her little hair
broom,
One morning was sweeping her little bedroom,
When, casting her little gray eyes on the ground,
In a sly little corner a penny she found.

"Oh, dear!" cried the dame, while she stared
with surprise,
"How lucky I am! bless my heart, what a
prize!

To market I'll go, and a pig I will buy,
And little John Gubbins shall make him a sty."

So she washed her face clean and put on her
gown,
And locked up the house and set off for the
town;
When to market she went, and a purchase she
made
Of a little white pig, and a penny she paid.



When she'd purchased her pig, she was puzzled to know

How they both should get home if the pig would not go:

So, fearing lest Piggie should play her a trick,
She drove him along with a little crab stick.

At last to the end of her journey she'd come,
And was mightily glad when she got the pig home:

She carried him straight to his nice little sty,
And gave him some hay and some straw clean and dry.

With a handful of peas then Piggie she fed,
And put on her nightcap and got into bed:
She tucked in the blankets and blew out the light,
And being quite tired, we'll wish her good-night.

THE PUZZLED CENTIPEDE

A centipede was happy quite,
Until a frog in fun
Said, "Pray, which leg comes after which?"
This raised her mind to such a pitch,
She lay distracted in the ditch
Considering how to run.

THE DAYS OF THE MONTH

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
February has twenty-eight alone,
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting leap-year, that's the time
When February's days are twenty-nine.

THE PARTS OF SPEECH

Three little words we often see,
The Articles, *a*, *an*, and *the*.

A Noun's the name of anything,
As *school* or *garden*, *hoop* or *swing*.

Adjectives tell the kind of noun,
As *great*, *small*, *pretty*, *white*, or *brown*.

Instead of Nouns the Pronouns stand,
Her head, *his* face, *my* arm, *your* hand.

Verbs tell of something being done,
To *read*, *write*, *count*, *sing*, *jump*, or *run*.

How things are done the Adverbs tell,
As *slowly*, *quickly*, *ill*, or *well*.



A CHINESE BABY

A Preposition stands before
A noun, as *in* or *through* a door.

Conjunctions join the nouns together,
As men *and* children, wind *or* weather.

The Interjection shows surprise,
As *Oh* how pretty! *Ah* how wise!

J. NEALE.

TWENTY FROGGIES

Twenty froggies went to school
Down beside a rushy pool.
Twenty little coats of green,
Twenty vests all white and clean.

"We must be in time," said they,
 "First we study, then we play;
 That is how we keep the rule,
 When we froggies go to school."

Master Bull-frog, brave and stern,
 Called his classes in their turn,
 Taught them how to nobly strive,
 Also how to leap and dive;

Taught them how to dodge a blow,
 From the sticks that bad boys throw.
 Twenty froggies grew up fast,
 Bull-frogs they became at last;

Polished in a high degree,
 As each froggie ought to be,
 Now they sit on other logs,
 Teaching other little frogs.

GEORGE COOPER.

DAME DUCK'S LESSON TO HER DUCKLINGS

Close by the margin of the brook
 The old duck made her nest
 Of straw and leaves and withered grass
 And down from her own breast.

And there she sat for four long weeks,
 In rainy days and fine,
 Until the ducklings all came out —
 Four, five, six, seven, eight, nine!

One peeped out from beneath her wing,
 One scrambled on her back;
 "That 's very rude," said old Dame Duck,
 "Get off, quack, quack, quack, quack!"

They were a very thrifty brood,
 Those ducklings, small and callow;
 Their little wings were short, their down
 Was mottled gray and yellow.

"'T is crowded here," the duck remarked,
 And she thrust forth her bill;



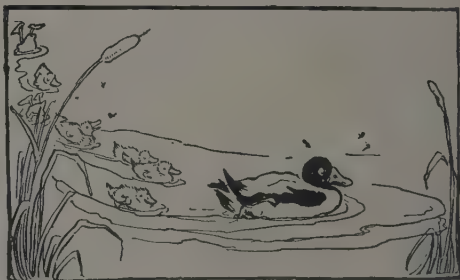
"Besides, it never suits young ducks
 To keep them sitting still."

So, rising from her nest, she said,
 "Now, children, look at me.
 A well-bred duck should waddle thus,
 From side to side — just see."

"Yes," said the little ones, and then
 She went on to explain,
 "A well-bred duck turns in its toes
 As I do — try again."

"Yes," said the ducklings, waddling on:
 "That 's better," said their mother;
 "But well-bred ducks walk in a row,
 Straight — one behind another."

"Yes," said the little ducks again,
 All waddling in a row:
 "Now to the pond," said old Dame Duck,
 Splash, splash, and in they go.

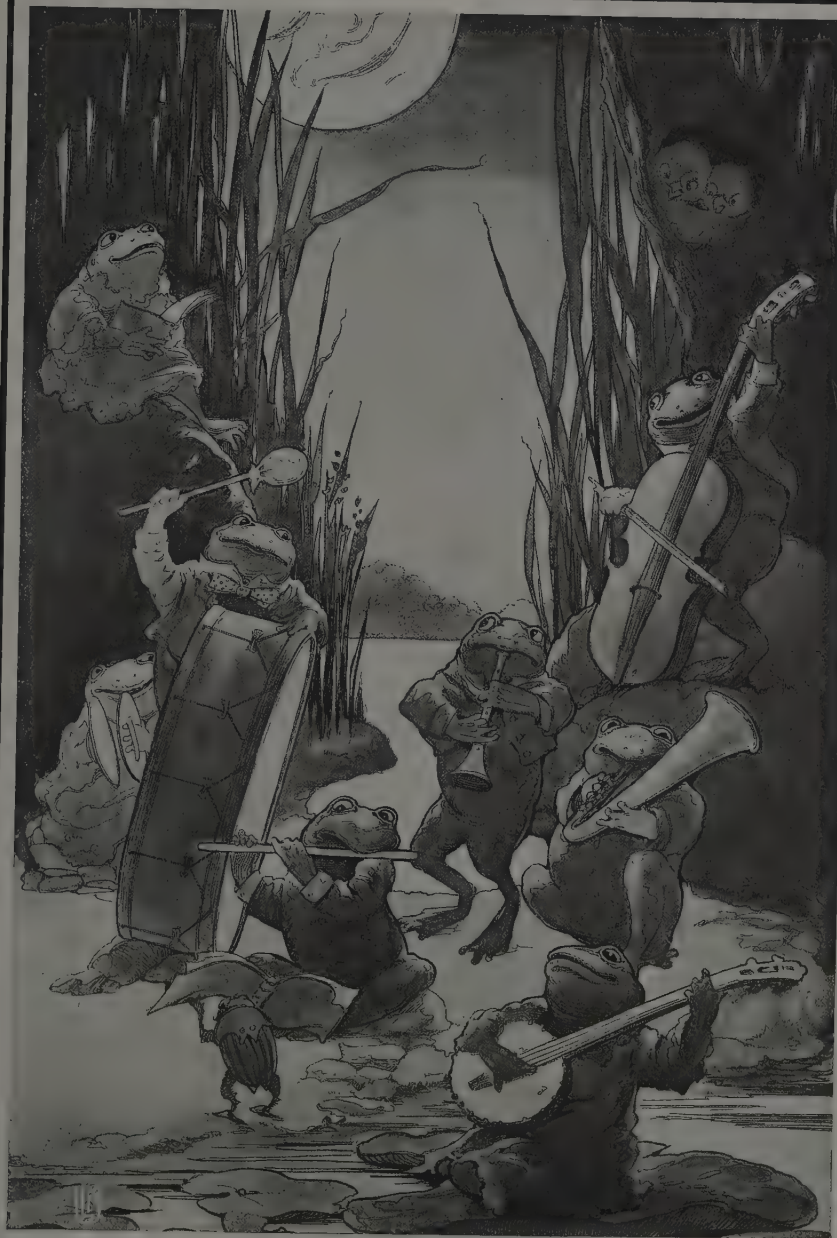


"IF IT BE I?"

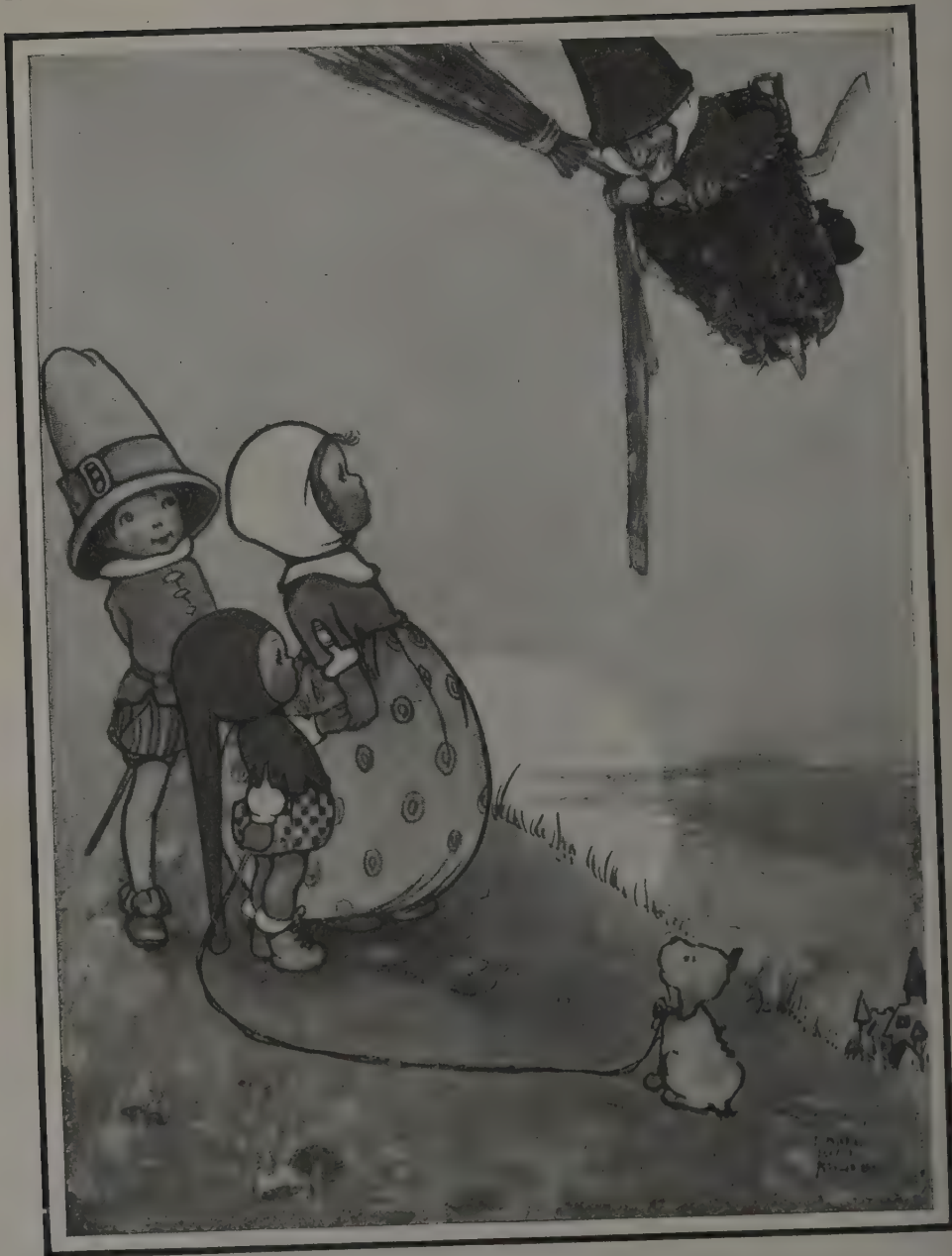
There was an old woman, as I've heard tell,
 She went to market her eggs for to sell;
 She went to market all on a market-day,
 And she fell asleep on the king's highway.

There came a peddler whose name was Stout;
 He cut her petticoats all round about;
 He cut her petticoats up to the knees,
 Which made the old woman to shiver and freeze.

When this old woman first did wake,
 She began to shiver and she began to shake;



THE FROG ORCHESTRA



THE OLD WOMAN IN HER BASKET

She began to shiver, and she began to cry,
 "Oh, deary, deary me, this is none of I!"

"But if it be I, as I do hope it be,
 I've a little dog at home, and he'll know me;
 If it be I, he'll wag his little tail,
 And if it be not I, he'll loudly bark and wail."

Home went the old woman all in the dark;
 Up got the little dog, and he began to bark;
 He began to bark, so she began to cry,
 "Oh, deary, deary me, this is none of I!"

THE MAN IN THE MOON

The man in the moon
 Came down too soon,
 And asked the way to Norwich;
 He went by the south,
 And burnt his mouth,
 With eating cold pease porridge.

THE OLD WOMAN

There was an old woman tossed up in a basket,
 Seventeen times as high as the moon;
 But where she was going, no mortal could
 tell,
 For under her arm she carried a broom.

Old woman, old woman, old woman, said I,
 Whither, O whither, O whither so high?
 To sweep the cobwebs from the sky,
 And I'll be with you by and by.

THREE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM

Three wise men of Gotham
 Went to sea in a bowl;
 If the bowl had been stronger,
 My song would have been longer.

WISHES

There was a little boy, with two little eyes,
 And he had a little head that was just the proper
 size,
 And two little arms, and two little hands;
 On two little legs this little boy stands.

Now, this little boy would now and then be cross
 Because that he could only be the very thing
 he was;
 He wanted to be this, and then he wanted to be
 that;
 His head was full of wishes underneath his little
 hat!



THE MAN IN THE MOON

I wish I was a horse to go sixty miles an hour;
 I wish I was the man that lives up in the light-
 house tower;
 I wish I was a sea-gull with two long wings;
 I wish I was a traveler to see all sorts of things.

I wish I was a carpenter; I wish I was a lord;
 I wish I was a soldier, with a pistol and a sword;
 I wish, I wish, I wish I could be something else,
 and soon!

But all the wishing in the world is not a bit of
 use;
 That Little Boy this very day he stands in his
 own shoes;

And his father and his mother they say, "Thank
the gracious powers,
Those wishes cannot wish away that Little
Boy of ours!"



POOR BABES IN THE WOOD

ONE THING AT A TIME

Work while you work,
Play while you play;
That is the way
To be cheerful and gay.

All that you do,
Do with your might;
Things done by halves
Are never done right.

One thing each time,
And that done well,
Is a very good rule,
As many can tell.

Moments are useless
Trifled away;
So work while you work,
And play while you play.

M. A. STODART.

LET DOGS DELIGHT TO BARK AND BITE

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 't is their nature to.

But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

ISAAC WATTS.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD

My dear, do you know
How a long time ago,
Two poor little children
Whose names I don't know,

Were stolen away
On a fine summer's day,
And left in a wood,
As I've heard people say.

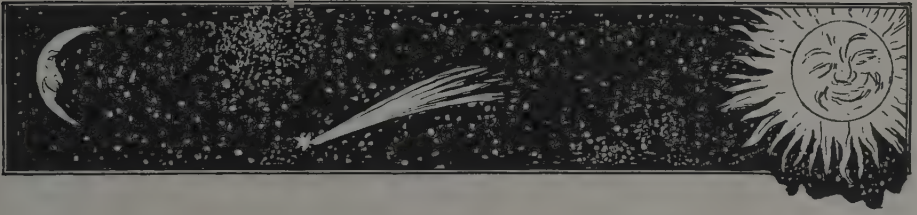
And when it was night,
So sad was their plight,
The sun it went down,
And the moon gave no light!

They sobbed, and they sighed,
And they bitterly cried,
And the poor little things,
They lay down and died.

And when they were dead,
The robins so red
Brought strawberry leaves,
And over them spread;

And all the day long,
They sang them this song:
"Poor babes in the wood! poor babes
in the wood!
And won't you remember the babes
in the wood?"





TWINKLE, TWINKLE

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

In the dark blue sky you keep
And often through my curtains peep;
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveler in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

ANN AND JANE TAYLOR.

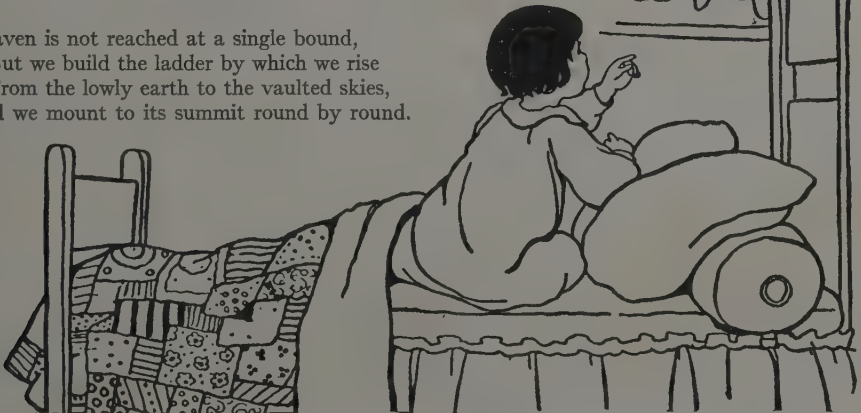
I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God —
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

J. G. HOLLAND.



HEAVEN IS NOT REACHED AT A SINGLE BOUND

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.



HE PRAYETH BEST

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
 To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
 He prayeth well who loveth well
 Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best
 All things, both great and small:
 For the dear God who loveth us,
 He made and loveth all.

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

RIDDLES AND WORD PLAYS

Riddle me, riddle me, riddle me ree,
 Perhaps you can tell me what this may be.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
 Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
 All the king's horses and all the king's men
 Cannot put Humpty Dumpty together again.
 [An egg.]

In marble walls as white as milk,
 Lined with a skin as soft as silk;
 Within a fountain crystal clear,
 A golden apple doth appear.
 No doors there are to this stronghold.
 Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.
 [An egg.]

Two legs sat upon three legs,
 With one leg in his lap;
 In comes four legs,
 And runs away with one leg.
 Up jumps two legs,
 Picks up three legs,
 Throws it after four legs,
 And makes him bring back one leg.
 [Man, stool, leg of mutton, dog.]

Old Mother Twitchett had but one eye,
 And a long tail which she let fly;
 And every time she went over a gap,
 She left a bit of her tail in a trap.

[A needle.]

My sides are firmly laced about,
 Yet nothing is within.
 You'll think my head is strange indeed,
 Being nothing else but skin.

[A drum.]

There is a thing that nothing is,
 And yet it has a name.
 It's sometimes tall and sometimes short;
 It joins our walks, it joins our sport,
 And plays at every game.

[A shadow.]

As I was going to St. Ives
 I met a man with seven wives;
 Every wife had seven sacks,
 Every sack had seven cats,
 Every cat had seven kits.
 Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
 How many were going to St. Ives?



THE DRUM

PETER PIPER

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers;
 A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked;
 If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
 Where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter
 Piper picked?

AS I WALKED BY MYSELF

As I walked by myself,
And talked to myself,
Myself said unto me,
Look to thyself,

Take care of thyself,
For nobody cares for thee.
I answered myself,
And said to myself
In the self-same repartee,
Look to thyself,

Or not look to thyself,
The self-same thing will be.

K kept it;
L longed for it;
M mourned for it;
N nodded at it;
O opened it;
P peeped in it;
Q quartered it;
R ran for it;
S stole it;
T took it;
V viewed it;
W wanted it;
X, Y, Z, and ampersand [&],
All wish'd for a piece in hand.

THE MAN IN THE WILDERNESS

The man in the wilderness asked me
How many strawberries grow in the sea.
I answered him, as I thought good,
As many as red herrings grow in the wood.

AS I WAS GOING ALONG

As I was going along, long, long,
A-singing a comical song, song, song,
The lane that I went was so long, long, long,
And the song that I sang was as long, long, long,
And so I went singing along.



THE APPLE-PIE

A was an apple-pie;
B bit it;
C cut it;
D dealt it;
E ate it;
F fought for it;
G got it;
H had it;
I inquired for it;
J joined it;



A SHADOW

WHERE?

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee?
Or a key for a lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called an academy
Because there are pupils there?
In the crown of his head what gems are set?
Who crosses the bridge of his nose?
Can he use when shingling the roof of his mouth
The nails on the ends of his toes?

IF—

If all the world was apple-pie,
And all the sea was ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What should we have to drink?



HERE WE GO ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH

GAMES

LONDON BRIDGE

London bridge is broken down,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
London bridge is broken down,
With a gay lady.

How shall we build it up again?
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
How shall we build it up again?
With a gay lady.

Build it up with silver and gold,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Build it up with silver and gold,
With a gay lady.

Silver and gold will be stolen away,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Silver and gold will be stolen away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with iron and steel,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Build it up with iron and steel,
With a gay lady.

Iron and steel will bend and bow,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Iron and steel will bend and bow,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with wood and clay,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Build it up with wood and clay,
With a gay lady.

Wood and clay will wash away,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Wood and clay will wash away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with stone so strong,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Huzza! 't will last for ages long,
With a gay lady.

ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH

Here we go round the mulberry bush,
The mulberry bush, the mulberry bush,
Here we go round the mulberry bush,
On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we wash our hands,
Wash our hands, wash our hands,
This is the way we wash our hands,
On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we wash our clothes,
Wash our clothes, wash our clothes,
This is the way we wash our clothes,
On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we go to school,
Go to school, go to school,
This is the way we go to school,
On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we come out of school,
Come out of school, come out of school,
This is the way we come out of school,
On a cold and frosty morning.

HOW MANY MILES?

"How many miles is it to Babylon?"
"Threescore miles and ten!"
"Can I get there by candlelight?"
"Yes, and back again!
If your heels are nimble and light,
You can get there by candlelight."
"Open the gates and let me through!"
"Not without you're black and blue!"
"Here's my black, here's my blue;
Open the gates and let me through!"
"Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!"

BUFF

Buff says Buff to all his men,
And I say Buff to you again!
Buff neither laughs nor smiles,
But keeps his face,
With a very good grace,
And hands the staff to his next-door neighbor.

THIS IS THE WAY

This is the way the ladies ride;
Tri, tre, tre, tree,
Tri, tre, tre, tree!
This is the way the ladies ride,
Tri, tre, tre, tre, tri-tre-tre-tree!

This is the way the gentlemen ride;
Gallop-a-trot,
Gallop-a-trot!
This is the way the gentlemen ride,
Gallop-a-gallop-a-trot!

This is the way the farmers ride:
Hobbledy-hoy,
Hobbledy-hoy!
This is the way the farmers ride;
Hobbledy, hobbledy-hoy!

COME OUT TO PLAY

Girls and boys, come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day;
Leave your supper and leave your sleep,
And come with your playfellows into the street,
Come with a whoop, come with a call,
Come with a good will or not at all,
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A halfpenny roll will serve us all,
You find milk and I'll find flour,
And we'll have a pudding in half an hour.



"HOW MANY MILES TO BABYLON?"

SIR JOHN AND LADY DORY.



SIR JOHN AND LADY DORY,
BOTH HAPPY AS COULD BE,
RESIDED QUITE CONTENTED
AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA,
UNTIL ONE DAY SIR JOHN SAID,
"MY DEAR, PLEASE
LIST TO ME!

"TO BE QUITE IN THE FASHION,
CORRECT AND 'COMME IL FAUT,'
WE REALLY OUGHT TO WAKE UP
AND MAKE A BIGGER SHOW;
GIVE PARTIES, BALLS AND
DINNERS,
AND IN SOCIETY GO!"

ACCORDINGLY ONE MORNING
INTO A MANSION GREAT
SIR JOHN AND LADY DORY
REMOVED AND LIVED IN STATE,
WITH A WELL-DRESSED SOLE
AND PLAICE FOR BUTLER,
ON THEM TO WAIT.



THEY'D HERRINGS, TOO, FOR SERVANTS,
AND LOTS OF PARTIES GAVE;
SIR JOHN AND LADY DORY
POLITELY DID BEHAVE;
RECEIVED THEIR MANY VISITORS
WITH BOWS AND
MANNER CRANE.



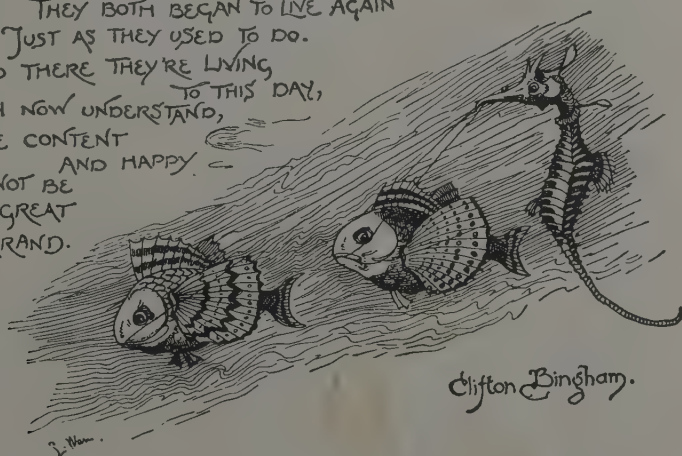
BUT SOON POOR LADY DORY
GREW TIRED OF BEING GRAND;
ARISTOCRATIC CUSTOMS
SHE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND,
SUCH AS WHEN TO BOW
WITH COLDNESS
AND WHEN TO SHAKE
A HAND

SIR JOHN WAS ALWAYS BUSY,
WITH HER COULD NEVER CHAT;
COULD NEVER GO WITH HER TO BUY
A BONNET OR A HAT.
SO SHE SAID ONE QUIET EVENING
AS THEY AT SUPPER SAT—

"OF BEING IN THE FASHION
I'M VERY TIRED" SAID SHE;
SIR JOHN LOOKED RATHER
PUZZLED,
"WHY, SO AM I" SAID HE.
"LET'S GO BACK TO OUR COTTAGE
AT THE BOTTOM
OF THE SEA!"



DISMISSING ALL
THEIR FOOTMEN,
AND SOLE THE BUTLER TOO,
THEY BOTH BEGAN TO LIVE AGAIN
JUST AS THEY USED TO DO.
AND THERE THEY'RE LIVING
TO THIS DAY,
FOR BOTH NOW UNDERSTAND,
TO BE CONTENT
AND HAPPY.
ONE NEED NOT BE
GREAT
AND GRAND.



Clifton Bingham.



THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house
 Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
 The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
 In the hope that Santa Claus soon would be there.
 The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
 While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
 And mama in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
 Had just settled ourselves for a long winter's nap;
 When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
 I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
 Away to the window I ran like a flash,
 Put aside the curtains and threw up the sash.
 The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
 Gave the luster of daylight to objects below;
 And what to my wondering eyes should appear,
 But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
 With a little old driver so lively and quick,
 I knew in a moment it must be Saint Nick.
 More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,

And he whistled and shouted and called them by name,
 "Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer!
 now, Vixen!

On Comet! on Cupid, on Dunder and Blixen!
 To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,
 Now dash away! dash away, dash away all!"
 As dry leaves before the autumn winds fly
 And meeting an obstacle mount to the sky,
 So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
 With the sleigh full of toys and Santa Claus,
 too;

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
 The prancing and pawing of each tiny hoof.
 As I drew in my head and was turning around,
 Down the chimney Santa Claus came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,

And his clothes were all sprinkled with ashes and soot;

A bundle of toys was flung on his back
 And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.

His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry,
 His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,

And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow.



THE CHILDREN'S KING

There once was a merry old monarch
 Who ruled in a frolicsome way.
 He cut up high jinks with the children,
 And played with them all through the day.

"A king always gets into trouble
 When trying to govern," he said;
 "So nothing but marbles and leap-frog
 And tennis shall bother my head."

Ah, well! The wise people deposed him.
 "You may govern the children," said they.
 "Why, that is exactly what suits me,"
 He replied, and went on with his play.

But it was n't a year till the people
 All wanted the king back again;
 They had learned that a ruler of children
 Makes a pretty good ruler of men.

AMOS R. WELLS.

(By permission.)

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old
 elf,

And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of my-
 self.

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
 Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
 He spoke not a word, but went straight to his
 work,

And filled all the stockings — then turned with
 a jerk

And laying his finger aside of his nose,
 And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
 He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a
 whistle,

And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
 But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of
 sight,

"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good
 night!"

CLEMENT C. MOORE.



A RECIPE FOR A DAY

Take a little dash of water cold,
 And a little leaven of prayer,
 And a little bit of morning gold,
 Dissolved in the morning air.

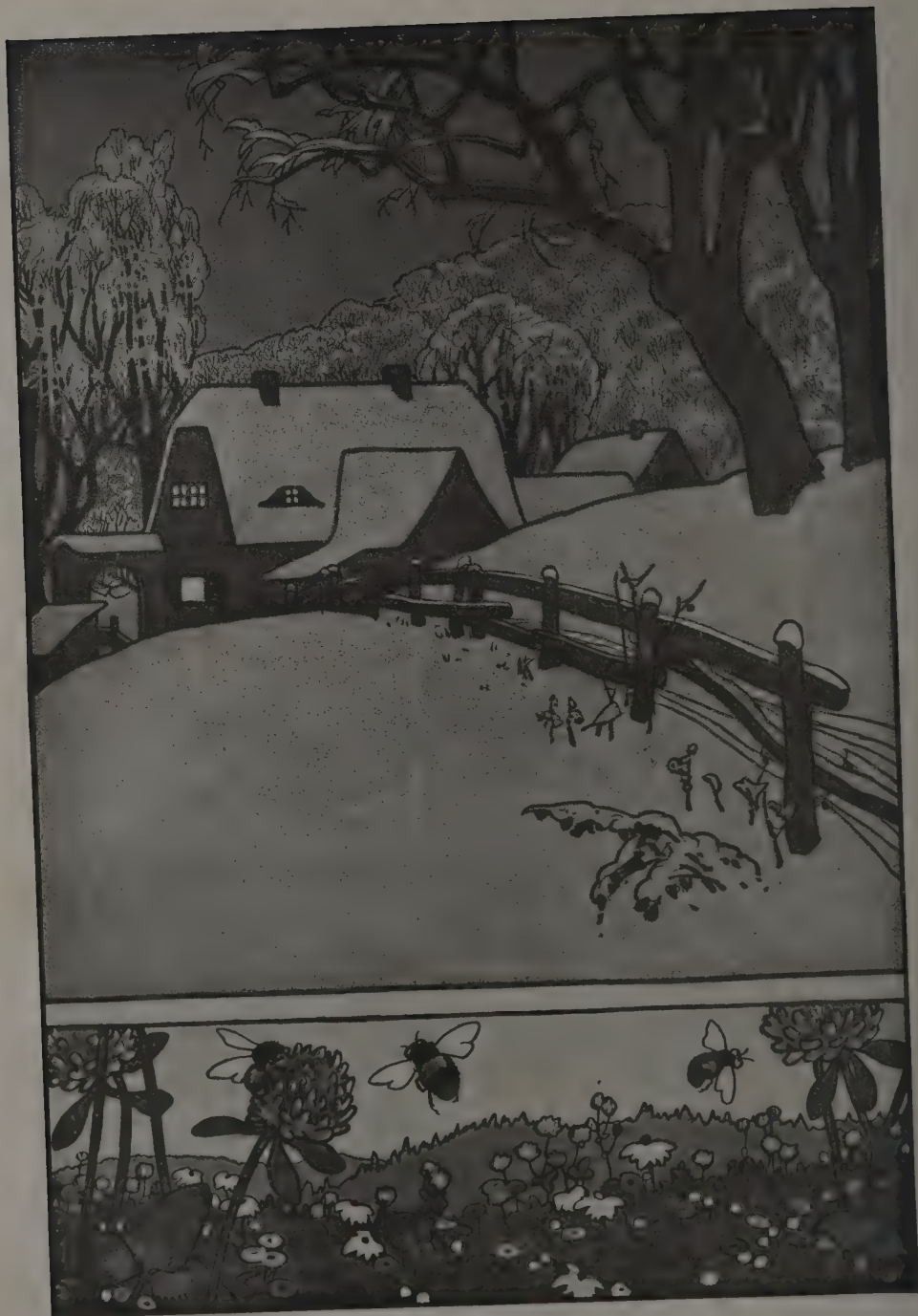
Add to your meal some merriment
 And a thought for kith and kin,
 And then as your prime ingredient
 A pinch of work throw in.

But spice it all with the essence of love,
 And a little whiff of play.
 Let a wise old book and a glance above
 Complete the well-made day.

AMOS R. WELLS.

(By permission.)







COMING UPON A BIRD'S NEST

OUT-OF-DOORS IN FACT AND FANCY

GREAT, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water around you
curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,
World, you are beautifully dressed.

The wonderful air is over all,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the trees;
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You friendly Earth, how far do you go,
With the wheat-fields that nod, and the rivers
that flow,
With cities, and gardens, and cliffs, and isles,
And people upon you, for thousands of miles?

Ah! you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say,
"You are more than the Earth, though you
are such a dot;
You can love and think, and the Earth can-
not!"

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS.

IN the "Nature Book" (Volume III), Dallas
Lore Sharp has given us our real introduction
to out-of-doors. The mother who has fol-
lowed him through the seasons is ready to be

her child's guide, sharing with him in the de-
lightful discoveries which every new year
brings to the nature lover.

Children are nature lovers by instinct and
inclination. Out-of-doors is their playground
and their world, with home as a safe center.
They like to watch what is going on, and their
training in early years makes all possible differ-
ence in their later power to observe and enjoy.
True nature stories, fanciful tales, and verse
for all the seasons have been brought together
for the mother's use with her children. The
avenues of delight which nature study opens are
as varied as the three hundred and sixty-five
days of the year. The child's interest in the
weather and questions about snow and rain can
be answered by stories from "Earth a Story-
book" in Volume I. Jack Frost is a personage
who will lead him far afield in the storyland of
science. The child who loves flowers and trees
should be encouraged to know their names, and
this interest should be stimulated in all chil-
dren. It will be, if father and mother take them
out on walks when they are little, and tell them
the names of trees and flowers, pointing out the
differences between leaves. This may mean
study for the parents, but nothing pays better
in returns both for themselves and the children.
One father of our acquaintance made it his prac-
tice to take his little boy and three girls for a
walk every pleasant Sunday afternoon, summer

and winter. He loved the woods and knew the birds and animals and trees, though he was a merchant and not a professor. He taught his children how to tell an oak leaf from a maple, or a chestnut, and to know the various kinds of grains, the barks of trees, and the haunts of wild berries. They could see the wintergreen leaves in an instant, and came to know many birds by their call or song. As a result of this early training, which included simple work in the garden, the boy became a biologist, and all



the children were lovers of nature and fond of growing things; and they will be students all their lives because of that early training, which was made a delight.

The story of life, which is the most wonderful story in the world, should be taught in the spring. The "Ladder of Life" pictures and story in "The Sea and its Marvels" (Volume I) will suggest ways in which this study may be followed out. Animals, plants, and even rocks and earth have their stories which may be retold to very young children with real satisfaction, as can the following tales.

"The Queen Bee" story and "How Lady Spring Comes" are selections from the Danish nature stories of Carl Ewald, an author whose works appeared in the last years of the nineteenth century and are very popular in Scandinavia, but are little known in this country. His book, "The Queen Bee, and Other Nature Tales," is published by Thomas Nelson and Sons.

THE QUEEN BEE

THE farmer opened his hive. "Off with you!" he said to the bees. "The sun is shining, and everywhere the flowers are coming out, so that it is a joy to see them. Get to work, and gather a good lot of honey for me to sell to the shopkeeper in the autumn. 'Many a streamlet makes a river,' and you know these are bad times for farmers."

"What does that matter to us?" said the bees. But all the same they flew out; for they had been sitting all the winter in the hive, and they longed for a breath of fresh air. They hummed and buzzed, they stretched their legs, they tried their wings. They swarmed out in all directions; they crawled up and down the hive; they flew off to the flowers and bushes, or wandered all round on the ground. There were hundreds and hundreds of them.

Last of all came the queen. She was bigger than the others, and it was she who ruled the hive.

"Stop your nonsense, little children," she said, "and set to work and do something. A good bee does not idle, but turns to with a will and makes good use of its time."

So she divided them into parties and set them to work.

"You over there, fly out and see if there is any honey in the flowers. The others can collect flower-dust, and when you come home give it in smartly to the old bees in the hive."

Away they flew at once. But all the very young ones stayed behind. They made the last party, for they had never been out with the others.

"What are we to do?" they asked.

"You! you must perspire," said the queen. "One, two, three! Then we can begin our work."

And they perspired as well as they had learned to, and the prettiest yellow wax came out of their bodies.

"Good!" said the queen. "Now we will begin to build."

The old bees took the wax, and began to build a number of little six-sided cells, all alike and close up to one another. All the time they were building, the others came flying in with flower-dust and honey, which they laid at the queen's feet.

"We can now knead the dough," she said. "But first put a little honey in — that makes it taste so much better."

They kneaded and kneaded, and before very long they had made some pretty little loaves of bee-bread, which they carried into the cells.

"Now let us go on with the building," commanded the queen bee, and they perspired wax and built for all they were worth.

"And now *my* work begins," said the queen, and she heaved a deep sigh; for her work was the hardest work of all.

She sat down in the middle of the hive and began to lay her eggs. She laid great heaps of them, and the bees were kept very busy running with the little eggs in their mouths and carrying them into the new cells. Each egg had a little cell to itself, and when they had all been put in their places the queen gave orders to fix doors to all the cells and shut them fast.

"Good!" she said, when this was done. "I want you now to build me ten fine big rooms in the out-of-the-way parts of the hive."

The bees had them ready in no time, and then the queen laid ten pretty eggs, one in each of the big rooms, and the doors were fixed as before.

Every day the bees flew in and out, gathering great heaps of honey and flower-dust; but in the evening, when their work was done, they would open the doors just a crack and have a peep at the eggs.

"Take care," the queen said one day. "They are coming!"

And all the eggs burst at once, and in every cell lay a pretty little bee-baby.

"What funny creatures!" said the young bees. "They have no eyes, and where are their legs and wings?"

"They are grubs," said the queen. "You simpletons looked just like that yourselves once upon a time. One must be a grub before one can become a bee. Be quick now, and give them something to eat."

The bees bestirred themselves to feed the little ones, but they were not equally kind to them all. The ten, however, that lay in the large cells got as much to eat as ever they wanted, and every day a great quantity of honey was carried in to them.



"They are princesses," said the queen, "so you must treat them well. The others you can stint; they are only working people, and they must accustom themselves to be content with what they can get."

And every morning the poor little wretches got a little piece of bee-bread and nothing more, and with that they had to be satisfied, though they were ever so hungry.

WHEN MY LADY SPRING COMES

HOW THE ANEMONES WAITED FOR HER

"PEEWEEET! peeweeet!" cried the plover, as he flew over the bog in the wood. "My Lady Spring is coming! I can tell it from the feeling in my legs and wings."

When the new grass that lay below in the earth heard that, it pushed up at once and

peeped out merrily from among the old yellow grass of last year. For the grass is always in a great hurry.

The anemones in among the trees also heard the plover's cry; but they, on the contrary, would not come up yet on any account.

"You must not believe the plover," they whispered to one another. "He is a gay young spark who is not to be depended upon. He always comes too early, and begins crying out at once. No, we will wait quietly till the



starlings and swallows come. They are sensible, steady-going people who know what's what, and don't go sailing with half a wind."

And then the starlings came. They perched on the stumps in front of their summer villa, and looked about them.

"Too early, as usual," said Daddy Starling. "Not a green leaf and not a fly to be seen, except an old tough one from last year, which is n't worth opening one's bill for."

Mother Starling said nothing, but she did not seem any more enchanted with the prospect.

"If we had only stayed in our cozy winter home down there beyond the mountains,"

said Daddy Starling. He was angry at his wife's not answering him, because he was so cold that he thought it might do him good to have a little fun. "But it is *your* fault, as it was last year. You are always in such a dreadful hurry to come out to the country."

"If I am in a hurry, I know the reason for it," said Mother Starling. "And you ought to be ashamed of yourself if you did n't know it also, since they are your eggs just as much as mine."

"What do you mean?" said Daddy Starling, much insulted. "When have I neglected my family? Perhaps you even want me to sit in the cold and sing to you?"

"Yes, I do," said Mother Starling in the tone he could n't resist.

He began to pipe at once as well as he knew how. But Mother Starling had no sooner heard the first notes than she gave him a flap with her wings and snapped at him with her beak.

"Oh, please stop it!" she cried bitterly. "It sounds so sad that it makes one quite heart-sick. Instead of piping like that, get the anemones to come up. I think it must be time for them. And besides, one always feels warmer when there are others freezing besides oneself."

Now as soon as the anemones had heard the first piping of the starling, they cautiously stuck out their heads from the earth. But they were so tightly wrapped up in green kerchiefs that one could not get a glimpse of them. They looked like green shoots which might turn into anything.

"It is too early," they whispered. "It is a shame of the starling to entice us out. One can't rely on anything in the world nowadays."

Then the swallow came.

"Chee! chee!" he twittered, and shot through the air on his long, tapering wings. "Out with you, you stupid flowers! Don't you see that my Lady Spring has come?"

But the anemones had grown cautious. They only drew their green kerchiefs a little apart and peeped out.

"One swallow does not make a summer," they said. "Where is your wife? You have only come here to see if it is possible to stay, and you want to take us in. But we are not so stupid. We know very well that if we once

catch a bad cold we are done for, for this year at any rate."

"You are cowards," said the swallow, perching himself on the forest-ranger's weathercock, and peering out over the landscape.

But the anemones waited still and shivered. A few of them who could not control their impatience threw off their kerchiefs in the sun. The cold at night nipped and killed them; and the story of their pitiful death was passed on from flower to flower, and caused a great consternation.

And then—one delightfully mild, still night—my Lady Spring came.

No one knows how she looks, because no one has ever seen her. But all long for her, and thank her and bless her. She goes through the wood and touches the flowers and trees, and at once they burst out. She goes through the cattle-stalls and unties the beasts, and lets them out on to the field. She goes straight into the hearts of men and fills them with gladness. She makes it hard for the best boy to sit still on his form at school, and she is the cause of a terrible number of mistakes in the copy-books.

But she does not do all this at once. Night after night she plies her task, and she comes first to him who longs for her most.

So it happened that on the very night of her coming she went straight to the anemones, who stood in their green kerchiefs and did n't know how to hold out any longer.

And one, two, three! there they stood in their newly ironed white collars, and looked so fresh and so pretty that the starlings sang their prettiest songs out of sheer joy in them.

"Ah, how sweet it is here!" said the anemones. "How warm the sun is, and how the birds sing! It is a thousand times better than last year."

THE DAISY

I'm a pretty little thing,
Always coming with the spring;
In the meadows green I'm found,
Peeping just above the ground;
And my stalk is covered flat
With a white and yellow hat.



IN THE MEADOW

Little lady, when you pass
Lightly o'er the tender grass,
Skip about, but do not tread
On my meek and lowly head;
For I always seem to say,
Surely winter's gone away.

THE DANDELION

O dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all day?
I just wait here in the tall green grass
Till the children come to play.

O dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all night?
I wait and wait till the cool dews fall
And my hair grows long and white.

And what do you do when your hair is white,
And the children come to play?
They take me up in their dimpled hands,
And blow my hair away.

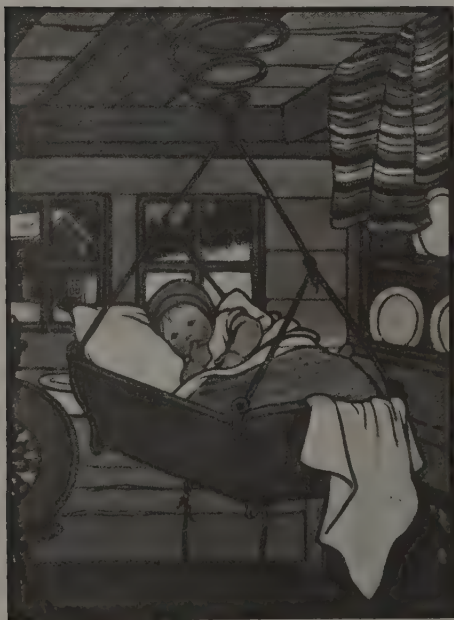
THE SQUIRRELS AND THE GUN

Five little squirrels sitting on a tree;
This one says, "What do I see?"
This one says, "I see a gun!"
This one says, "Come, let's run!"

This one says, "Let's hide in the shade!"
 This one says, "I'm not afraid!"
Bang goes the gun
 And the squirrels all run.

HOW THEY SLEEP

Some things go to sleep in such a funny way:
 Little birds stand on one leg and tuck their
 heads away;



SNUGLY TUCKED IN BED

Chickens do the same, standing on their
 perch;
 Little mice lie soft and still as if they were in
 church;

Kittens curl up close in such a funny ball;
 Horses hang their sleepy heads and stand still
 in a stall;

Sometimes dogs stretch out, or curl up in a
 heap;
 Cows lie down upon their sides when they
 would go to sleep.

But little babies dear are snugly tucked in beds,
 Warm with blankets, all so soft, and pillows for
 their heads.

Bird and beast and babe — I wonder which of all
 Dream the dearest dreams that down from
 dreamland fall!

WISHING

Ring-ting! I wish I were a primrose,
 A bright yellow primrose, blowing in the
 spring!
 The stooping boughs above me,
 The wand'ring bee to love me,
 The fern and moss to creep across,
 And the elm tree for our king!

Nay — stay! I wish I were an elm tree,
 A great lofty elm tree, with green leaves gay!
 The winds would set them dancing,
 The sun and moonshine glance in,
 The birds would house among the boughs
 And sweetly sing.

Oh — no! I wish I were a robin,
 A robin or a little wren, everywhere to go;
 Through forest, field or garden,
 Ask no leave or pardon,
 Till winter comes with icy thumbs
 To ruffle up our wings!

Well — tell! Where should I fly to,
 Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell?
 Before a day was over,
 Home comes the rover,
 For mother's kiss — sweeter this
 Than any other thing.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.





WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

"To whit! To whit! To whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the Cow. "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do;
I gave you a wisp of hay;
I did not take your nest away.
Not I," said the Cow. "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do."

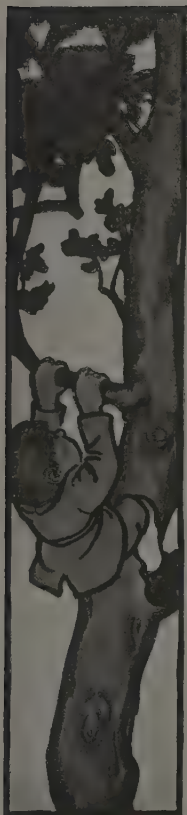
"To whit! To whit! To whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid
And the nice nest I made?"

Said the Turtle Dove, "Coo, coo!
Let me speak a word too.
Who stole that pretty nest
From little Yellow Breast?"

"Not I," said the Dog. "Bow, wow!
I would n't be so mean, I vow.
I gave you hairs the nest to make,
And the nest I did not take.
Not I," said the Dog. "Bow, wow!
I would n't be so mean, I vow!"

"To whit! To whit! To whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bobolink! Bobolink!
What do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree to-day?"



CLIMBING UP



A FALL



BULFINCH



JACKDAW



CANARY

"Not I," said the Sheep. "Oh, no!
I would n't treat a poor bird so.
I gave the wool the nest to line
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa, baa!" said the Sheep. "Oh, no!
I would n't treat a poor bird so."

"To whit! To whit! To whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Caw! Caw!" cried the Crow,
"I would like to know
What thief took away
That bird's nest to-day?"

"Cluck! Cluck!" said the Hen,
"Don't ask me again.
Why, I have n't a chick
Would do such a trick.

"We gave Yellow Breast
Some feathers for her nest.
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.

Cluck! Cluck!" said the Hen,
"Don't ask me again."

"Chirr-a-whirr! Chirr-a-whirr!"
The birds made a great stir
To learn the thief's name,
And all cried, "For shame!"

"I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green.
"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

"'Tis very cruel, too,"
Said little Alice Neal.
"Do you think the robber knew
How sad the bird would feel?"

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed;
For *he* stole that pretty nest
From poor little Yellow Breast,
And he felt so full of shame,
He did n't like to tell his name.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.



OWL



PIGEONS



PARROT

JANUARY



JULY



FEBRUARY



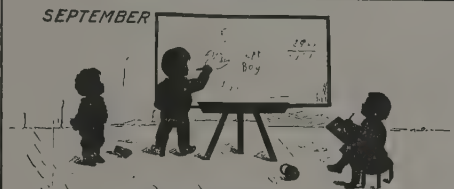
AUGUST



MARCH



SEPTEMBER



APRIL



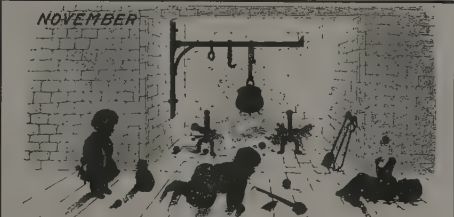
OCTOBER



MAY



NOVEMBER



JUNE



DECEMBER



THE TWELVE MONTHS

Study out each picture and tell what the children are doing.



MR. WIND AND MADAM RAIN

A FRENCH TALE OF HOW JOHN PETER OF BRITTANY MADE THEIR ACQUAINTANCE

THERE lived once in Brittany a poor miller named John Peter, whose only wealth in the world consisted of a mill, a hut, and a kitchen garden, in which he planted cabbages. But John Peter was unfortunate, for he often saw his neighbors' windmill-sails turning round on the hills, while his own stood still, because the wind never blew in his direction. The vegetables in his garden withered from drought, in spite of the pains he took to water them.

John Peter was not a man of much spirit, and so he spent his time exclaiming, "Alas, Mr. Wind, why won't you blow on my mill? and alas, Madam Rain, why don't you fall in my garden, so that I may gain a small living?"

But the wind did not hearken, and the rain did not trouble itself.

The miller married a pretty peasant girl named Claudine, as poor as himself, but active, and a good housewife. After a while they had a little son who received the name of Peter. But Claudine was now taken ill. The village doctor had to be called in, and

all their money was spent. These poor people found themselves reduced to misery.

One night, while John Peter was sitting up watching near his wife and child as they slept and thinking of their misfortunes, he thought thus: "If all my troubles came upon me alone, I should not complain, for I am strong enough to endure cold and hunger. But my wife will need fire to warm her and good food to strengthen her, and I have no money for wood or meat. The want of wind and rain is the one cause of my distress. If only the wind would blow on my mill, I should soon be able to get myself out of these difficulties."

MR. WIND COMES

As John Peter uttered these last words, he saw the flame of the candle flicker, and heard the rusty weathercock turning on the top of the cottage. The wind was just beginning to blow. The astonished miller ran quickly to his mill, and put grain enough into the hopper for the night's grinding. He untied the cord which held fast the mill-sails, and then they began to turn around, and the mill set to work to grind the corn into flour and bran. John Peter now went back to his wife, who was still sleeping, and he rubbed his hands together as he thought of the good things he had to tell her when she awoke.

The rusty weathercock, however, creaked louder and louder, and the candle had to be placed behind a curtain to prevent its being blown out. There were so many holes in the walls of the cottage that the draughts came in everywhere.

"Blow as much as you like," said the miller, "so long as my mill turns."

At that very instant the latch went up, the door burst wide open, and John Peter saw a most extraordinary figure enter. It was more like one of the genii than a man. His body could bend itself in every direction, it was so supple, and elastic. His eyes shone like phosphorus, and his ample chest sent forth a noise equal to that from a smith's bellows. The two large wings which were fastened to his shoulders could not have spread themselves in the cottage. His feet glided lightly over the floor without walking.



WHEN MR. WIND AND MADAM RAIN WENT TO WORK

"Give me a chair," said he to John Peter, "that I may rest a moment with you before proceeding on my way."

The miller eagerly offered his best straw-bottomed chair.

"Sit down, my lord," said he, "and rest yourself as long as you like in my cottage."

"I am Mr. Wind," said the stranger. "Thou hast several times made requests of me. Thou wilt not wonder at my being a little out of breath when I tell thee that in less than an hour I have traveled a long distance over the ocean and visited many towns."

"Thy lord, who lives at the neighboring castle, would not receive me; his servants have shut all the doors and windows, and secured them with large bolts and solid, well-wadded shutters; and I have scarcely been able to penetrate into the staircases through a skylight in one of the towers, or into the kitchen through

a little air-hole. At thy cottage, however, I found the walls in ruins, and the latch without a fastening, and I could enter easily. This is just the sort of cottage I like. Thou hast but one poor straw-bottomed chair; this thou didst most willingly offer at my entrance. I thank thee for this hospitable reception. Ask, therefore, some service of me, John Peter, and I will do it for thee most freely."

"Mr. Wind," said the miller, "all I ask of you is to blow for three or four hours a day on my mill."

"My poor John Peter," replied Mr. Wind, "I am not permitted to go out every day. Madam Rain occupies the sky for a third part of the year, and, like an ungrateful creature, she drives me away after I have brought on her clouds; and the Sun agrees still worse with me. I sometimes live shut up in my cavern for months; but I will take care to send thee

zephyrs and little spirits, who go out at my order to scour the country morning and evening, and I will order them not to forget thy mill. But now I must be off. I have stayed too long already. Already Madam Rain is close at my heels. Good-by, John Peter!"

So saying, Mr. Wind sprang at one bound out of the cottage, spread his large wings, and



WHEN MR. SUN CAME OUT

disappeared. The whistling, and moaning, and shrieking died away. But the little spirits he had left behind were strong enough to keep the mill going.

MADAM RAIN ARRIVES

Immediately after Mr. Wind had departed, rain began to fall; gently at first, and afterward in torrents. John Peter fancied he could hear voices of the rain-spirits, saying:

"Let us fall, let us fall on this thatched roof; let us wet, let us wet the whole of this cottage; let us water the leaves of the cabbages; let us cover these pebbles with water; let us ring in this spout; let us run along this beam; let us jump through this hole; let us fall; let us wet all that we can; little drops, drip, drip, drop!"

Instead of being afraid, John Peter repeated: "Fall, wet; water as much as you please! To-morrow my garden will be greener, and my cabbages the better for it."

As Mr. Wind had broken the latch, and gone out without shutting the door, it remained three or four inches ajar, and through this narrow space John Peter saw enter a tall lady of singular appearance, more like a fairy than a woman. She was somewhat transparent, and her face pale and thin. Her hair was straight, and fell down to her feet. Her eyes were dimmed by two streams of tears. Her dress and mantle were gray. Upon her silken scarf shone the seven colors of the rainbow. She came in slowly, without seeming to move her feet.

"Give me a chair," said she to John Peter, "that I may rest for a moment before I go down into the valley."

"Sit down, madam," said the miller.

"I am Madam Rain," said the lady, "upon whom thou hast often called. The lord of the neighboring castle has shut his doors and windows in my face, but I have revenged myself by drenching his sentinels to the skin. I found chinks in the walls of thy cottage, and windowpanes broken, and the door open; so I like this cottage of thine; and I will remember thy kind welcome. If I can serve thee in anything, take advantage of this opportunity, and ask me for whatever thou wilt, and I will give it to thee."

"Madam Rain," said John Peter, "what could I ask of you but to be kind enough to fall two or three times a week on the vegetables in my garden?"

"Alas, friend," said the lady, "I do not gad about as often as I should like. The glorious time of the Deluge is past, and Mr. Sun is stronger than I; and when I am abroad he is constantly driving me back to my grotto. But I will send thee the morning dews, and the little clouds to which I give the key of the fields between gleams of sunshine. Farewell, honest John Peter. The Sun is coming soon to dry all my work. Should any misfortune befall thee, do not fail to let me know."

Madam Rain slipped through the partly opened door. At the end of an hour dawn began to come. A flood of sunshine soon dispersed the clouds.

John Peter left his cottage and went to his mill; there he found flour sufficient to fill two sacks. He then went to his garden, and gathered

cabbages and lettuce, which the rain had quickly brought to perfection. The flour he carried to a farmer, who gave him two crown-pieces for it; and the vegetables he sold in the market. His wife was still sleeping when he returned home with a fagot of wood on his shoulder, provisions in his basket, and money in his pocket.

John Peter's wife, having slept till morning, had heard neither Wind nor Rain, so she was surprised when told that the mill had been turning all night, and to see the money and provisions which her husband had brought home. Sleeping had already hastened her recovery, and the joy she now felt completely restored her to health.

For the later adventures of John Peter and his wife, you must read the book from which these stories are taken, "Mr. Wind and Madam Rain," by a Frenchman called Paul de Musset.

THE ANXIOUS LEAF

ONCE a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said, "What is the matter, little leaf?" And the leaf said, "The wind has just told me that one day it would pull me off, and throw me down on the ground to die!"

The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. When the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf, "Do not be afraid; hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you wish."

So the leaf stopped sighing, and went on nestling and singing; and it grew all summer long till October. When the mellow days of autumn were come, the little leaf saw the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were scarlet, some yellow, and some were striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what this meant; and the tree said, "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy."

Then the little leaf began to wish to go, and it grew very beautiful in thinking of it. When it was very gay in colors, it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them. So the leaf said, "O branches! why are you lead-colored and we golden?"

"We must keep on our workday clothes," said the branches; "for our work is not done yet; but your clothes are for a holiday, because your task is over."

Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it. The wind took it up, turned it over and over, then whirled it like a spark of fire in the air, and let



THE SQUIRREL'S HARVEST

it fall gently down among hundreds of other leaves. There it fell into a dream, and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about.

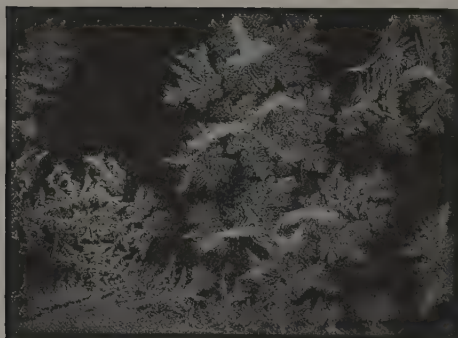
HENRY WARD BEECHER.

COME, LITTLE LEAVES

"Come, little leaves," said the wind one day,
"Come over the meadows with me and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold,
For summer is gone and the days grow cold."

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the sweet little song they knew.

"Cricket, good-by, we've been friends so long,
Little brook, sing us your farewell song;
Say you are sorry to see us go;
Ah, you will miss us, right well we know.



"Dear little lambs in your fleecy fold,
Mother will keep you from harm and cold;
Fondly we watched you in vale and glade,
Say, will you dream of our loving shade?"

Dancing and whirling, the little leaves went,
Winter had called them, and they were content;
Soon, fast asleep in their earthly beds,
The snow laid a coverlid over their heads.

GEORGE COOPER.

THE FROST

The frost looked forth one still, clear night
And whispered: "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train—
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain—
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain;
But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain and powdered its
crest,

He lit on the trees and their boughs he dressed
With diamond beads; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the morn were seen
Most beautiful things; there were flowers and
trees,

There were beves of birds and swarms of
bees;
There were cities and temples and towers;
and these
All pictured in silver sheen.
But he did one thing that was hardly fair;
He went to the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare —
"Now just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three;
And the glass of water they have left for me
Shall 'tchick!' to tell them I'm drinking."

HANNAH FLAGG GOULD.

THE LITTLE ARTIST

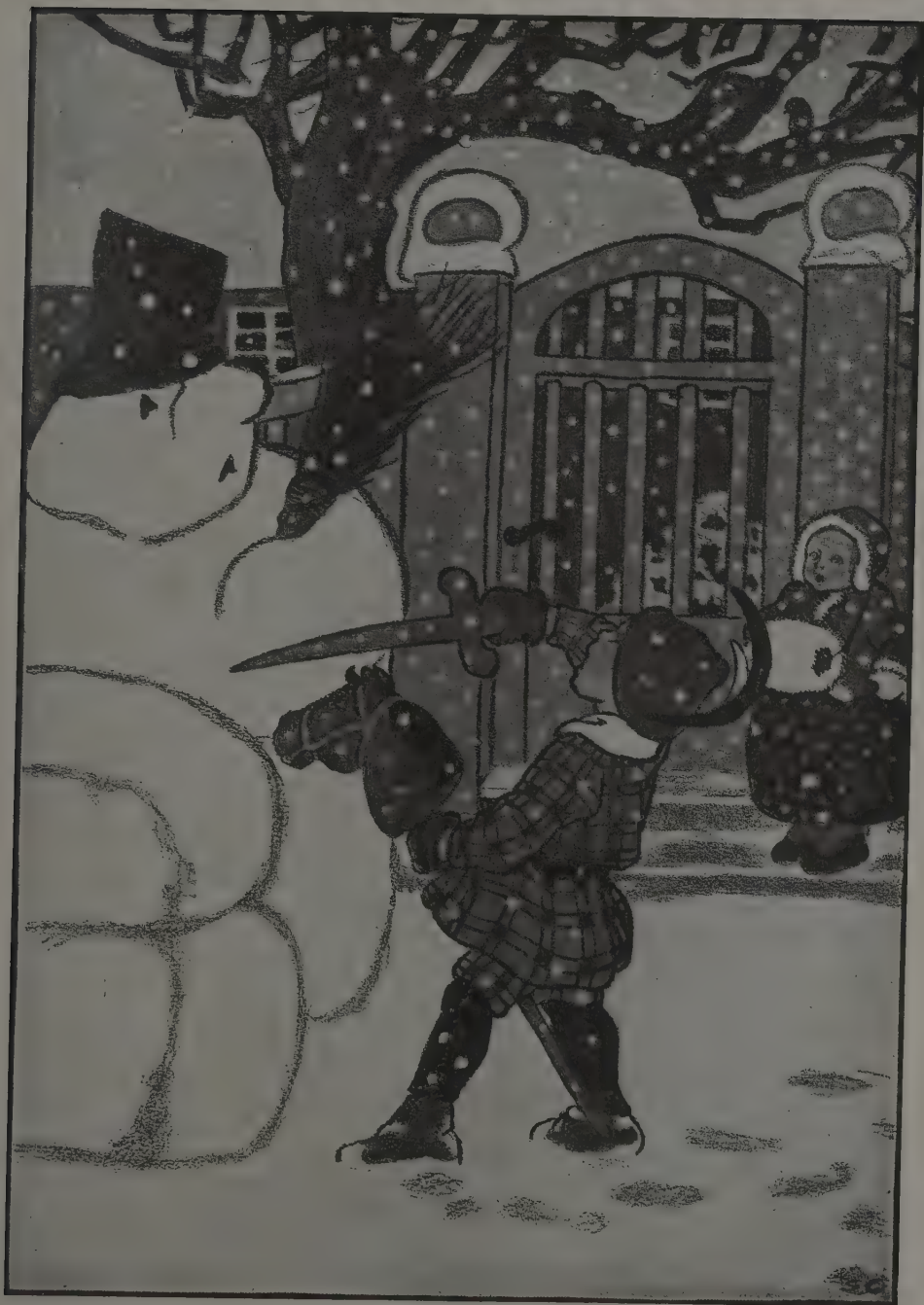
Oh, there is a little artist
Who paints in the cold night hours
Pictures for wee, wee children,
Of wondrous trees and flowers,—



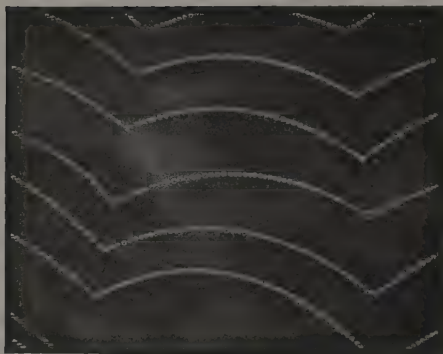
Pictures of snow-capped mountains
Touching the snow-white sky;
Pictures of distant oceans,
Where pygmy ships sail by;

Pictures of rushing rivers,
By fairy bridges spanned,
Bits of beautiful landscapes,
Copied from elfin land.

The moon is the lamp he paints by,
His canvas, the windowpane,
His brush is a frozen snowflake,
Jack Frost is the artist's name.



CHALLENGING THE SNOW MAN



WINTER JEWELS

A million little diamonds
Twinkled on the trees;
And all the little children cried,
"A jewel, if you please!"

But while they held their hands out-
stretched

To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came
And stole them all away.

MRS. MARY F. BUTTS.

"THE REAL FAIRY FOLK"

In her book of this title, Miss Louise Jamison tells how Ruth learned many secrets of the out-of-doors. "Sometimes," says Ruth, "it seems as if it must be Fairyland all around, only I'm deaf." "Watch and listen! Watch and listen!" says a voice in her ear. By permission of Doubleday, Page & Company, New York, we share with Miss Jamison and Ruth two of Ruth's experiences.

RUTH AND THE WONDERFUL SPINNERS

She throws a web upon the air and soon

'T is caught and lifted by the willing breezes,
Then, freed from trouble in her light balloon,
Our spinner travels wheresoe'er she pleases.

Edith M. Thomas.

RUTH was in the garden counting colors among the hollyhocks when a little breeze hurried by.

"Come," it said, kissing her cheek, "and hurry; things are going to happen."

"It is my dear Wind," cried Ruth, her eyes growing big with expectation, and, stopping just long enough to snatch up Belinda, who of course would wish to go, too, she followed where the little breeze led.

This was to a lovely spot on the edge of the wood, and one of the first things she saw was a big round spider's web on the branches of a tall bush.

"Oh," she said, going up closer, "who would ever think a spider could make anything like that?"

"Indeed," said a voice which made her give a little jump, "who else but a spider could spin a web, I'd like to know? You have n't any brains, I'm thinking."

"Oh, please excuse me," said Ruth. "I did n't know you were there."

"That's because you don't use your eyes properly," was the answer of the large, handsome black and gold spider hanging head down from the center of the big web.

Her eight long, slender legs were outstretched and rested by their tips on the bases of the taut radii, and her eight eyes were staring at Ruth.

"I saw you as soon as you came," she said. "I suppose you will stay to the meeting. I'm to be chair-spider."

"Chair-spider?" repeated Ruth, slightly confused by those eight bright eyes. "And please, what meeting?"

"Why, our meeting, of course. Mrs. Cobweb Weaver says men always have a chairman at their meetings, so why should n't spiders have a chair-spider, I'd like to know?"

"I suppose they should," agreed Ruth.

"Of course we should. Considering you are a human creature, with only two eyes, two legs, and no spinnerets, you really show a great deal of sense. Now sit down on the crotch of that little tree, then you will be near me and can hear all I say. What's that thing you are carrying?"

"Why, it's Belinda, my doll," explained Ruth. "I tell her everything. I think she will like your — your — meeting."

"Well, I don't care whether she does or not," said Madame Spider. "Now our friends are arriving, and as you can see, with even two



UNDER THE APPLE TREE, PIPING FOR FAIRIES. THE DUCKLINGS' MEAL TIME. CHRISTMAS WEATHER. RESCUING THE PUPPY FROM THE GEES

eyes, they are all shapes and sizes. Long-legged, short-legged, plump, thin, grave and gay. All colors too—quite enough to satisfy any taste, I should say.”

Ruth looked about her in wide-eyed astonishment.

“I never knew there were so many kinds of spiders,” she said at last, “or that they had such lovely colors. I thought spiders were mostly grayish or brownish.”

“That is because you have n’t used your eyes, as I said before; but you are only like others of your kind. Such ignorance! Because some spiders are dull and colorless, most people imagine that all are so. I suppose they think, if they stop to think at all, that all kinds of webs are spun by the same kind of spider, and that all spiders spin webs.”

“Don’t they?” asked Ruth, with some hesitation, for Mrs. Spider’s indignation made her look quite fierce.

“They do *not*,” was the decided answer. “All spiders are spinners, but not all are web makers.”

Ruth looked puzzled.

“You see,” explained Mrs. Spider, “it all depends upon the way they catch their prey. Spider habits are as different as their looks. Some like the sun, others prefer the shade. Some live in the forest, and others with the house people. Many make their home in the bark of trees, and under stones.”

“I’ve seen that kind,” interrupted Ruth, eagerly, “and when you lift up the stone they run awfully fast. Sometimes they have a funny little gray bundle, just as the ants carry their babies. Maybe it’s their babies too. Is it?”

“Well, they will be babies if nothing happens. Those gray bundles are cocoons full of eggs. The mother spins the cocoon of silk from her own body.”

“Oh, now, I understand. They are spinners, but they don’t have any web. Is n’t that it?”

“Exactly. They do not need a web. They spring on their prey when the prey is n’t looking. We call them hunters, also runners.”

“Well, they *can* run,” said Ruth.

“The flower spiders are not web spinners either,” went on Madame Spider, who seemed to like nothing better than to talk. “They live among flowers, and eat the visiting insects.

You can see some of them over there. Talk about colors! They are gay enough, just like flowers themselves. Perhaps you can guess why.”

Ruth thought a few minutes.

“Well,” she said, “if they were the same color as the flower they could n’t be seen so easily. I saw something walk out of an ear of corn once, and it looked like a kernel of corn on eight legs. It was awful funny. Was that a spider?”

“Very likely. We are wonderful enough for anything. I suppose you have never heard of the trapdoor spider and his silk-lined burrow, with its little hinged door, nor of the spider who lives under the water, in a tiny silken house, which she spins herself, and fills with air carried down, bubble by bubble, from the surface. Don’t look as though you did n’t believe me. It is n’t polite. I am telling you the truth. Very likely you’ll doubt me when I say that we sail in balloons, of our own making, and cross streams of water on bridges, which we can fashion as we need them—that is, we orb weavers do, for, after all, we stand at the head of the spider clan. Did you know I was an orb weaver?”

“I—I—have n’t thought about it,” said Ruth, slowly, for the question had come very suddenly, “but I’d like you to go on telling me things. Do you always hang with your head down? I should think it would make you dizzy.”

“Dizzy? Whoever heard of such a thing? Of course I keep my head down, and my toes on my telegraph lines. Then I can feel the least tremble in any one of them, and I’m pretty quick to run where I know my dinner is waiting. Sometimes I don’t hurry quite so fast. That is when the line trembles in a way which lets me know that something big has been caught. Indeed, there are times when I bite the threads around what might have been my dinner, and let it go; for it is wiser to lose a meal than run the chance of being a meal.” And Mrs. Orb Weaver winked, not with one eye only, but with all eight. “Now it is time to talk to the company,” she added, “as I am chair-spider.”

She said the last words in a loud voice, intended for all to hear; then she looked around to see if anyone objected.

"They had better not," she said to Ruth, and in a louder voice, added: "My friends, we are not appreciated. Men talk about the wonderful bees, the wonderful wasps, the wonderful ants, but few of them say anything about the wonderful spiders. Now we are wonderful too, and we are honest, and we are industrious. We eat flies and lots of other pests, and we do not hurt orchards, or steal into pantries; or chew up clothes. Indeed, we do man no harm at all. But is he grateful? Tell me that. I'll tell you he is n't. Ask Mrs. Cobweb Weaver if there is n't always some broom sweeping down the nice web she makes. I wonder she does n't hate a broom. No, my friends, man is not grateful. Even those who call themselves our friends are ready to pop us into bottles, or boxes, whenever they get a chance. They give us what they call a painless death in the cause of science. Now we would rather live in our own cause. At least I would."

Mrs. Orb Weaver had become so excited that her whole web was shaking violently.

Ruth was excited, too.

"It's rather horrid to do that way," she said, "but maybe people don't know about you. I did n't until to-day. The wonderful things, I mean, and I want to know lots more. How your web is made and — and — everything. Please tell me."

"Why, certainly," answered Mrs. Orb Weaver readily. "To begin with, my web is made of silk."

"Who did n't know that?" snapped a running spider.

"I did n't," answered Ruth.

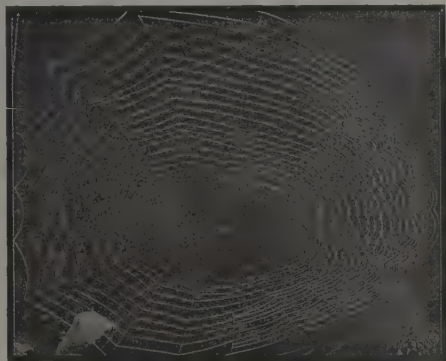
"You! And who are you, pray?"

"Be quiet," commanded Mrs. Orb Weaver.

"She is my guest, and anything she wishes to know I shall be happy to tell her. Now, to get on, our webs are made of silk, and the silk comes from our own bodies, through little tubes called spinnerets. It is soft at first, but gets harder when it reaches the air, just like caterpillar silk. We guide each thread with our hind feet, making heavier strands by twisting a number of fine ones together. Of course, we spin the foundation lines first. They are the ones which fix the web to the bush. Then the ray lines, those like the spokes in a wheel. They are all heavy

strands, and only after they are finished do we spin the real snare, the lines which run around. They are very fine, and are covered with a sort of glue, for they have to catch and hold the flies and other insects that come on the web. We orb weavers are the only ones who have this glue. No other spiders use it. They trust to the meshes of the web to entangle their prey."

"But why don't the sticky parts catch you



A SPIDER'S WEB

too?" asked Ruth, who had been listening with eager attention. "I've seen you run all over your web and —"

"We never get caught. Of course not," finished Mrs. Orb Weaver. "And why? That's a question. The wise men don't know, and if we do, we are not telling. Now I am getting hungry, so I think I will tell a little story, then we will adjourn. I am sorry there is n't time for Mrs. Funnel Weaver to speak."

"But there is," declared a large brown spider, whose body looked as though it were set on a framework of legs. "I mean to speak too—if only to point out all those webs in the grass."

"Oh, I've often seen webs like that," said Ruth. "They are lovely with dew on them. But why do you call yourself a funnel weaver?"

"I don't!" she snapped. "The men, who think they know everything, gave me that name, because at one side of my web is a funnel-shaped tube. It is our way to escape our enemies. We run through it into the grass when something too big for us to manage gets into our web."

"I generally make my web in houses," said a small, slender-legged, light-colored spider.

She spoke in a hurry, as though she was afraid someone might stop her before she finished. "I have cousins who like fields and fences and outbuildings, but our webs are all the same pattern. Not so regular as yours, Mrs. Orb Weaver, but very fine and delicate."

"Oh, everybody knows you, Mrs. Cobweb Weaver," said a voice from a near-by twig. "Now if you are speaking of legs —"

"We are not," answered Mrs. Orb Weaver, "and I should like to know how you came here."

"On my legs of course. Don't you think they are long enough? And though I can neither spin nor weave, I am your relation, and I have as much right to be here as you have. I —"

"Why, it's Daddy-long-legs," interrupted Ruth, with a friendly smile of recognition. "I like daddies."

"Well, I am not saying anything about my legs," remarked a fat little spider, as Daddy tried to bow to Ruth, "though I have eight of them. I usually travel in a balloon, which I make myself. Oh, I tell you, it is fine to go

"Sailing mid the golden air
In skiffs of yielding gossamer."

"Poetry," said a handsome spider, wheeling back and forth on a silken bridge swung between two bushes. "I could have learned some too, but I did n't know it was allowed. Of course I can build bridges. Who is asking that idiotic question? You?" And eight glaring eyes were fixed upon Ruth. "Maybe you don't know that spiders were the first bridge builders and when men suspend their great bridges to-day they follow our ideas and ways, without giving us the least credit; but that's the way with men."

"Well, we can't expect to regulate men," answered Mrs. Orb Weaver, "and, besides, it's time to tell my story, and then you will know why we get our name, and why we are such wonderful spinners. Now listen, all of you:

"Once upon a time —"

Ruth chuckled contentedly. All nice stories began, "Once upon a time." "Please go on," she whispered eagerly.

"Then don't interrupt me," said Mrs. Orb Weaver, and she began again:

"Once upon a time, ever so long ago, there lived in a beautiful land called Greece a maiden named Arachne. Arachne was not only fair to look upon, but she could also spin and weave in a fashion so wondrously fine that all who saw her work said that the great Athena herself must have been her teacher. Now this surely was praise enough, but Arachne was vain. 'Nay,' she said, 'no one has taught me, and gladly will I weave with the great goddess herself, and thus prove the skill to be all my own.' Her words only shocked all who heard them, but Arachne cared not, and again repeated her wish to try her skill with Athena.

"So it happened that as she sat spinning one day an old woman, leaning on a staff, stopped by her loom.

"Child," she said in a gentle voice, 'a great gift is yours.'

"Arachne tossed her head, and answered scornfully.

"Well do I know it, yet Athena dares not try her skill with mine.'

"Dares not"? repeated the old dame, in tones that should have made Arachne tremble. 'Dares not, say you? Foolish maiden, be warned in time.'

"But Arachne was too proud to yield, and she still persisted, even though the old dame had dropped her mantle, and stood revealed as the great goddess herself.

"Be it so," said Athena, sternly, and both began to weave.

"For hours their shuttles flew in and out. Arachne's work was wonderful, but for her theme she had chosen the weakness and the failure of the gods. Athena pictured forth their greatness." The sky was her loom, and from the rainbow she chose her colors, and when her work was finished and its splendors spanned the heavens, Arachne realized she had failed.

"Ashamed and miserable, she sought to hang herself in the meshes of her web.

"Nay, rash maid," spoke Athena; 'thou shalt not die, but live to be the mother of a great race, the most wonderful spinners on earth.'

"Even as Athena spoke, Arachne grew smaller and smaller, until not a maiden, but a spider, hung from that marvelous web.

"And now, my friends," finished Mrs.



ONE STEP AT A TIME

Orb Weaver, "need I tell you that we are the wonderful race of which Athena spoke, and need I add that we have inherited Arachne's marvelous skill, and are truly the most wonderful spinners on earth? Now I am hungry and the meeting is adjourned."

"So am I," added Daddy-long-legs, "not adjourned, but hungry, and, by the way, do you imagine anyone believes that old story?"

He winked at Ruth, and then moved away as fast as his long legs would carry him.



A FUNNY GENTLEMAN AND WHAT HE SAID

"KERCHUG — kerchug — kerchug," called a voice from the brook, and Ruth started so suddenly she nearly dropped Belinda, and caught a branch just in time to keep herself from falling.

"Gracious," she said, "how that scared me. I do believe it was that big green and brown frog. See him down there, Belinda? He is just showing his head and his funny eyes out of the water. Let's get down close to him, and maybe he'll come out all the way."

"To be sure I'll come out," answered a croaky voice, as Ruth, holding Belinda tightly, drew close to the edge of the brook. "How's that?" and with a splash a big green and brown frog landed on the stone at her feet.

"Now," he added, swelling out his white vest with an air of importance, "I am a frog, of course, but my family name is Rana. Please don't forget it."

"Family name?" said Ruth, sitting down on the edge of the stone. "I did n't know frogs had family names."

"There's a great deal you don't know," said Mr. Rana, in his decided way.

"Maybe there is," agreed Ruth, "but it is n't very polite to tell me so." Then, with a sudden thought, she added quickly, "Why, you are really talking."

"Of course, I'm talking. Do you suppose it's the first time?"

"He's dreadfully snappy," Ruth whispered to Belinda.

"It is n't my fault that people can't understand," finished Mr. Rana, swallowing very fast.

"I wanted to understand," declared Ruth meekly. "I was sure you could tell me such a lot of interesting things, and that nice fat toad in the garden too. He is so —"

"You'd better talk to the fat toad, then," said Mr. Rana, looking very cross.

"Oh, dear," sighed Ruth, "I did n't mean I'd rather talk to him. I do want you to tell me things. All about yourself, please."

"Now you are showing your good sense," said Mr. Rana, as Ruth settled herself with a ready-to-listen air. "Nothing can be more interesting than my story; but excuse me one second. I see Mrs. Mosquito. This morning I ate her husband, and now —"

His sentence was not finished, but Mrs. Mosquito was; and Mr. Rana folded his hands across his fat stomach and looked at Ruth, while a big smile played about his broad mouth.

"She's gone," said Ruth, in a slightly awed tone, "and I know you've swallowed her, but I wish you would tell me how you did it. I did n't see you move."

"I did n't move, but my tongue *did*, and it went so quick you could n't see it. When you



eat, you bring things to your tongue, but when I eat, I send my tongue to my dinner. It's a simpler way, I think. My tongue is rather wonderful too. It is fastened to my mouth in front, and rolled back; besides, it has a sort of glue on the end that catches whatever there is to catch. The number of pests I eat in a day would astonish you. Slugs, grubs, snails, mosquitoes, and — well, what's the matter? You don't like such things, I suppose. Tastes differ, you see. Now, to tell my story. What do you think I looked like when I was first hatched?"

"A tadpole, of course," answered Ruth. "I've seen lots of tadpoles. They are funny, wiggly things."

"They are lively fellows," agreed Mr. Rana, swallowing several times, while Ruth silently watched the sides of his neck puff out.

"Please tell me why you swallow so much," she asked at last. "You are not eating, are you?"

"I swallow to breathe," he answered. "I can't swallow air while my mouth is open, and so I stop talking and shut it. Every time I swallow, the air sac on the side of my neck fills out. That's why my voice has such a lovely croak. My poor wife has n't any air sac, so her voice is never croaky."

"But in the water —" began Ruth.

"In the water," answered Mr. Rana, "I take in air through my skin. It is very porous. My skin, I mean. It is really a pleasure to tell you things. Now to get back to the beginning, being a tadpole, or, I should say, an egg. Looking at me now, could you imagine that I was once a tiny egg? It's a fact, though. My mother laid her eggs near some water rushes, and, as I said, these eggs were but tiny specks, black specks inclosed in a gluey case, which the water made swell, until it looked like a mass of jelly. I came from one of those specks, and I tell you I was a lively fellow when I was first hatched. Some people say tadpoles are all head and tail, but there were other parts to me — places for legs, and I know I had two eyes and a mouth. Of course I made the most of life. A whole pond to circle in seemed a mighty big world to me, and I was soon swimming about with a lot of other tads, slapping tails, and having all kinds of fun. Indeed, we were always lively, especially when we were

trying to get away from those who wanted us for dinner. There were lots of them too."

"Ugh!" said Ruth, screwing up her face.

This displeased Mr. Rana.

"A tadpole is very delicate eating," he said. "You have never tasted one, so you cannot judge; but let that pass. I was not eaten, as you can see for yourself."

"I am glad you were not," said Ruth as Mr.



Rana stopped to swallow some air, "because then I should n't have known you."

"Well, that's a fact. Now let me see what comes next. Oh, yes — my legs. Legs, you must know, are very important affairs to a tadpole, because when he gets them he is n't a tadpole any more; so you may be sure I was happy when I saw mine beginning to grow. At the same time, my tail became shorter and shorter, until at last I had none at all. I was really and truly a frog. After this I was not obliged to stay in the water all the time. I had lungs and could breathe air."

"But you do go in sometimes," said Ruth. "I've seen you."

"Of course I do," agreed Mr. Rana. "I must keep my skin wet, and that reminds me it's pretty dry now, so I will have to leave you. Good-by for the present." And before Ruth could say a word there was a loud splash and Mr. Rana's long legs disappeared in the brook.



WHAT THE BURDOCK WAS GOOD FOR

"Good for nothing," the farmer said,
As he made a sweep at the burdock's head;
"But then, it is best; no doubt,
To come some day and root it out."
So he lowered his scythe, and went his way
To see his corn or gather his hay;
And the weed grew safe and strong and tall
Close by the side of the garden wall.

"Good for home," cried the little toad,
As he hopped up out of the dusty road.
He had just been having a dreadful fright —
The boy who gave it was yet in sight.
Here it was cool and dark and green,

The safest kind of a leafy screen.
The toad was happy, "For," said he,
"This burdock was plainly meant for me."

"Good for a prop," the spider thought,
And to and fro with care he wrought,
Till he fastened it well to an evergreen
And spun his cables fine between.
'T was a beautiful bridge — a triumph of skill —
And flies came round, as idlers will.
The spider lurked in his corner dim;
The more that came the better for him.

"Good for play," said the child, perplex
To know what frolic was coming next.
So she gathered the burrs that all despised,
And her city playmates were quite surprised



To see what a beautiful basket or chair
 Could be made with a little time and care.
 They ranged their treasures about with pride,
 And played all day by the burdock's side.

GOD MADE THEM ALL

All things bright and beautiful,
 All creatures great and small,
 All things wise and wonderful,
 The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
 Each little bird that sings,

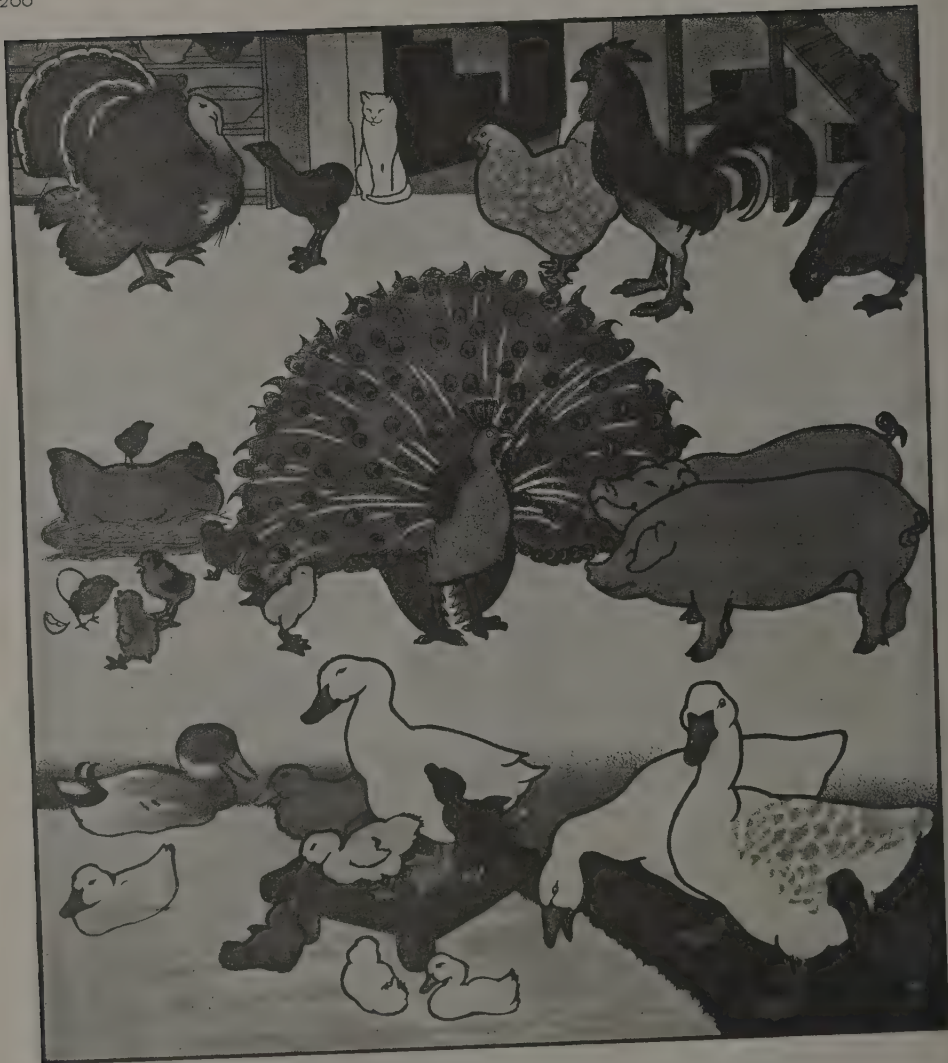
He made their glowing colors,
 He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
 The river running by,
 The sunset and the morning
 That brighten up the sky;

The cold wind in the winter,
 The pleasant summer sun,
 The ripe fruits in the garden,
 He made them every one.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.





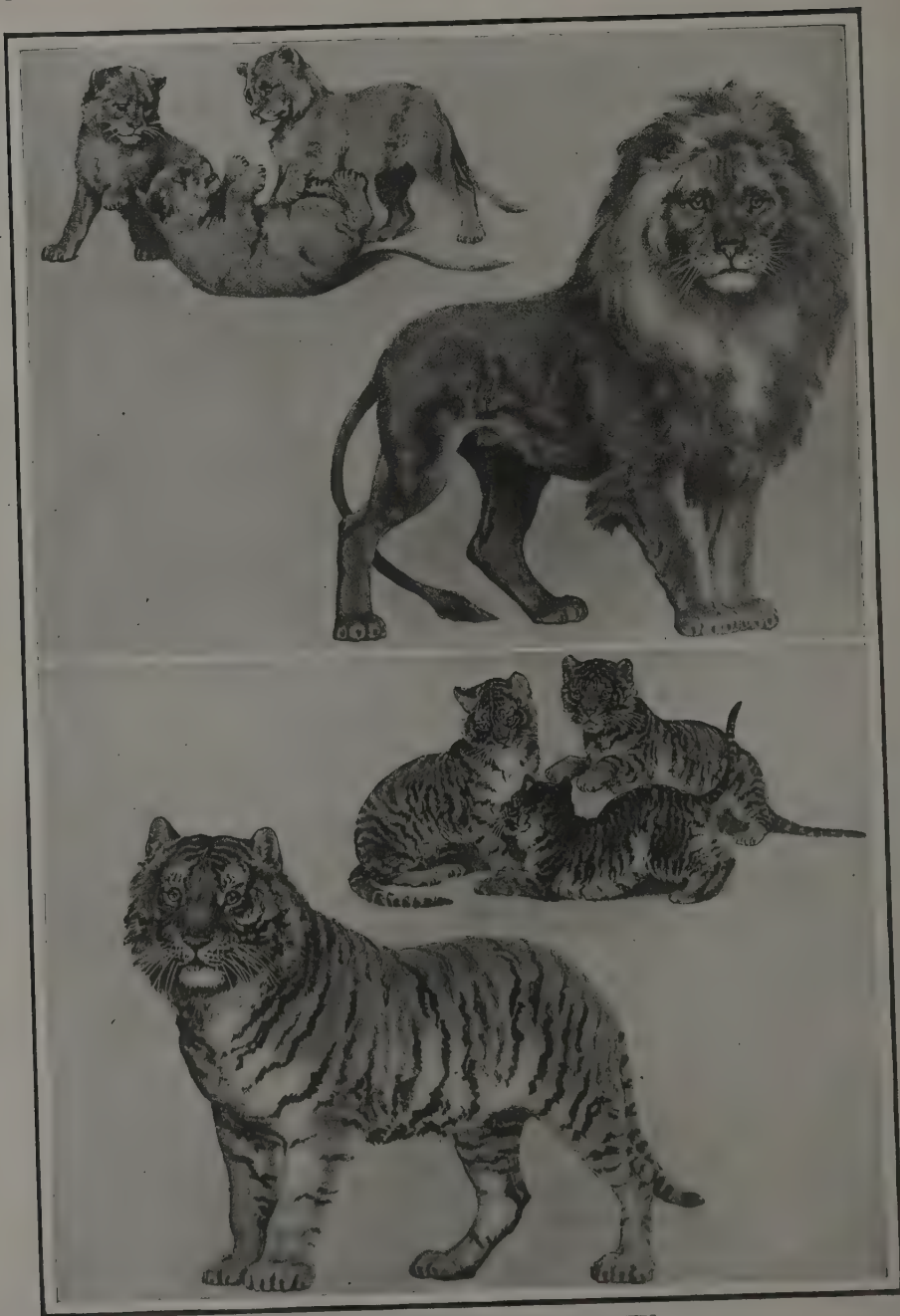
A FARMYARD GROUP

Up at the top is the turkey gobbler with his hen. He has been strutting back and forth showing his beautiful tail, but she has been picking up the corn and eating it; so now he is cross with her. Mr. Rooster and his two hens are looking on, as is the cat in the doorway. Mother Hen is sitting on her nest. Four little chicks have come out of their shells, and a fifth is coming out. See the others look at him, all but the little yellow one who has boldly walked out in front of Sir Peacock, and is gazing at his gorgeous tail. Are the pigs really admiring Sir Peacock or are they laughing at him, and thinking that they with their snouts and curly tails are just as good? At the edge of the water the mother ducks are watching their ducklings learn to swim.



ON THE EDGE OF THE JUNGLE

The lion is the king of beasts. In the daytime he keeps himself hidden, but when the sun is setting he stalks out. Then the herds of sheep and goats tremble lest he come upon them. The brown bear is more peaceable. He never attacks men unless he is driven to it by hunger. Not so the rattlesnake, which is next him in the picture. His bite carries poison with it. The eagle is the king of birds, as the lion is of beasts. What a strange row this is at the bottom! The kangaroo, hopping along by the palm tree, the two apes, one walking on all fours, the other looking more like a man, and the big and little ostriches, with, back of them, old Mr. Sun, who is just ready to disappear below the horizon. Then other animals will come out, for night is the time for jungle beasts.



THE LION AND THE TIGER WITH THEIR CUBS



THE TIGER AND THE LION; THE DEER; THE OX AND THE ASS



WHITE POLAR BEAR AND CUBS, CATCHING FISH. BROWN BEARS CAUGHT STEALING WILD HONEY



THE GIANT MOOSE THAT LIVES IN THE NORTH, AND THE ARCTIC FOX



THE FARMYARD SONG

Over the hill the farm-boy goes,
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand;
In the poplar-tree, above the spring,
The katydid begins to sing;

The early dews are falling; —
Into the stone-heap darts the mink;
The swallows skim the river's brink;
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,

Cheerily calling, —
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
Farther, farther over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still, —

"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart, at the close of day;
Harness and chain are hung away;
In the wagon-shed stand yoke and plow;



The straw's in the stack, the hay in the
mow,

The cooling dews are falling; —
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet,
The whinnying mare her master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,

His cattle calling, —
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
While still the cow-boy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray, —
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Now to her task the milkmaid goes.
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowling, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farmyard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
While the pleasant dews are falling; —
The new-milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye;





And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,

Soothingly calling;—

“So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!”

The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,

Saying, “So! so, boss! so! so!”

“Co’, boss! co’, boss! co’! co’! co’!”
And oft the milkmaid in her dreams
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring, “So, boss! so!”

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

To supper at last the farmer goes.
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed.
Without, the crickets’ ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long;

The heavy dews are falling.

The housewife’s hand has turned the lock;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
The household sinks to deep repose;
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes

Singing, calling,—

A BOY’S SONG

Where the pools are bright and deep
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o’er the lea,
That’s the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That’s the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

JAMES HOGG.

THE SEASONS

SPRING

With March comes in the pleasant spring,
When little birds begin to sing;
To build their nests, to hatch their brood,
With tender care provide them food.

SUMMER

And summer comes with verdant June;
The flowers then are in full bloom,
All nature smiles, the fields look gay;
The weather's fine to make the hay.

AUTUMN

September comes; the golden corn
By many busy hands is shorn;
Autumn's ripe fruits, an ample store,
Are gathered in for rich and poor.

WINTER

Winter's cold frost and northern blast —
This is the season that comes last;
The snow has come, the sleigh bells ring,
And merry boys rejoice and sing.

ANONYMOUS.





QUESTION AND ANSWER

"Lazy sheep, pray tell me why in the pleasant fields you lie?"

"Don't you see the wool that grows on my back, to make you clothes?"

THE SHEEP

Lazy sheep, pray tell me why
In the pleasant fields you lie,
Eating grass and daisies white,
From the morning till the night?
Everything can something do,
But what kind of use are you?

Nay, my little master, nay,
Do not serve me so, I pray;
Don't you see the wool that grows
On my back, to make you clothes?
Cold, and very cold you'd get,
If I did not give you it.

True, it seems a pleasant thing
To nip the daisies in the spring;
But many chilly nights I pass
On the cold and dewy grass,
Or pick a scanty dinner where
All the common's brown and bare.

Then the farmer comes at last,
When the merry spring is past,
And cuts my woolly coat away,
To warm you in the winter's day:
Little master, this is why
In the pleasant fields I lie.

JANE TAYLOR.

THANKSGIVING DAY

Over the river, and through the wood,
 To grandfather's house we go;
 The horse knows the way
 To carry the sleigh
 Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river, and through the wood,
 Oh, how the wind does blow!
 It stings the toes
 And bites the nose,
 As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,
 Trot fast, my dapple-gray!

Spring over the ground,
 Like a hunting-hound!
 For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
 And straight through the barnyard gate,
 We seem to go
 Extremely slow —
 It is so hard to wait!

Over the river, and through the wood,
 Now grandmother's cap I spy!
 Hurrah for the fun!
 Is the pudding done?
 Hurrah for the chicken pie!

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.



IN WINTER

"Many chilly nights I pass."



Which would you rather ride? The elephant, though one of the largest animals, is very gentle when trained by man. It is from eight to ten feet high.



The camel is much used as a beast of burden. It can travel long distances and carry very heavy weights. It is sometimes called the "Ship of the Desert."

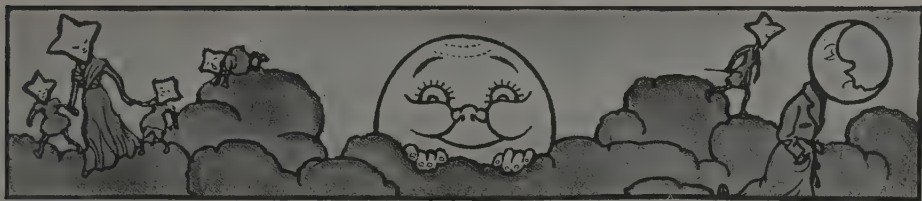


The giraffe is the tallest of all animals, being from eighteen to twenty feet in height. It is a native of Africa. It feeds upon the leaves of trees.



Here is our good friend the horse, who is the best animal of all to ride. He lives and is made useful in almost every country of the world.





WHEN THE SUN RISES, THE MOON AND THE STARS, BIG AND LITTLE, MUST HURRY AWAY

PURPOSE STORIES IN PROSE AND VERSE

WISE TALES OF LIFE, CONDUCT, AND EXPERIENCE

TRUTH is more vivid to us, and makes a deeper impression, if it comes in story form. Æsop's fables, proverbs, the parables of Jesus, and many a simple folk tale have come to stand in our common speech for the virtues or failings with which they have to do.

Happily for us the old-fashioned stories with a neatly pointed moral sticking out in every sentence are no longer admired. But we miss much help in our ethical teaching, and our children are deprived of part of their natural heritage, if we pass by the "wisdom literature" in which every nation has recorded its moral teaching and experience. Boys and girls like a "story with a moral." It interprets to them their own thoughts and experiences. What they do not like is moralizing; they resent a moral tacked on unexpectedly at the end of a story. Remember that each of these stories carries its own lesson which the child will be as quick as you to see.

"Wisdom literature," especially that brought us from the East, is delightfully shrewd and witty. It shows us human nature in situations which we all recognize. In speaking of the fable, Felix Adler has brought out what is the special advantage of most of these stories. "The peculiar value," he says, "of the fables is that they are instantaneous photographs, which reproduce, as it were, in a single flash of light, some one aspect of human nature, and which excluding everything else permit the entire attention to be fixed on that one." You will find as much pleasure as your children in these tales, for every one of them is a good story chosen for that reason as well as for its homely truth.

HOW THE SUN, THE MOON AND THE WIND WENT OUT TO DINNER

A HINDU TALE

ONE day the Sun, the Moon, and the Wind went out to dine with their uncle and aunt, Thunder and Lightning. Their mother (one of the most distant Stars you see far up in the sky) waited alone for her children's return.

Now both the Sun and the Wind were greedy and selfish. They enjoyed the great feast that had been prepared for them, without a thought of saving any of it to take home to their mother; but the gentle Moon did not forget her. Of every dainty dish that was brought round she saved a small portion, that the Star mother might also have a share in the treat.

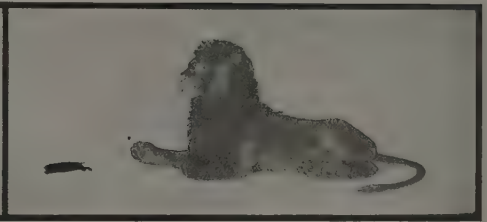
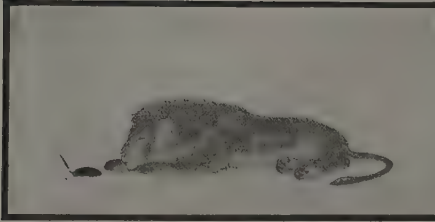
On their return, their mother, who had kept watch for them all night long with her little bright eye, said, "Well, children, what have you brought home for me?"

Then the Sun, who was eldest, said, "I have brought nothing home for you. I went out to enjoy myself with my friends, not to fetch a dinner for my mother."

And the Wind said, "Neither have I brought anything home for you, mother. You could hardly expect me to bring a collection of good things for you, when I merely went out for my own pleasure."

But the Moon said, "Mother, fetch me a plate; see what I have brought you." Then she laid on the plate such a choice dinner as never was seen before.

The mother Star turned to the Sun and spoke



THE LION LETS THE MOUSE GO FROM UNDER HIS PAW

thus: "Because you went out to amuse yourself with your friends, and feasted and enjoyed yourself without any thought of your mother at home, you shall be punished. Henceforth, your rays shall ever be hot and scorching, and shall burn all that they touch. And men shall cover their heads when you appear."

And that is why the sun is so hot in India to this day.

Then the mother Star turned to the Wind and said: "You also hear your doom. You shall always blow in the hot, dry weather, and shall parch and shrivel all living things. And men shall avoid you from this very time."

And that is why the Wind is so hot and disagreeable in India.

But to the Moon she said: "Daughter, because you remembered your mother, and kept for her a share in your own enjoyment, from henceforth you shall be ever cool and bright. And men shall always call you blessed."

And that is why the Moon's light is so soft and cool and beautiful even to this day.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

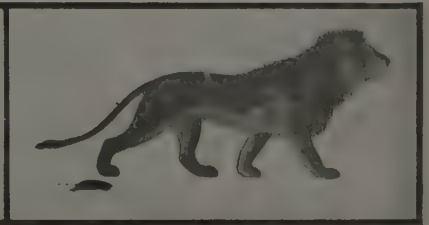
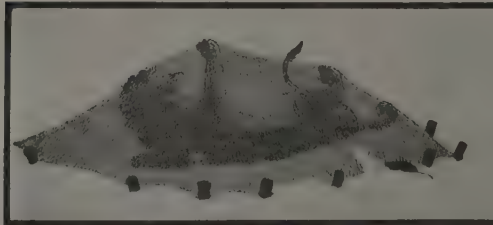
ONCE when a Lion was asleep a little Mouse began running up and down upon him; this soon wakened the Lion, who placed his

huge paw upon him, and opened his big jaws to swallow him. "Pardon, O King," cried the little Mouse; "forgive me this time, I shall never forget it: who knows but what I may be able to do you a turn some of these days?" The Lion was so tickled at the idea of the Mouse being able to help him, that he lifted up his paw and let him go. Some time after the Lion was caught in a trap, and the hunters, who desired to carry him alive to the King, tied him to a tree while they went in search of a wagon to carry him on. Just then the little Mouse happened to pass by, and, seeing the sad plight in which the Lion was, went up to him and soon gnawed away the ropes that bound the King of the Beasts. "Was I not right?" said the little Mouse.

THE NECKLACE OF TRUTH

RETOLD FROM JEAN MACE'S FRENCH STORY

ONCE there was a little girl named Coralie, who enjoyed telling falsehoods. She seemed to have no idea of the truth, but said whatever she pleased without any regard as to whether it was true or not, provided it served her purpose. Her parents tried to cure her in many



THE MOUSE SETS THE LION FREE

ways, and at last resolved to take her to the enchanter Merlin.

Merlin lived in a glass palace. Everyone could see everything that he did, and the idea had never occurred to him of trying to conceal one of his deeds, or of causing others to believe what was not true, either by speaking a falsehood or by being silent when he might have spoken. He knew liars by their odor a league off. When Coralie was coming toward the palace, he had to burn vinegar to keep himself from being ill.

Coralie's mother began to explain what was the matter with her daughter. But Merlin stopped her.

"I know why you have come, good lady," he said. "I felt your daughter's approach a long time ago. She is one of the greatest liars in the world."

Coralie was so ashamed that she hid her head under her mother's apron. Merlin spoke so severely that both father and mother were alarmed. Her father stood before her to protect her.

"Do not be afraid," said Merlin. "I am not going to hurt your little girl. I am only going to make her a beautiful present."

He opened a drawer, and took from it a beautiful amethyst necklace, with a diamond clasp to fasten it. This he put on Coralie's neck, and said: "Go in peace, good people, and have no more anxiety. Your daughter takes with her a sure guardian of truth."

To Coralie he said sternly: "In a year I shall come for my necklace. Till then you must wear it constantly. Woe be to you if you dare to take it off for a single instant!"

"Oh, I shall always wear it!" exclaimed Coralie. "I shall want to, it is so beautiful."

The day after Coralie reached home from her long journey she went to school. The little girls crowded round her, crying out in admiration at the sight of her necklace.

"Where did it come from? Where did you get it?" they asked.

"I was sick for a long time," replied Coralie. "When I got well, my father and mother gave me this necklace."

A loud cry arose on all sides. The diamonds of the clasp had become dim. They looked like common glass.

"Yes, I was very sick. What are you making such a fuss about?"

At this second falsehood the amethysts changed to ugly yellow stones. A new cry arose. Coralie saw that everyone was staring at her necklace, and looked down at it herself. She was frightened.

"I have been to the enchanter Merlin's," she said humbly; and the necklace took on its former beauty. But the children laughed at her.

"You need not laugh," cried Coralie, "for he welcomed us with all respect. He sent his carriage to the next town to meet us, such a splendid carriage, with six white horses, pink satin cushions, and a negro coachman with his hair powdered, and three tall footmen up behind. When we reached his palace, which is all of jasper and marble, he met us at the door, and took us into the dining-room. There stood a long table covered with delicious things to eat. First there was —"

Coralie stopped, for the children were shouting with laughter. She glanced down at the necklace and shuddered. With each new bit she had invented, the necklace had become longer and longer, until now it dragged on the ground.

"You are stretching the truth, Coralie," cried the girls.

"Well, I confess it; we walked, and stayed only five minutes."

The necklace shrank instantly to its proper size.

"And the necklace — the necklace — where did it come from?"

"He gave it to me without saying a word. Very likely —"

She could not finish. The fatal necklace grew shorter and shorter till it choked her, and she gasped for breath.

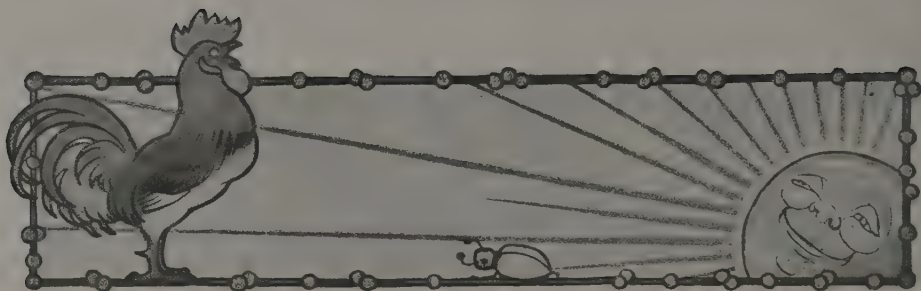
"You are holding back part of the truth," cried her playmates.

"He said — that I was — one of the greatest liars in the world."

The necklace loosened, but she still cried from pain and mortification.

"That was why Merlin gave me the necklace. He said that it was a guardian of truth. What a fool I have been to be proud of it!"

Her companions were sorry for her.



"If I were in your place," said one of them, "I should send the necklace back. Handsome as it is, it is too troublesome."

Poor Coralie did not want to speak, but the stones began to dance up and down with a terrible clatter.

"There is something you are hiding from us," said the little girls, their merriment showing itself again.

"I like to wear it."

The amethysts and diamonds danced more than ever.

"There is a reason which you are keeping from us."

"Well, since I must tell you everything — he forbade me to take it off, telling me some dreadful misfortune would come to me if I did."

Thanks to the necklace, Coralie became a truthful girl. Before long she became so accustomed to telling the truth that she thought no more about it, and the necklace stayed always its proper size and brilliance. Long before the year was up, Merlin came for the necklace. He needed it for another child who told falsehoods.

No one seems to know what has become of this wonderful necklace of Truth. But, if I were a little child in the habit of telling falsehoods, I should not feel quite sure that it might not some day be found again. Could you wear it?

WISE SAYINGS

For every ill beneath the sun
There is a cure or there is none;
If there be one, try to find it;
If there be none, never mind it.

Cock crows in the morn,
To tell us to rise,
And he who lies late
Will never be wise.
For early to bed,
And early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy
And wealthy and wise.

For want of a nail, the shoe was lost;
For want of the shoe, the horse was lost;
For want of the horse, the rider was lost;
For want of the rider, the battle was lost;



For want of the battle, the kingdom was lost;
And all from the want of a horseshoe nail.

HURRY AND SPEED

While Speed is filling the bottle, Hurry is
spilling the ink;
While Speed is solving the problem, Hurry's
beginning to think.
While Speed is hitting the bull's-eye, Hurry is
stringing his bow;
While Hurry is marching his army, Speed is
worsting his foe.
Hurry is quick at beginning, Speed is quick at
the end.
Hurry wins many a slave, but Speed wins
many a friend.

AMOS R. WELLS.

(By permission.)



THE MOUSE, THE BIRD, AND THE SAUSAGE

ONCE on a time, a mouse and a bird and a sausage lived and kept house together in perfect peace among themselves, and in great prosperity. It was the bird's business to fly to the forest every day and bring back wood. The mouse had to draw the water, make the fire, and set the table; and the sausage had to do the cooking. Nobody is content in this world: much will have more! One day the bird met another bird on the way, and told him of his excellent condition in life. But the other bird called him a poor simpleton to do so much work, while the others led easy lives at home.

When the mouse had made up her fire and drawn water, she went to rest in her little room until it was time to lay the cloth. The sausage stayed by the saucepans, looked to it that the victuals were well cooked, and just before dinner-time he stirred the broth or the stew three or four times well round himself, so as to enrich and season and flavor it. Then the bird used to come home and lay down his

load, and they sat down to table, and after a good meal they would go to bed and sleep their fill till the next morning. It really was a most satisfactory life.

But the bird came to the resolution next day never again to fetch wood; he had, he said, been their slave long enough, now they must change about and make a new arrangement. So in spite of all the mouse and the sausage could say, the bird was determined to have his own way.

They drew lots to settle it, and it fell so that the sausage was to fetch wood, the mouse was to cook, and the bird was to draw water.

Now see what happened. The sausage went away after wood, the bird made up the fire, and the mouse put on the pot, and they waited until the sausage should come home, bringing the wood for the next day. But the sausage was absent so long that they thought something must have happened to him, and the bird went part of the way to see if he could see anything of him. Not far off he met a dog on the road, who, seeing the sausage, had picked him up, and made an end of him.

The bird then very sadly took up the wood and carried it home himself, and related to the mouse all he had seen and heard. They were both very troubled, but determined to look on the bright side of things, and still to remain together.

And so the bird laid the cloth, and the mouse prepared the food, and finally got into the pot, as the sausage used to do, to stir and flavor the broth, but then she had to part with fur and skin, and lastly with life!

And when the bird came to dish up the dinner, there was no cook to be seen; and he turned over the heap of wood, and looked and looked, but the cook never appeared again. By accident the wood caught fire, and the bird hastened to fetch water to put it out, but he let fall the bucket into the well, and himself after it, and, as he could not get out again, he was obliged to be drowned.





A WIDOW had two daughters; one was pretty and industrious, the other was ugly and lazy. And, as the ugly one was her own daughter, she loved her much the best, and the pretty one was made to do all the work, and be the drudge of the house. Every day the poor girl had to sit by a well on the high-road and spin until her fingers bled. Now it happened once that, as the spindle was bloody, she dipped it into the well to wash it; but it slipped out of her hand and fell in. Then she began to cry, and ran to her step-mother, and told her of her misfortune; and her stepmother scolded her without mercy, and said in her rage:

"As you have let the spindle fall in, you must go and fetch it out again!"

Then the girl went back again to the well, not knowing what to do, and in the despair of her heart she jumped down into the well the

same way the spindle had gone. After that she knew nothing; and when she came to herself she was in a beautiful meadow, and the sun was shining on the flowers that grew around her. And she walked on through the meadow until she came to a baker's oven that was full of bread; and the bread called out to her:

"Oh, take me out, take me out, or I shall burn; I am baked enough already!"

Then she drew near, and with the baker's spade she took out all the loaves one after the other. And she went farther on till she came to a tree weighed down with apples, and it called out to her:

"Oh, shake me, shake me, we apples are all of us ripe!"

Then she shook the tree until the apples fell like rain, and she shook until there were no more to fall; and, when she had gathered them together in a heap, she went on farther. At last she came to a little house, and an old woman was peeping out of it, but she had such great teeth that the girl was terrified and about to run away, only the old woman called her back.

"What are you afraid of, my dear child? Come and live with me, and, if you do the house-work well and orderly, things shall go well with you. You must take great pains to make my bed well, and shake it up thoroughly, so that the feathers fly about, for I am Mother Hulda, and when I make my bed it snows down in the world."

As the woman spoke so kindly, the girl took courage, consented, and went to her work. She did everything to the old woman's satisfaction, and shook the bed with such a will that the feathers flew about like snowflakes; and so she led a good life, had never a cross word, but boiled and roasted meat every day. When she had lived a long time with Mother Hulda, she began to feel sad, not knowing herself what ailed her; at last she began to think she must be homesick; and, although she was a thousand times better off where she was than at home, yet she had a great longing to go home. At last she said to her mistress:

"I am homesick, and, although I am very well off here, I cannot stay any longer; I must go back to my own home."

Mother Hulda answered:



"It pleases me well that you wish to go home, and, as you have served me faithfully, I will undertake to send you there!"

She took her by the hand and led her to a large door standing open, and as she was passing through it there fell upon her a heavy shower of gold, and the gold hung all about her, so that she was covered with it.

"All this is yours, because you have been so industrious," said Mother Hulda; and, besides that, she returned to her her spindle, the very same that she had dropped in the well. And then the door was shut again, and the girl found herself back again in the world, not far from her mother's house; and as she passed through the yard the cock stood on the top of the well and cried:

"Cock-a-doodle doo!
Our golden girl has come home too!"

Then she went in to her mother, and as she had returned covered with gold she was well received.

So the girl related all her history, and what had happened to her, and when the mother heard how she came to have such great riches she began to wish that her ugly and idle daughter might have the same good fortune. So she sent her to sit by the well and spin; and in order to make her spindle bloody she put her hand into the thorn hedge. Then she threw the spindle into the well, and jumped in herself. She found herself, like her sister, in the beautiful meadow, and followed the same path, and when she came to the baker's oven, the bread cried out:

"Oh, take me out, take me out, or I shall burn; I am quite done already!"

But the lazy-bones answered,

"I have no desire to black my hands," and went on farther. Soon she came to the apple tree, who called out:

"Oh, shake me, shake me, we apples are all of us ripe!"

But she answered:

"That is all very fine; suppose one of you should fall on my head," and went on farther. When she came to Mother Hulda's house, she did not feel afraid, as she knew beforehand of her great teeth, and entered into her service at once. The first day she put her hand well to the work, and was industrious, and did everything Mother Hulda bade her, because of the gold she expected; but the second day she began to be idle, and the third day still more so, so that she would not get up in the morning. Neither did she make Mother Hulda's bed as it ought to have been made, and did not shake it for the feathers to fly about. So that Mother Hulda soon grew tired of her, and gave her warning, at which the lazy thing was well pleased, and thought that now the shower of gold was coming; so Mother Hulda led her to the door, and, as she stood in the doorway, instead of the shower of gold a great kettle full of pitch was emptied over her.

"That is the reward for your service," said Mother Hulda, and shut the door. So the lazy girl came home all covered with pitch, and the cock on the top of the well, seeing her, cried:

"Our dirty girl has come home too!
Cock-a-doodle doo!"

And the pitch remained sticking to her fast, and never, as long as she lived, could it be got off.



HOW TO GET BREAKFAST

Said the first little chick
 With a queer little squirm,
 "I wish I could find
 A fat little worm."

Said the next little chick,
 With an odd little shrug,
 "I wish I could find
 A fat little bug."

Said the third little chick,
 With a shrill little squeal,
 "I wish I could find
 Some nice yellow meal."

Said the fourth little chick,
 With a small sigh of grief,
 "I wish I could find
 A little green leaf."

"See here," called the hen,
 From the near garden patch,
 "If you want any breakfast
 Just come here and scratch."

LITTLE RAINDROPS

"O where do you come from,
 You little drops of rain,
 Pitter patter, pitter patter,
 Down the window pane?"

"Tell me, little raindrops,
 Is that the way you play —
 Pitter patter, pitter patter,
 All the stormy day?"

"Mother says that I must
 Stay all the time in here
 Until this gloomy weather
 Has changed to sunshine clear."

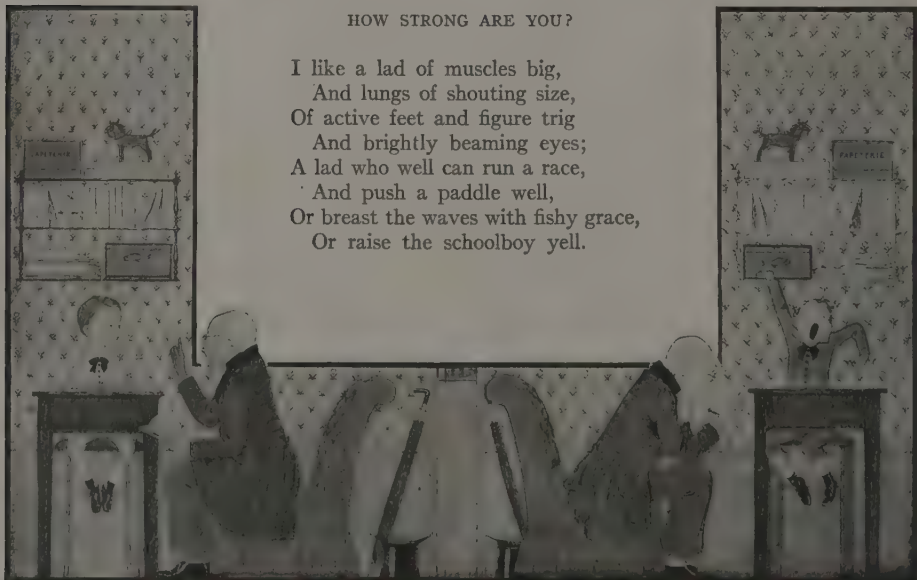
"So I 'm feeling naughty
 With nothing else to do
 But sit here at the window —
 I 'd rather play with you."

The little raindrops cannot speak;
 But pitter-patter-pat
 Means, "We can play on this side,
 Why can't you play on that?"

MRS. HAWKSHAW.

HOW STRONG ARE YOU?

I like a lad of muscles big,
 And lungs of shouting size,
 Of active feet and figure trig
 And brightly beaming eyes;
 A lad who well can run a race,
 And push a paddle well,
 Or breast the waves with fishy grace,
 Or raise the schoolboy yell.



But while he's strong for work and fun,
 I want him stronger still,—
 Yes, strong to help some weaker one,
 And strong of righteous will,
 And strong to pray, and strong to praise,
 And strong to answer No;
 And if he's strong in all these ways,
 He'll conquer every foe.

AMOS R. WELLS.
(By permission.)

ABOUT BEN ADHEM

About Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold.

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold;
 And to the presence in the room he said,
 "What writest thou?" The vision raised its
 head,
 And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answered, "The names of those who love the
 Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
 It came again, with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had
 blessed;
 And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

THE TWELVE MONTHS

FROM THE GERMAN

THERE was once a peasant woman who
 had been left a widow with two children.
 The elder, who was only her stepdaughter,
 was called Lucie. The younger, her own daughter,
 was named Sarah. The woman loved her
 own daughter, but she hated Lucie, simply
 because she was as beautiful as her half-sister

was ugly. Lucie did not know she was beautiful,
 and could not understand why her stepmother
 would get into such a fury even at sight of her.
 It was poor little Lucie who did all the work
 of the house, while Sarah lived like a princess,
 and did nothing.

Lucie worked cheerfully, and received reproaches and blows with the sweetness of an angel. But nothing pleased the stepmother, for each day added to the beauty of the elder child and the plainness of the younger.

One day, in the middle of January, Sarah had a fancy for violets.

"Come, Lucie, go get me a bouquet of violets in the woods," she said. "I will put them in my belt and enjoy their perfume."

"Dear me, sister, what an idea! Are there any violets under the snow?"

"Be quiet, stupid," replied Sarah. "Do what I tell you. If you do not go to the woods and bring me back a bunch of violets, I'll beat you black and blue."

The stepmother seized Lucie by the arm, pushed her out in the snow, and locked the door. The poor girl went to the wood weeping. Everything was covered with snow. There was not even a path. She lost her way; she was hungry; the cold made her shiver. She prayed that God would take her away from her hard life.

Suddenly she saw a gleam of light in the distance. She hurried on and soon came to the summit of a rock. There was a big fire, and around it were twelve stones, and on each stone sat a strange, motionless personage, wrapped in a great cloak and his head covered with a hood that fell over his eyes. Three of these cloaks were white as snow, three were green as the grass in the meadow, three were yellow as ripe grain, and three were purple like ripe grapes. These twelve figures who looked silently at the fire were the twelve months of the year.

Lucie recognized January by his long white beard. He held only a staff in his hand. The little girl was much frightened. She approached, saying in a timid voice, "My good sirs, let me warm myself at your fire. I am freezing."

January nodded.

"Why do you come here, my child?" said he. "What are you looking for?"



THE COOKING LESSON

"I am looking for violets," replied Lucie.

"It is not the season; there are no violets in snow time," said January in his gruff voice.

"I know that," said Lucie, "but my sister and mother will beat me if I do not bring some. My good sirs, do tell me where I shall find them."

Old January rose and addressed a young man in a green hood. He handed him his staff. "Brother March," said he, "this is your affair."

March rose in his turn and stirred the fire with the staff. Instantly the flames rose, the snow melted; red buds covered the branches of the trees. The grass grew green; flowers came up through the turf. The violets opened their leaves. It was spring.

"Quick, child, pluck your violets," said March.

Lucie made a big bouquet, thanked the twelve months, and ran home. Sarah and her mother were astonished. The perfume of the flowers filled the house.

"Where did you find these beautiful things?" asked Sarah disdainfully.

"Up there in the mountain," replied her sister. "There is a blue carpet of them under the bushes."

Sarah put the bouquet in her belt, and did not even thank Lucie.

Next day the wicked sister, dreaming by the fire, felt a desire for strawberries.

"Go get me some strawberries in the woods," said she to Lucie.

"Dear me, sister, what an idea! Are there any strawberries under the snow?"

"Be quiet, stupid. Do what I tell you. If you do not go to the woods and bring me back a basket of strawberries, I'll beat you black and blue."

Her mother seized Lucie by the arm, pushed her out into the snow, and bolted the door.

The poor girl returned to the woods, looking anxiously for the light she had seen the night before. She was fortunate enough to discover it and came at last near the fire trembling with cold. The twelve months were all in their places, motionless and silent.

"Why do you come here again?" asked January. "What do you seek?"

"I am looking for strawberries," she replied.

"But it is not the season," continued Janu-

ary in his gruff voice. "There are no strawberries under the snow."

"I know it," replied Lucie sadly, "but mother and sister will beat me if I do not bring any back. Please tell me where I can find some."

Old January rose, and, addressing a man in a yellow hood, he handed him the staff, and said, "Brother June, this concerns you."

June rose in his turn, and stirred the fire with the staff. Instantly the flames rose, the snow melted, the land was covered with green grass, the trees with leaves; the birds were singing, the flowers abloom. It was summer. Millions of tiny white stars studded the turf, then they changed to strawberries, and there were ripe berries gleaming bright in their green corols like rubies in the midst of emeralds.

"Quick, child, gather your strawberries," said June.

Lucie filled her apron with the fruit, thanked the twelve months, and ran gladly home.

"Where did you find these beautiful things?" demanded Sarah disdainfully.

"Up there on the mountain," replied her sister. "There were so many, you would think the ground was covered with blood."

Sarah and her mother ate the strawberries, and did not even say thank you to the poor child.

The third day the sister wanted red apples. The same threats, the same violence. Lucie ran to the mountain and was so fortunate as to find the twelve months once more warming themselves, motionless and silent.

"Is that you again, child?" said old January, making room for her near the fire. Lucie told him, crying, that if she did not bring back some red apples her mother and sister would beat her to death.

Good January repeated the ceremony of the day before. "Brother September," said he to a graybeard in a violet hood, "this is your affair."

September rose in his turn and stirred the fire with his staff. The flames rose, the snow melted, the trees put forth yellow leaves which fell one by one as the wind rose. It was autumn. The only flowers were a few late pansies, marguerites, immortelles. Lucie saw but one thing, an apple tree with its bright red fruit.

"Quick, child, shake the tree," said September.

She shook hard; an apple fell. She shook a second time; a second apple fell.

"Quick, Lucie, home with you," cried September sharply.

The good girl thanked the twelve months and ran gladly home.

"Red apples in January! Where did you get these two apples?" asked Sarah disdainfully.

"Up there on the mountain, there was a tree red with them."

"Why did you bring only two? You ate the others on the way."

"I, sister? I never touched them. They only let me shake the tree twice, and only two apples fell."

"I wish you were dead," screamed Sarah, and she struck poor Lucie, who ran away weeping.

The wicked girl tasted one of the apples. She had never eaten anything so delicious. Her mother was of the same opinion. What a shame not to have more!

"Mother," said Sarah, "give me my cloak. I'll go to the forest. I'll find this tree, and, whether they let me or not, I'll shake it till every apple on it is mine." Her mother made objections, but a spoiled child listens to nobody. She put on her cloak, pulled the hood well over her ears, and ran to the forest.

Everything was covered with snow. There was not even a path. She lost her way, but obstinacy and pride urged her on. At last she saw the light in the distance, and finally found the twelve months seated each in his own place, all motionless and silent. Without asking permission, she approached the fire.

"What are you doing here? What do you want? Where are you going?" said old January sharply.

"What's that to you?" replied Sarah. "You don't need to know whence I come or where I am going." And she hurried into the forest.

January rose and raised his staff above his head. In an instant the sky grew black, the fire died out, the snow fell fast, the wind howled. Sarah could no longer see before her. She lost her way, and tried in vain to retrace her steps. She fell down in the snow.

Her mother kept going from the window to the door, from door to window. The hours passed; Sarah did not return.

"I must find my child," she said. "The poor

girl must have lost her way looking for those apples." She took her cloak and hood, and ran to the mountain. Everything was covered with snow; there was not even a path. She hurried into the forest, calling her daughter's name. The snow fell, the wind howled. She called and called again. The snow fell, the wind howled.

Lucie waited during the evening and all night. No one returned. In the morning she took her wheel and spun her distaff full; still no news.

"Oh, dear," cried the good girl, weeping, "what has happened?"

The sun shone through an icy fog. The earth was covered deep in snow. Lucie said a prayer for her mother and sister. They never returned to the cottage.

Lucie remained mistress of the house, the cow, and the garden, not to mention the pretty bit of meadow in front of the house. Soon a young farmer came along and offered his heart and his hand. Lucie was soon married. The twelve months did not forget their child. More than once, when the tempest was too strong and the little glass windows rattled in their frames, good old January came and filled up all the crevices with snow, so that the cold never got inside this little home of peace.

And so Lucie lived, always good and always happy.

A WASP AND A BEE

A wasp met a bee that was just buzzing by, And he said, "Little cousin, can you tell me why

You are lov'd so much better by people, than I?

"My back shines as bright and as yellow as gold,

And my shape is most elegant too, to behold; Yet nobody likes me for that, I am told."

"Ah, cousin," the bee said, "'t is all very true, But if I had half as much mischief to do, Indeed they would love me no better than you.

"You have a fine shape and a delicate wing, They own you are handsome, but then there's one thing

They cannot put up with, and that is your sting.

"My coat is quite homely and plain, as you see,
Yet nobody ever is angry with me,
Because I'm a humble and innocent bee."

From this little story, let people beware,
Because, like the wasp, if ill-natured they are,
They will never be loved, if they're ever so fair.

SLEEPY HARRY

"I do not like to go to bed,"
Sleepy little Harry said;
"So, naughty Betty, go away,
I will not come at all, I say."

Oh, what a silly little fellow!
I should be quite ashamed to tell her;
Then, Betty, you must come and carry
This very foolish little Harry.

The little birds are better taught,
They go to roosting when they ought;
And all the ducks and fowls, you know,
They went to bed an hour ago.

The little beggar in the street,
Who wanders with his naked feet,
And has not where to lay his head,
Oh, he'd be *glad* to go to bed.

JANE TAYLOR.

TRY AGAIN

'T is a lesson you should heed,
Try again;
If at first you don't succeed,
Try again;
Then your courage should appear,
For if you will persevere,
You will conquer, never fear,
Try again.
Once or twice, though you should fail,
Try again;
If you would at last prevail,
Try again;
If we strive, 't is no disgrace
Though we do not win the race;
What should we do in that case?
Try again.

If you find your task is hard,
Try again;
Time will bring you your reward,
Try again;
All that other folk can do,
Why, with patience, may not you?
Only keep this rule in view,
Try again.

E. HICKSON.

MR. NOBODY

I know a funny little man, as quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done in every-
body's house:

There's no one ever sees his face — and yet we
all agree

That every plate we break was cracked by
Mr. Nobody.

'T is he who always tears our books and leaves
the door ajar;

He pulls the buttons off our shirts, and scatters
pins afar:

That squeaky door will always squeak, for prithee
don't you see,

We leave the oiling to be done by Mr. Nobody.

He puts damp wood upon the fire, that kettles
cannot boil;

His are the feet that bring in mud, and all the
carpets soil;

The papers always are mislaid, — who had been
last but he?

There's no one tosses things about but Mr. No-
body!

The finger-marks upon the door by none of *us*
are made;

We never leave the blinds unclosed to let the
curtains fade;

The ink *we* never spill; the boots, that lying
round we see,

Are not *our* boots: they all belong to Mr. No-
body!





PUSSY WILLOWS

DO WHAT YOU CAN

THERE was once a farmer who had a large field of corn. He harrowed and weeded it with great care, for he depended on this field for the chief support of his family. But, after he had worked hard, he saw the corn begin to wither and droop for want of rain, and he began to have fears for his crop. He felt very sad, and went over every day to look at his corn, and see if there was any hope of rain.

One day he stood looking at the sky almost in despair. Two little raindrops up in the sky saw him, and one said to the other:

"Look at that farmer. I feel sorry for him; he has taken so much pains with his field of corn, and now it is drying up. I do wish I could do him some good."

"Yes," said the other; "but you are only a little raindrop. What can you do? You can't even wet one hillock."

"Well," said the first, "to be sure, I cannot

do much, but I can cheer the farmer a little at any rate, and I am resolved to do my best. I'll try. I'll go to the field to show my good will, if I can do no more; so here I go."

The first raindrop had no sooner started for the field than the second one said:

"Well, if you are going, I believe I will go too; here I come." And down went the raindrops. One came pat on the farmer's nose, and one fell on a stalk of corn. "Dear me," said the farmer, putting his finger to his nose, "what's that? A raindrop! Where did that come from? I do believe we shall have a shower."

By this time a great many raindrops had come together to hear what their companions were talking about. When they saw them going to cheer the farmer and water the corn, one said:

"If you are going on such a good errand I'll go too"; and down he came. "And I," said another; "and I"; and so on, till a whole shower came, and the corn was watered. It grew and ripened — all because the first little raindrop determined to *do what it could*.



EASTER LILIES



"DON'T CRY OVER SPILT MILK, DEARIE"

THE BRAHMAN, THE TIGER, AND THE SIX JUDGES

ONCE upon a time, a Brahman, who was walking along the road, came upon an iron cage, in which a great Tiger had been shut up by the villagers who caught him.

As the Brahman passed by, the Tiger called out and said to him, "Brother Brahman, Brother Brahman, have pity on me, and let me out of this cage for one minute only to drink a little water, for I am dying of thirst."

The Brahman answered, "No, I will not; for if I let you out of the cage you will eat me."

"Oh, father of mercy," answered the Tiger, "in truth that I will not. I will never be so ungrateful; only let me out, that I may drink some water and return."

Then the Brahman took pity on him and opened the cage door; but no sooner had he done so than the Tiger, jumping out, said, "Now, I will eat you first and drink the water afterward."

But the Brahman said, "Only do not kill me hastily. Let me first ask the opinion of six, and, if all of them say it is fair and just that you should put me to death, then I am willing to die."

"Very well," answered the Tiger, "it shall be as you say; we will first ask the opinion of six."

So the Brahman and the Tiger walked on till they came to the Banyan tree; and the Brahman said to it, "Banyan tree, Banyan tree, hear and give judgment."

"On what must I give judgment?" asked the Banyan tree.

"This Tiger," said the Brahman, "begged me to let him out of his cage to drink a little water, and he promised not to hurt me if I did so; but now that I have let him out, he wishes to eat me. Is it just that he should do so or no?"

The Banyan tree answered: "Men often come to take shelter in the cool shade under my boughs from the scorching rays of the sun; but when they have rested, they cut and break my pretty branches and wantonly scatter my leaves. Let the Tiger eat the man, for men are an ungrateful race."

At these words the Tiger would have instantly killed the Brahman; but the Brahman said,

"Tiger, Tiger, you must not kill me yet, for you promised that we should first hear the judgment of six."

"Very well," said the Tiger, and they went on their way. After a little while they met a Camel.

"Sir Camel, Sir Camel," cried the Brahman, "hear and give judgment."

"On what shall I give judgment?" asked the Camel.

And the Brahman related how the Tiger had begged him to open the cage door, and promised not to eat him if he did so; and how he had afterwards determined to break his word, and asked if that were just or not.

The Camel replied: "When I was young and strong, and could do much work, my master took care of me and gave me good food; but now that I am old, and have lost all my strength in his service, he overloads me and starves me, and beats me without mercy. Let the Tiger eat the man, for men are an unjust and cruel race."

The Tiger would then have killed the Brahman, but the latter said, "Stop, Tiger, for we must first hear the judgment of six."

So they both went again on their way. At a little distance they found a Bullock lying by the roadside. The Brahman said to him, "Brother Bullock, Brother Bullock, hear and give judgment."

"On what must I give judgment?" asked the Bullock.

The Brahman answered: "I found this Tiger in a cage, and he prayed me to open the door and let him out to drink a little water, and promised not to kill me if I did so; but when I had let him out he resolved to put me to death. Is it fair he should do so or no?"

The Bullock said: "When I was able to work my master fed me well and tended me carefully, but now I am old he has forgotten all I did for him, and left me by the roadside to die. Let the Tiger eat the man, for men have no pity."

Three out of the six had given judgment against the Brahman, but still he did not lose all hope, and determined to ask the other three.

They next met an Eagle flying through the air, to whom the Brahman cried, "O Eagle, great Eagle, hear and give judgment."

"On what must I give judgment?" asked the Eagle.

The Brahman stated the case, but the Eagle answered: "Whenever men see me they try to shoot me; they climb the rocks and steal away my little ones. Let the Tiger eat the man, for men are the persecutors of the earth."

Then the Tiger began to roar, and said, "The judgment of all is against you, O Brahman." But the Brahman answered, "Stay yet a little longer, for two others must first be asked."

After this they saw an Alligator, and the Brahman related the matter to him, hoping for a more favorable verdict. But the Alligator said: "Whenever I put my nose out of the water men torment me and try to kill me. Let the Tiger eat the man, for as long as men live we shall have no rest."

The Brahman gave himself up as lost; but again he prayed the Tiger to have patience and let him ask the opinion of the sixth judge. Now the sixth was a Jackal. The Brahman told his story, and said to him, "Uncle Jackal, Uncle Jackal, say what is your judgment?"

The Jackal answered: "It is impossible for me to decide who is in the right and who in the wrong unless I see the exact position in which you were when the dispute began. Show me the place."

So the Brahman and the Tiger returned to the place where they first met, and the Jackal went with them. When they got there, the Jackal said, "Now, Brahman, show me exactly where you stood."

"Here," said the Brahman, standing by the iron tiger-cage.

"Exactly there, was it?" asked the Jackal.

"Exactly here," replied the Brahman.

"Where was the Tiger, then?" asked the Jackal.

"In the cage," answered the Tiger.

"How do you mean?" said the Jackal; "how were you within the cage? Which way were you looking?"

"Why, I stood so," said the Tiger, jumping into the cage, "and my head was on this side."

"Very good," said the Jackal. "But I cannot judge without understanding the whole matter exactly. Was the cage door open or shut?"

"Shut and bolted," said the Brahman.

"Then shut and bolt it," said the Jackal.

When the Brahman had done this, the Jackal said: "Oh, you wicked and ungrateful Tiger,

when the good Brahman opened your cage door, is to eat him the only return you would make? Stay there, then, for the rest of your days, for no one will ever let you out again. Proceed on your journey, friend Brahman. Your road lies that way and mine this."

So saying, the Jackal ran off in one direction, and the Brahman went rejoicing on his way in the other.

THE HARES AND THE FROGS

THE Hares were so persecuted by the other beasts, they did not know where to go. As soon as they saw a single animal approach them, off they used to run. One day they saw a troop of wild Horses stampeding about, and in quite a panic all the Hares scuttled off to a lake hard by, determined to drown themselves rather than live in such a continual state of fear. But just as they got near the bank of the lake, a troop of Frogs, frightened in their turn by the approach of the Hares, scuttled off, and jumped into the water. "Truly," said one of the Hares, "things are not so bad as they seem:

"There is always someone worse off than yourself."



THE ANT AND THE CRICKET

A silly young cricket, accustomed to sing Through the warm, sunny months of gay summer and spring, Began to complain, when he found that at home

His cupboard was empty and winter was come.

Not a crumb to be found

On the snow-covered ground;

Not a flower could he see,
Not a leaf on a tree.

"Oh, what will become," says the cricket, "of me?"

At last by starvation and famine made bold,
All dripping with wet and all trembling with cold,

Away he set off to a miserly ant
To see if, to keep him alive, he would grant
Him shelter from rain.

A mouthful of grain
He wished only to borrow,
He'd repay it to-morrow;

If not helped, he must die of starvation and sorrow.

Says the ant to the cricket: "I'm your servant and friend,

But we ants never borrow, we ants never lend.
Pray, tell me, dear sir, did you lay nothing by
When the weather was warm?" Said the cricket, "Not I.

My heart was so light
That I sang day and night,
For all nature looked gay."

"You sang, sir, you say?"

Go then," said the ant, "and sing winter away."

Thus ending, he hastily lifted the wicket
And out of the door turned the poor little cricket.
Though this is a fable, the moral is good —
If you live without work, you must live without food.



THE CAT AND MOUSE IN PARTNERSHIP

A CAT, having made acquaintance with a mouse, professed such great love and friendship for her, that the mouse at last agreed that they should live and keep house together.

"We must make provision for the winter," said the cat, "or we shall suffer hunger, and you, little mouse, must not stir out, or you will be caught in a trap."

So they took counsel together and bought a little pot of fat. And then they could not tell where to put it for safety, but after long consideration the cat said there could not be a better place than the church, for nobody would steal there; and they would put it under the altar and not touch it until they were really in want. So this was done, and the little pot placed in safety.

But before long the cat was seized with a great wish to taste it.

"Listen to me, little mouse," said he; "I have been asked by my cousin to stand godfather to a little son she has brought into the world; he is white with brown spots; and they want to have the christening to-day, so let me go to it, and you stay at home and keep house."

"Oh, yes, certainly," answered the mouse; "pray go, by all means; and when you are feasting on all the good things, think of me; I should so like a drop of the sweet red wine."

But there was not a word of truth in all this; the cat had no cousin, and had not been asked to stand godfather; he went to the church, straight up to the little pot, and licked the fat off the top; then he took a walk over the roofs of the town, saw his acquaintances, stretched himself in the sun, and licked his whiskers as often as he thought of the little pot of fat; and then when it was evening he went home.

"Here you are at last," said the mouse; "I expect you have had a merry time."

"Oh, pretty well," answered the cat.

"And what name did you give the child?" asked the mouse.

"Top-off," answered the cat, dryly.

"Top-off!" cried the mouse; "that is a singular and wonderful name; is it common in your family?"

"What does it matter?" said the cat; "it's not any worse than Crumb-picker, like your god-child."

A little time after this the cat was again seized with a longing.

"Again I must ask you," said he to the mouse, "to do me a favor and keep house alone for a day. I have been asked a second time to stand

godfather; and, as the little one has a white ring round its neck, I cannot well refuse."

So the kind little mouse consented, and the cat crept along by the town wall until he reached the church, and going straight to the little pot of fat devoured half of it.

"Nothing tastes so well as what one keeps to oneself," said he, feeling quite content with his day's work. When he reached home, the mouse asked what name had been given to the child.

"Half-gone," answered the cat.

"Half-gone!" cried the mouse; "I never heard such a name in my life! I'll bet it's not to be found in the calendar."

Soon after that the cat's mouth began to water again for the fat.

"Good things always come in threes," said he to the mouse; "again I have been asked to stand godfather; the little one is quite black, with white feet, and not any white hair on its body; such a thing does not happen every day, so you will let me go, won't you?"

"Top-off, Half-gone," murmured the mouse, "they are such curious names, I cannot but wonder at them!"

"That's because you are always sitting at home," said the cat, "in your little gray frock and hairy tail, never seeing the world, and fancying all sorts of things."

So the little mouse cleaned up the house and set it all in order. Meanwhile the greedy cat went and made an end of the little pot of fat.

"Now all is finished one's mind will be easy," said he, and came home in the evening, quite sleek and comfortable. The mouse asked what name had been given to the third child.

"It won't please you any better than the others," answered the cat. "It is called All-gone."

"All-gone!" cried the mouse. "What an unheard-of name! I never met with anything like it! All-gone! whatever can it mean?"

When the winter had come and there was nothing more to be had out-of-doors, the mouse began to think of their store.

"Come, cat," said she, "we will fetch our pot of fat; how good it will taste, to be sure!"

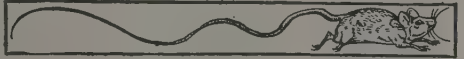
"Of course it will," said the cat; "just as good as if you stuck your tongue out a window!"

So they set out. When they reached the place they found the pot, but it was standing empty.

"Oh, now I know what it all meant," cried the mouse; "now I see what sort of a partner you have been! Instead of standing godfather you have devoured it all up; first Top-off, then Half-gone, then —"

"Will you hold your tongue!" screamed the cat; "another word, and I devour you too!"

And the poor little mouse, having "All-gone" on her tongue, out it came, and the cat leaped upon her and made an end of her. And that is the way of the world.



THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

THE Hare was once boasting of his speed before the other animals. "I have never yet been beaten," said he, "when I put forth my full speed. I challenge anyone here to race with me."

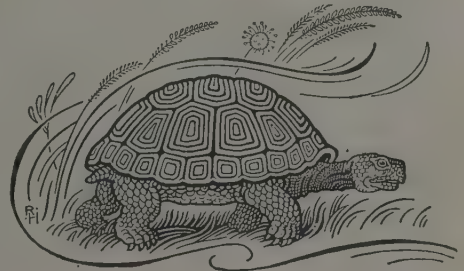
The Tortoise said: "I accept your challenge."

"That is a good joke," said the Hare; "I could dance round you all the way."

"Keep your boasting till you've beaten," answered the Tortoise. "Shall we race?"

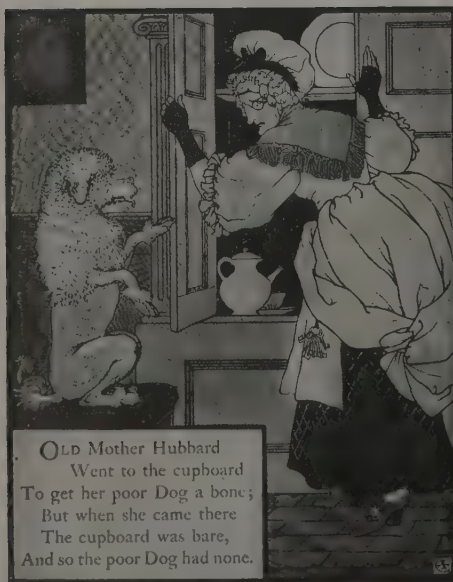
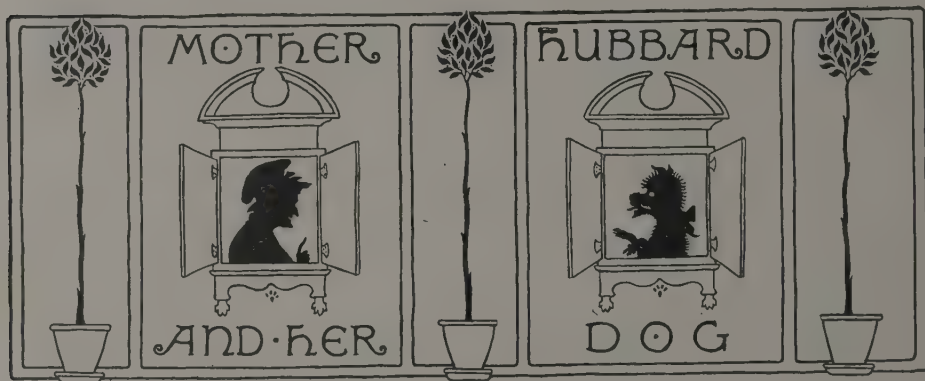
So a course was fixed and a start was made. The Hare darted almost out of sight at once, but soon stopped and, to show his contempt for the Tortoise, lay down to have a nap. The Tortoise plodded on and plodded on, and, when the Hare awoke from his nap, he saw the Tortoise just near the winning-post and could not run up in time to save the race. Then said the Tortoise:

"Plodding wins the race."



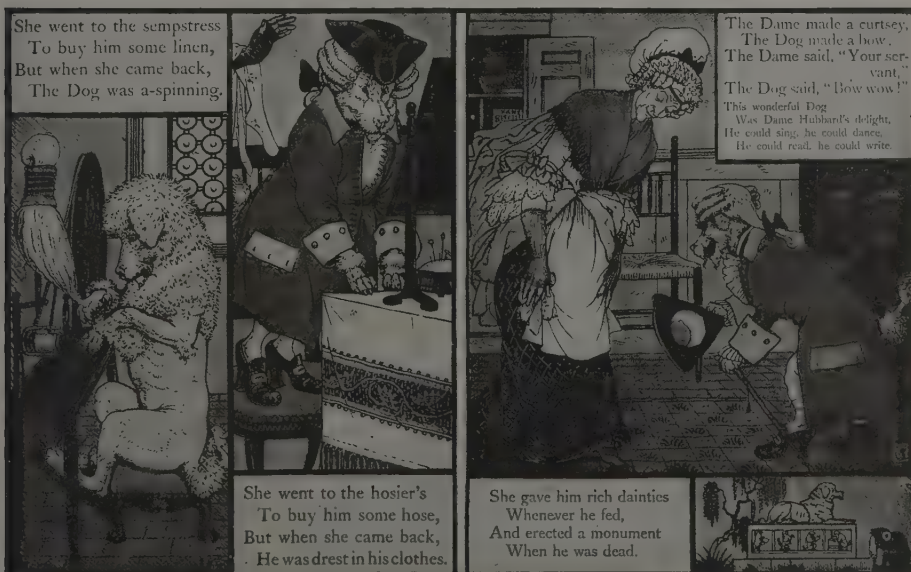
MORE STORIES TOLD BY PICTURES

FROM OLD MOTHER HUBBARD, THE ANCIENT AND IMMORTAL NURSERY
 RHYME, TO THE MODERN TEDDY BEAR AND AÉROPLANE —
 A REMARKABLE SERIES OF ADVENTURES



She went to the baker's
 To buy him some bread,
 But when she came back,
 The poor Dog was dead.





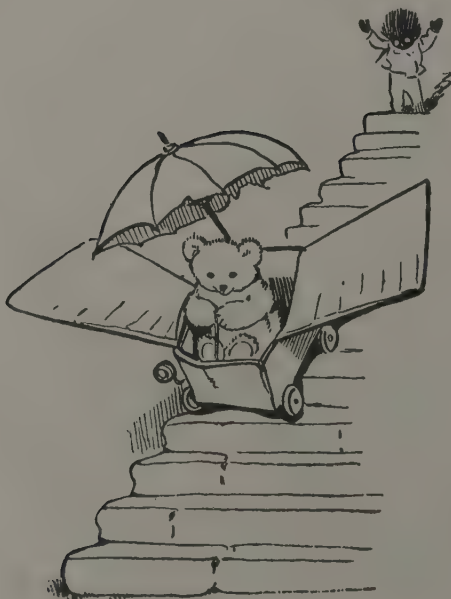
A TEDDY BEAROPLANE STORY IN PICTURES



TEDDY BEAR AND GOLLY READ THE FLY BOOK, AND DECIDE TO LEARN TO FLY



BETTER LUCK THIS TIME



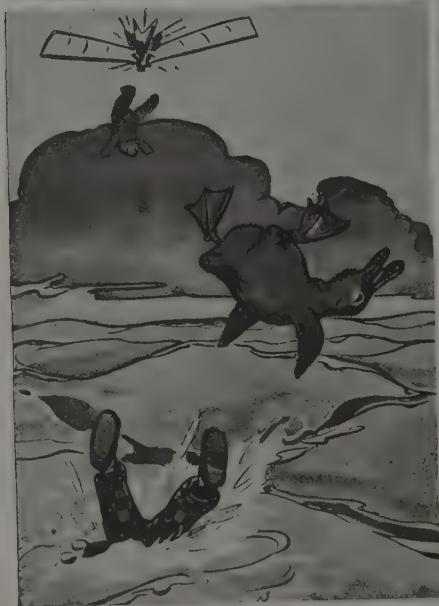
FOR THEIR FIRST ATTEMPT, LUCKILY, THERE ARE STAIRS AND THE BOX IS ON WHEELS



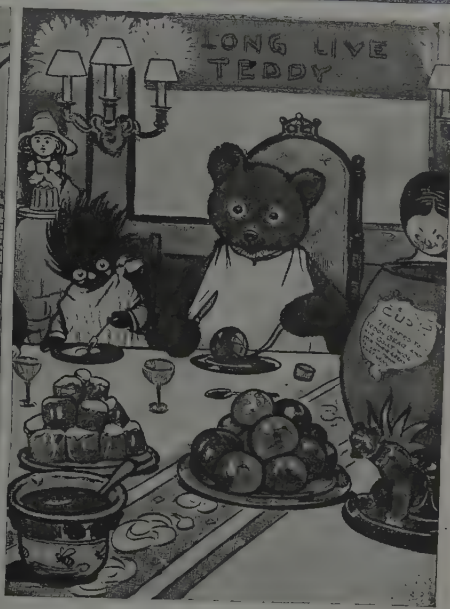
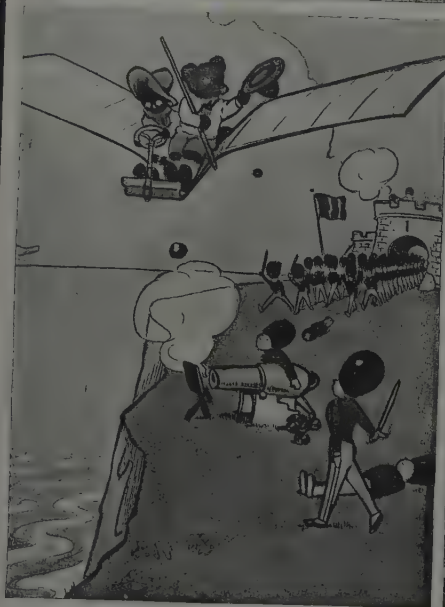
A TRIP WITH GOLLY ENDS ALMOST BEFORE IT STARTS, WHEN THE BEAROPLANE STRIKES A TREE



TEDDY BEAR AND GOLLY GO TO THE AÉROPLANE SHOW; THEY SET TO WORK, CAT AND DUCK ADVISING; THE BEAR-OPLANE BURSTS; THE DUCK GIVES A LESSON IN FLYING



THEY TRY AGAIN; REALLY OFF THIS TIME; THEY BREAK DOWN IN MID-OCEAN; DUCK CARRIES THEM ASHORE, WHERE
BUNNY TELLS THEM THE SOLDIERS HAVE THEIR MACHINE



THEY STORM THE FORT WITHOUT SUCCESS; ANOTHER ATTEMPT, DISGUISED AS BOY SCOUTS; THIS TIME THEY SUCCEED AND FLY GAILY OFF; TEDDY BEAR AND GOLLY ARE GIVEN A BANQUET AND A SILVER CUP

THREE MORE SNAPSHOTS OF THESE THRILLING ADVENTURES, BEFORE WE LEAVE TEDDY BEAR AND GOLLY



THE DUCK CARRYING GOLLY AND TEDDY BEAR ASHORE
AFTER THEIR FALL INTO THE WATER

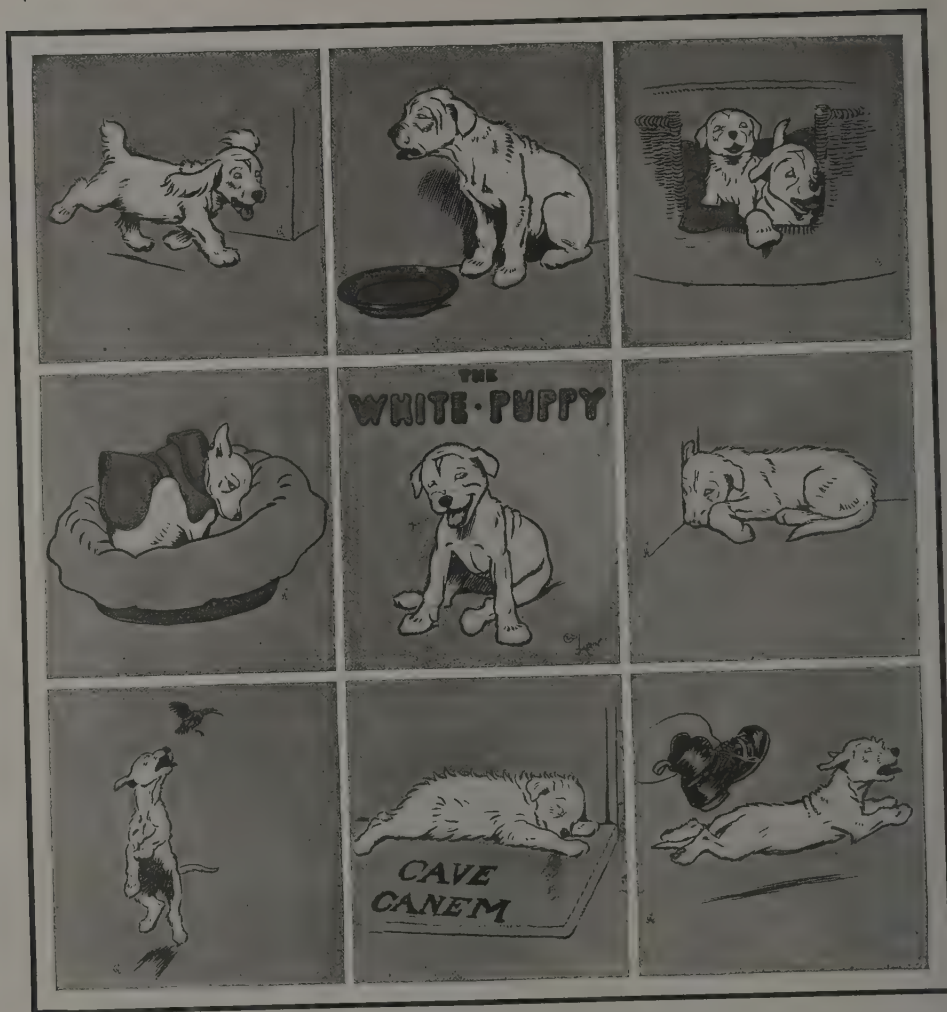


A HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT BETWEEN TEDDY BEAR AND
A SOLDIER; GOLLY TO THE RESCUE



A SECOND TRIP OVER THE ISLAND





THE WHITE PUPPY starts the day in a gay mood. His breakfast does not please him, and he tries by looking cross to make Cook give him more, which he does not do. Then he starts for a walk. He calls on the pups next door. They are ready for anything, but cannot go out of the yard. He plays with them awhile, and then goes to see Pet who lives two doors away. Pet is too comfortable to move. The White Puppy goes home, feeling full of mis-

chief. He sees a mutton bone on the kitchen table and takes it. Now he has a good meal and is happy as can be. He sits up smiling till he hears his master's step. When his master walks by, he pretends to be asleep. A sparrow flies near and he tries in vain to catch him. Then he goes to sleep in good earnest, but is rudely wakened, for Cook has missed the mutton bone and comes hunting for him.



TELL the story yourself this time, but remember that the pictures go crosswise on the page. Begin with the one in the left-hand upper corner. The White Puppy is feeling happy, is he not? But the kittens are feeling happy, too. What is going to happen? And what does happen in the picture in the lower right-hand corner? Whose milk is the White Puppy drinking in the other picture on the top row? Something will happen there in a moment. And what

do you suppose he had been doing when the little round picture in the center was taken? Was it after he stole the mutton bone? Did he perhaps come back a long time after the boot had been thrown? He would look like this, would he not? And is he visiting his family in the picture at the bottom? What a basketful of puppies it is! You will just have to guess, for his master did not mark these pictures when he sent them to us.

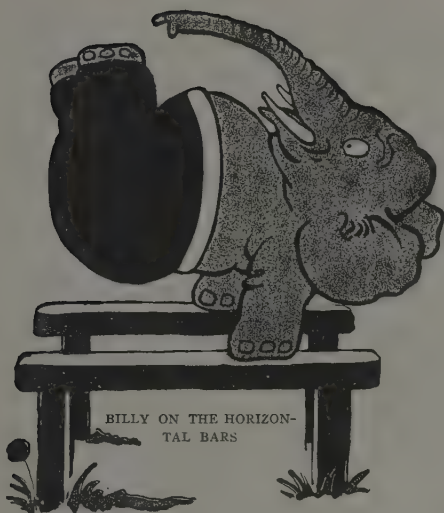


AT THE DESERT SCHOOL

BILLY'S EXPERIENCES

BILLY was an elephant who lived in the jungle. His father and mother decided to send him to the Desert School. He did not want to go, but when he got there he had a very good time. Mr. Monkey was the teacher. In

the front row sat the leopard, the giraffe, who fascinated Billy from the first, the rhinoceros, the baboon, the cinnamon bear, Billy, and the panther. Behind them sat the peccary, the gnu with wavy horns, the hippopotamus, the goose, and the cockatoo. And there was another row behind.

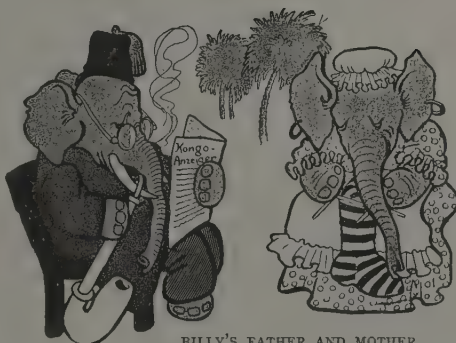


BILLY ON THE HORIZONTAL BARS



THE HIPPOPOTAMUS

Billy and the hippopotamus and the rhinoceros decided to form an athletic club. They practiced all sorts of exercises — running, jumping over bars, standing on their heads, and so forth. One day they delighted all the animals by making a pyramid.



BILLY'S FATHER AND MOTHER

One of the animals who saw them make this pyramid was the beautiful giraffe. All the three performers fell in love with her. The rhinoceros sent her a love letter. The hippopotamus mailed his photograph. But Billy



THE RHINOCEROS

waited until it was night, and then went and trumpeted a serenade under her window. This charmed the giraffe so greatly that she fell in love with him and consented to marry him. And in the last picture on the next page you see the bride and groom as they appeared at the wedding.



THE PYRAMID



THE RHINOCEROS SENT HER A LOVE LETTER, BUT BILLY
SERENADED HER



THE WEDDING

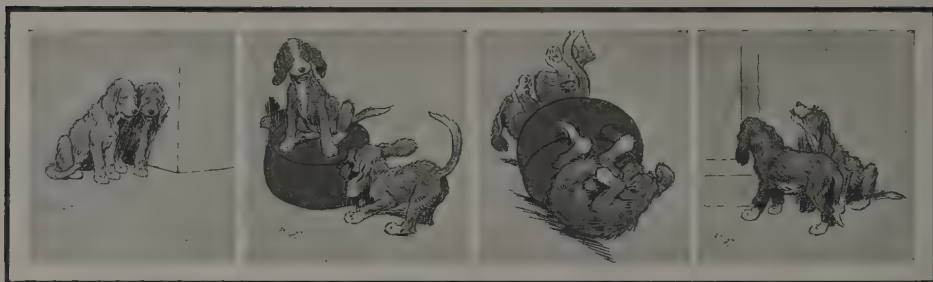
Driving out to see the fair
In their go-cart rich and rare,
Mister Bunny and his wife
Gaily make the most of life.
William Goat looks proud & feels
The dignity of bright blue
wheels.



MR. BUNNY AND HIS WIFE IN THEIR GO-CART



THE TENNIS MATCH: ARRIVING; A MISFIT AND AN ACCIDENT; THE GREAT PLAY



THE TWINS

SHARING A FOOTSTOOL

OVER THEY GO

DRIVEN OUT IN DISGRACE

THE TWINS

CECIL ALDIN tells the story. No! Snip tells it, for it is Snip who minds being a twin. Two's company, they say, but Snip remarks that it depends entirely upon the two.

The people in the house only allow them one footstool, you see. But no Snip, worthy the name, would share the footstool with a Snap. So that makes trouble at once.

They make so much noise that they are driven into the kitchen. But Cook does not want them out there. So they are sent out-of-doors in disgrace, all because they are twins. It is a great mistake, says Snip, to be a twin. Never be one if you can help it.

They go hunting to forget their troubles. And sure enough there is a real live Bunny-rabbit, all waiting ready for them. They start

for it, creeping closer and closer. But Snap barks and gets ahead. Whoop! it is gone. I told you so, says Snip. They follow fast, but just as Snip is on the Bunny—at least, so he says—Snap trips him up, and they roll over and over while the Bunny disappears into a hole. Oh! why, says Snip, was I ever born a twin?

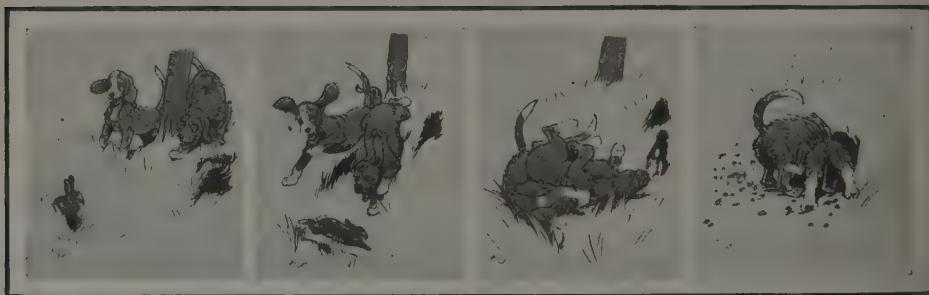
They follow Bunny into the hole. But it turns out to be a tunnel and goes through the bank. All this trouble for nothing. But they go through and come out the other side.

Here is water—beautiful, cool, wet water. What a joyful sight!

Splish-wish-whoof-splutter!

Help! help! help!

It was Snip who was in trouble. He called and called to Snap to give him his paw or to let him take hold of his tail to pull himself out. But Snap sat whining on the bank. So Snip



GOING HUNTING

THERE BUNNY GOES

THEY TRIP EACH OTHER UP

INTO THE HOLE AFTER BUNNY



OUT AGAIN, AND NOW FOR A DRINK

HELP! HELP!

HE RESCUES HIMSELF

"WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING AT?"

had to rescue himself, which did not please him at all. And when he got out, Snap stopped his crying and began to laugh. That was too much for Snip. There was nothing funny about it. Snap was dry and he was wet. They were a bit more different than usual, that was all.

But Snap kept on laughing. The more he looked, the more he laughed. That was too much for anyone, twin or no twin, to stand. So Snip gave Snap a good shower bath, and before long Snap was as wet as he. Now Snip felt decidedly better.

They had some more adventures before they got home, and were feeling in a very frisky mood when they entered the yard and saw the clothesline. Snap made for it, and Snip was not going to let him have all the fun. Besides, Snip had had no notion things could tear down so easily. This was a

really ripping game. And the shirts, or whatever they were, made beautiful towels to roll on and dry themselves off with. It was great fun.

Then Snip suggested that they have a tug of war. He should take the sleeve-end, and Snap could have the tail-end. If the tail came off, Snap would lose. If the sleeve came off, Snip won. It was a beautiful game.

But — here came Louisa! Cross as two sticks, too!

That ended it all.

They were miserable prisoners. Shut up in the nursery. Not a thing to do — nothing to pull to bits. Even the hearth-rug was



taken away.

And all Snap's fault. Of course you see that. Take my advice, says Snip, though unluckily it is too late for me now to take it. It is a terrible mistake to be a twin.



THE CLOTHESLINE

DRYING OFF AFTER THE BATH

A TUG OF WAR

KEPT IN



Copyright, Underwood & Underwood

THE FIRST OCEAN BATH



OUTDOOR EXERCISE WHICH IS PLAY

OUR WONDERFUL BODIES

A MOTHER'S STORY OF EVERYDAY HAPPENINGS

AS we grow older we come to take our physical life for granted, and ignore the marvellous workings of our bodily machines unless they are out of order. Children are interested in all that concerns their bodily life. Since they must be trained to take certain precautions and to adopt certain habits, it is well to make this natural interest the occasion for explaining certain simple processes. In retelling this story the mother will make additions and explanations. She will not tell it all at once, or explain it fully the first time. But eating, breathing, exercising, bathing, and the five senses will have had a sufficient story. From these, particular information as to care of the teeth, germs, etc., and the real physiology of bones, muscles, nerves, and organs will be a natural sequence. These are treated in Volume X, pages 309-312.

WHY DO WE GET HUNGRY?

When we are hungry, what do we do? We eat; that is, we give the body food. Hunger

is the call of the body for food, and the body needs food because it is a machine which must be kept going. An automobile will stop if the gasoline gives out. Its engine needs gasoline to make it go. The fire in the furnace or in the kitchen stove will go out unless we feed it coal. So the machinery of the body could not run long unless we gave it food.

WHY DOES THE BODY NEED FOOD?

Your body needs food because it is made to move and grow. Without food it could do neither. A stone does not need anything to eat. It could not take care of it. It is a lifeless body. But every living thing needs food to live on. Your cat and dog need food, just as you do. They and you belong to what is called the animal kingdom. We and they and all living moving creatures are animals.

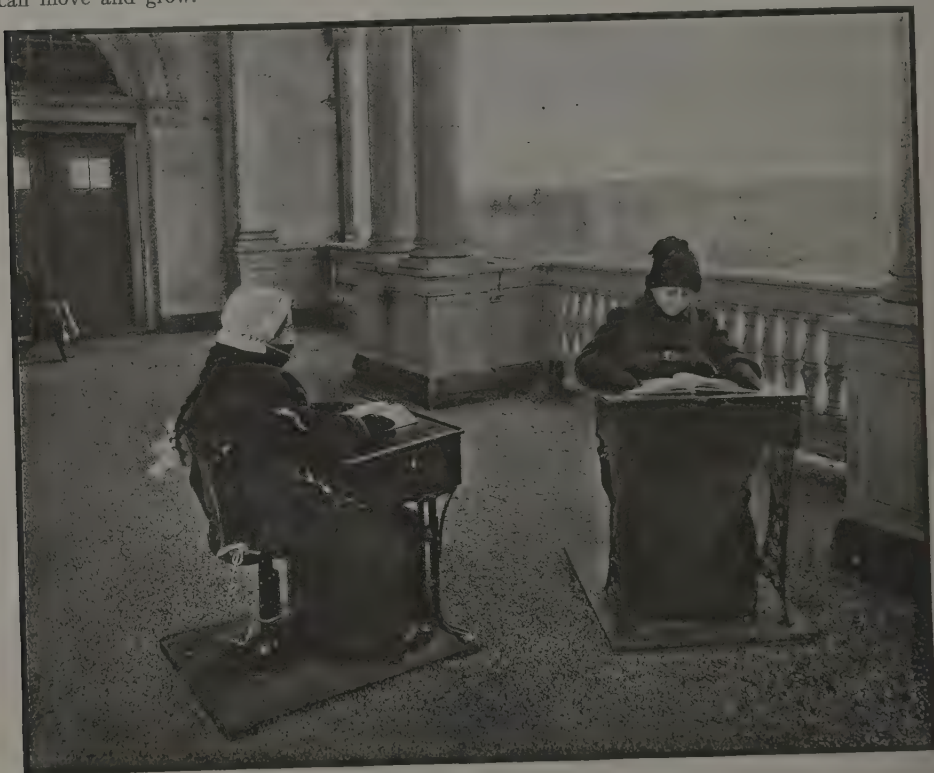
But there are other kinds of life which are not animal. What besides animals have life and grow? Trees and plants and flowers and grass. They all belong to the vegetable king-

dom. But do they eat food, you ask? Yes, only they do not eat it as animals do. They take it in through their roots and leaves, getting it from the air and the earth. They grow, but they are fastened in one place and cannot run about as we animals do. So remember that because your body is that of an animal it can move and grow.

into it from the lining of the tube. One of these mixes with it in the mouth. We call it the saliva, the thin watery fluid that is inside our mouths.

YOUR PART

All you have to do to your food is to chew it and swallow it. Before the body can make



AN OUT-OF-DOOR SCHOOL

WHAT YOUR BODY DOES WITH FOOD

You take in food through the mouth. The mouth is at one end of a long tube that runs through your body. This tube is not of the same size all the way. In some places it is very small, in others it swells out in a pouch or bag, like the stomach. As the food passes through this long tube, which winds and turns, many things happen to it. Liquids are poured

any use of what you eat, the food must be in liquid form. So at every place along its long road through the body it becomes more liquid. You start this by chewing it, and you must do your part well or else the other parts will have to do more than their share, or the pieces may be so big that they will stick in your throat.

Back of your mouth is a cone-shaped box (called the pharynx) with seven openings. Two of these, at the top, lead to the nose, one at

each side opens to the ears, one at the bottom to the lungs, and another to the stomach. You will hear of these again, but the one you are interested in now goes to the stomach. At the front the pharynx is open toward the mouth.

Your food, carefully chewed and wet with saliva, slips from your mouth into this box, and down the stomach tube. Sometimes the lid on the tube to the lungs does not shut quickly enough, and a crumb gets into it. Then we cough violently till we get it out of this tube or windpipe. But this lid is closed by your swallowing. When you have chewed the food, the tongue pushes it back into the pharynx. You swallow; the lid is closed over the windpipe. The food slips over it on its way to the stomach.

AS IT GOES THROUGH THE BODY

The story of all the things that happen to the food as it goes through the body is long and hard to remember. You will read it when you are older. It becomes more and more liquid and has many juices poured on it. The important thing is how it gets into the body, for while

it is in the tube it is not really helping the body to grow or move or live. Inside the tube are thousands of tiny cells which take up what the body needs while the food is passing through. They give it to the blood which is flowing through every part of the body. When it is in the blood it is able to do its work, for the blood carries it to every hungry section of the body.

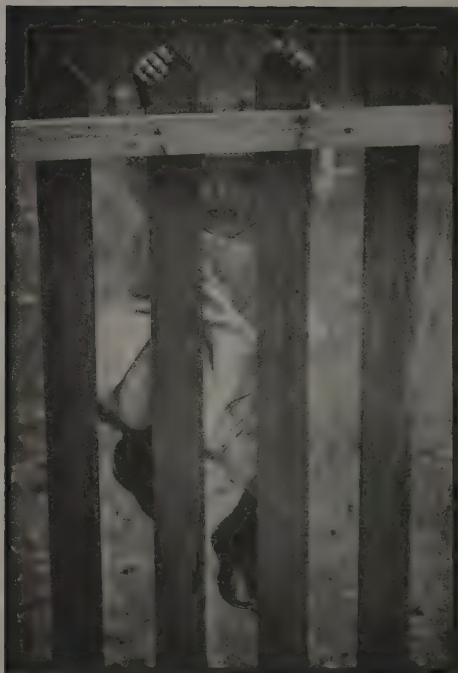
WHAT THE BODY IS MADE OF

If you were asked what your bodies are made of, what would you say? Perhaps you would think of bones first, and say it was partly made of bones. Then there is skin, and muscle, and soft flesh, and there are finger nails, and teeth, and hair. You know there must be blood underneath, for if you prick the skin a drop of blood comes. So you would end by saying that the body was made of a great many things, and you would be right.

All these substances that go to make up bone and flesh and blood and nail are alike in one way. They are all made up of tiny cells, bodies so small that they can be seen only through a microscope, and each cell is alive. Each cell



A NEIGHBORHOOD SANDPILE



Copyright, Underwood & Underwood

"I'M COMING"

has a center and a soft part round it and a wall; each has its own work to do, and each needs food. So the safest and best answer to the question as to what the body is made of would be that it is made, as are all living things, whether plants or animals, of millions of tiny cells, all living together and working together.

THE TRAVELER OF THE BODY

Most parts of our bodies stay still. The cells that make the muscles of the arm are fastened there and cannot go running off to the leg. But the body has one great traveler, the blood. Every cell needs food. If it cannot go and get it, the food must be brought, and this is the business of the blood. The blood receives all that it can use of food and carries it to every cell in the body. If a single cell did not get fresh food from the blood, it would die.

The blood has another business to attend to

on its travels. In using its food the cell always has some waste left. This the blood can carry away and so keep the cells healthy.

WHAT KEEPS THE BLOOD GOING?

Almost everyone knows the answer to that question. The heart is the pump that keeps the blood moving all the time through the veins and arteries and tiny hairlike tubes called capillaries, which are right under the skin. This faithful pump beats day and night, keeping the blood moving. When the doctor puts his hand on your wrist to take your pulse, he is counting to find out how fast it is beating.

WHY WE BREATHE

Food alone will not keep us alive. We must eat, but we must also breathe. Man and all animals must live in the air, and must take it into their bodies every minute. You can eat enough to last you several hours, but you cannot stop breathing for a single instant. Air is partly made of a gas called oxygen, and we cannot live without constantly breathing it in.

HOW WE BREATHE

If you could look into your chest you would see two lungs, one on the right and one on the left. They are made of a soft spongy substance. When you fill them with air they swell and get very much larger. Air is breathed in naturally through the nose. It is a very bad plan to breathe through the mouth. The nostrils are made to act as strainers to the air, keeping bits of dust from getting into the lungs. They have also a lining of blood vessels that warm the air before it reaches the lungs.

After the air has gone through the nostrils it passes into the pharynx, the box with seven openings back of the mouth and nose, and then past the lid into the windpipe, which we open by breathing. Right at the top of the windpipe is the larynx, which is the voice-box of the body. The vocal cords, as they are called, are stretched across it, and the air is forced through them when we wish to speak and draw them close together. As it vibrates on these cords, sounds are made. Below the windpipe are the bronchial tubes, which lead to the lungs.

When you are hoarse from a cold, or have a cough, it is because the cells that line these tubes or the pharynx are inflamed.

WHAT THE LUNGS DO

As the blood travels through the body, it gives up its food to the cells and picks



WHEN THE DOLL DOCTOR COMES



THE FUN OF WINTER IN THE COUNTRY

up their waste. But it would never do to start all this waste traveling through the body again. The heart sends it to the lungs. We breathe in air. The blood passing through the lungs takes up oxygen, which is part of its food, and leaves behind the waste it has picked up, which is breathed out of the body into the air again.

WHAT WE CAN DO FOR OUR BODIES

Now we see how careful we must be to give our bodies good air and good food. We must give them the food they need, so that the cells can do their work. The body is always needing new material. Children must have it to grow. When we run or play or work hard, we are using up cells which must have new food. Every time we breathe we are carrying off waste, and this must be renewed. In many ways the body is losing each day, and food will make good this loss.

We must breathe pure, fresh air, which will have the oxygen the blood needs. Bad air, air which has been breathed out from the lungs, will not have this oxygen. So we keep our windows open at night, even if it is very cold, and air our rooms often in the daytime to be sure the air we are sending into our lungs is fresh and life-giving.

We can also keep the blood traveling fast, keep up a good circulation, as the books say, by taking exercise. When you run or jump or play ball, you are keeping the blood flowing to all parts of the body. The cells are wearing out. They will need more food. The blood has been sent to every place, and every place sends back a message, "I am hungry; more food, please." And all you know about it is that you are hungry and have a good appetite. But if you were not hungry and did not want to eat, it would show you must do something for your body to make it more healthy.

We must take deep breaths, too, that fill the lungs, for they will take in a great deal of oxygen and give out waste that we want to get rid of.

HOW THE BODY IS KEPT WARM

The warmth of the body is harder to explain; but it too comes from the food we eat and the

oxygen we breathe. They meet and become one, and in becoming one they give out heat, just as coal burns when a draft of air brings it oxygen. There is no flame inside the body, but the food is slowly used up, and heat is given out that keeps our bodies warm. When we exercise and make our muscles work, the food is burned up faster, and more heat is made. If you are cold on a winter day, you can get warm by running fast and making heat inside yourself.

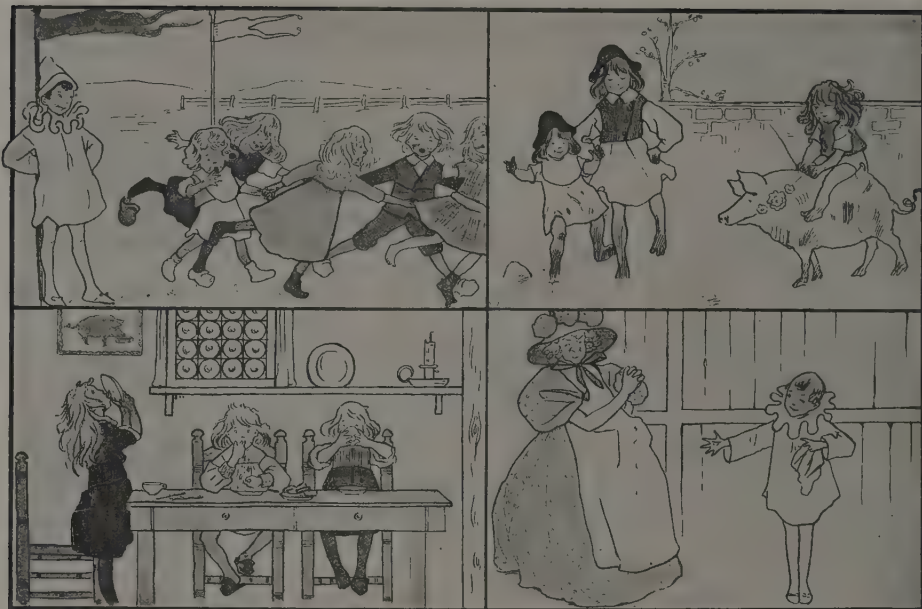
WHEN YOU PERSPIRE

It is easy to make heat by exercising, but how can we get rid of it when the body gets too hot? The skin has a wise plan for that. Air is nearly always cooler than the body, and keeps the body cool. But when the day is hot, or we run very fast, the body is heated faster than air can cool it. Then perspiration begins to pour out all over the skin. When the sweat gets to the air, it begins to dry. Air can take up water. But to take it up, that is, to turn it into a gas, it must have heat. This heat it takes from your warm body, and you are cooler. When you fan your face you are making the sweat dry faster, and so the air is taking heat from your body faster.

WHY MUST YOU BATHE?

When you are hot and are throwing off perspiration, you are only doing faster what the skin is doing all the time. The skin is a thin covering stretched over the body. Its surface is full of little openings called pores. Through them the skin throws off waste. Every pore of your body is perspiring all the time, giving out water, and with that water comes waste. You bathe to help the skin to carry off all this matter, and also for the sake of being clean. If you let the waste stay it will choke up the pores; if you let dust and dirt cover the pores, they cannot do their work. The clothes which are next to the skin take much of this waste, and so soil quickly.

And now for a story of Clean Peter and the way he taught children to bathe. Are you like Clean Peter or the children of Grubbylea? Read the verses and decide for yourself.



ARE ALL AS BLACK AS BLACK CAN BE
LICK THE DISHES ONE BY ONE

IN POOLS OF MUD THEY GAYLY PRANCE
TO GRANNY SPONGE'S HOUSE HE GOES

CLEAN PETER AND THE CHILDREN OF GRUBBYLEA

THE children out in Grubbylea
Are all as black as black can be;
In pools of mud they gayly prance,
And never wash by any chance.

At dinner-time they think it fun
To lick the dishes one by one;
And in the picture you will see
What little pigs they are at tea.

Clean Peter comes and says, "Oh, dear!
We want some soap and water here."
He goes to bed and in the night
He finds a way to put things right.

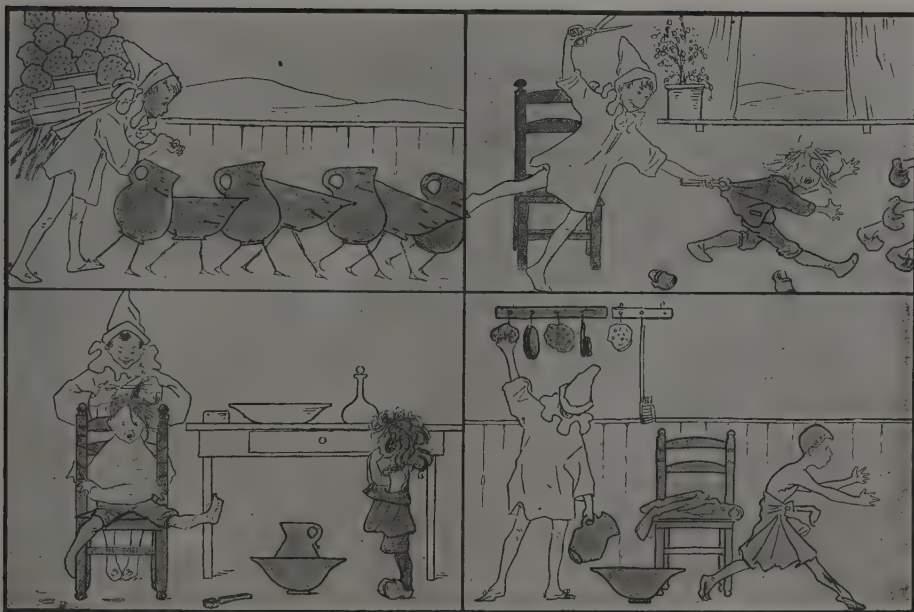
To Granny Sponge's house he goes
And makes the prettiest speech he knows:
"Oh, Granny dear, I beg and pray
That you will give me help to-day,

There's not a sponge in Grubbylea,
So let me take some back with me."

Next to the sturdy man of cans
Peter, in haste, unfolds his plans.
"Oh, Can Papa, you will agree,
That children must not dirty be;
Your jugs and basins large and green
Are quite the best I've ever seen."

Then Peter later in the day
Seeks out the soapman deaf and gray.
He shouts, "Oh, dear Papa, I hope
You mean to give me all your soap;
In Grubbylea I'll undertake
To find a child for every cake."

The Brush Papa is just the man
To make a bargain if he can;



BASINS AND JUGS TOGETHER WALK
AND THEN BEGINS TO CUT HIS HAIR

THE BOY HE SEIZES SCREAMS WITH FRIGHT
TOMMY'S OFF IN HALF A CRACK

But Peter is a boy of sense,
Who does not haggle over pence.
Brushes he buys of stiffest make
And combs that nobody could break.

Bending beneath his treasured load,
Peter now takes the homeward road,
While on in front in friendly talk
Basins and jugs together walk.

Then Peter in a corner stands,
A pair of pincers in his hands.
The boy he seizes screams with fright;
But Peter holds him firm and tight;
The other children wild with fear
Take to their heels and disappear.

Peter ties Tommy to a chair
And then begins to cut his hair:
While Tommy howls to see his locks
Fall down upon the ground in shocks.

Now Peter thinks, "Oh, what a treat
For Tommy to be clean and neat!
I'll get a nice new sponge for him,
And fill the basin to the brim."

Peter no sooner turns his back
Than Tommy's off in half a crack,
The rascal at the very sight
Of water runs with all his might.

But what Clean Peter's once begun
He never leaves until it's done.
So Tommy's caught and cannot go
Until he's washed from top to toe;
And soon he looks so pink and white,
He fairly glistens in the light.

Next Peter finds three naughty brats
Whose little heads are rough as mats.
Although they turn and twist about,
He firmly combs the tangles out.
And when their hair is smooth and neat
They all go proudly down the street.



HE FAIRLY GLISTENS IN THE LIGHT
POLLY BY THE BASIN STANDS

PETER FINDS THREE NAUGHTY BRATS
EACH MAKES A PIGTAIL FOR HER FRIEND

The little girls now everywhere
Brush and comb and plait their hair.
Grace plaits Jane and Jane plaits Fan,
Fan plaits May and May plaits Anne;
Each makes a pigtail for her friend
And ties a ribbon at the end.

Then Polly by the basin stands
That she may wash her face and hands,
While Jenny takes a towel fine
And rubs her arms until they shine.

"Oh, girls," says Peter, "I suppose
You'd like to learn to wash your clothes;
I've brought a tub, and now we'll see
A washing day in Grubbylea."

Now that the girls have learned the way,
They rinse and iron all the day:
Their dirty clothes they rub and rub
And chatter at the washing tub.

Whenever it is nice and fine
They hang their linen on a line;

And there between the apple trees
They let it flutter in the breeze.

And think how Peter now enjoys,
Down by the stream to see the boys,
Who were so black a month ago,
All gayly splashing in a row.

The children out in Grubbylea
Are all as clean as clean can be.
And Peter's living there to-day,
The children begged him so to stay.

OTILA ADELBORG.

(Translated by Ada Wallas.)

A CLEAN PETER CLUB

Why don't you form one with your brothers and sisters? You can surely have a sponge from Granny Sponge, soap from the soapman, a brush from Brush Papa, and a basin or bowl. Take turns being Clean Peter, each one holding the place for a week and seeing that you follow the rules.



A WASHING DAY IN GRUBBYLEA
ALL GAYLY SPLASHING IN A ROW

THEY HANG THEIR LINEN ON THE LINE
THE CHILDREN BEGGED HIM SO TO STAY

THE FIVE SENSES

The Chinese nursery rhyme tells what four of them are and to what organs of the body they belong:

"Little eyes see pretty things,
Little nose smells what is sweet,
Little ears hear pleasant sounds,
Mouth likes luscious things to eat."

Eyes for seeing, nose for smelling, ears for hearing, and mouth for tasting; and what is the other? Our sense of touch, which is not limited to any one part of the body, but is everywhere on the surface of the skin where a certain kind of tiny nerves are found.

It is through our senses that we come into knowledge of the world about us, and even of our own bodies. We are apt to take the services of these five workers for granted because we are so used to depending on them, but think if any one were taken away! Begin with what is usually considered the most important —

the sense of sight. When it is taken away persons are blind. The world for them has grown very much smaller. We can see farther than we can hear or reach with our hands. If one is blind, he knows of what is going on in the world about him only through his powers of hearing, feeling, tasting, and smelling. If he is deaf, he lives in a world of silence and misses all the pleasures and the intercourse of sound. Next in importance to sight and hearing is the sense of touch. Without it we should not know when we were burned by fire, when our bodies were cold or warm, whether we ran into a chair or not! — that is, we should not know these happenings by feeling, though our other senses might help us out. We might see the fire burning us, or see the chair. Taste and smell are also very important in our lives. Our pleasure in food comes chiefly through these two. You know yourself how hard it is to eat when you have a bad cold and have lost for the time being your power to tell the difference between foods by either their taste or their odor.



Copyright, National Art Co.

JAPANESE BOYS, TELLING US TO "HEAR NO EVIL, SEE NO EVIL, SPEAK NO EVIL"

It is wonderful what persons who are deprived of one or more senses can do to make up for their loss. Helen Keller, who is blind and deaf, has been able to come by her highly trained sense of touch into the possession of more of the world of seeing and hearing persons than anyone had ever dreamed possible. But we do not want to wait till we lose something to appreciate it. Our senses are given us for our service. Like all servants, they may be trained to very high skill, or they may be left to do their work as well as they can in the conditions we provide for them. It is our business to treat them well and train them to be the best possible servants.

WHY DO WE CRY WHEN WE ARE UNHAPPY?

Just above the eyes are little sacs or glands that take from the blood a liquid which we call tears.

We do not see these tears except when there are so many of them that they overflow the eye and run down on the face. But they are very useful all the time. They flow through a dozen tiny canals from the sac to the outer part of the eye beneath the upper eyelid. The front of the eyeball is kept clean and clear by this very slow flow of tears, which go out through a sponge that sucks them in at the inner corner of the eye and gives them out into the nose. Now you see why when you cry very hard the tears sometimes run down your nose as well as over your cheeks.

But all this tells only where tears come from, and not why they come when we are unhappy. That we do not know so much about, but it is probably because the tear-sac is very near that part of the brain which is affected when we are troubled. When that part of the brain is disturbed, it passes on the

disturbance to its next-door neighbor, the little tear-bag, and the little tear-bag promptly overflows.

EYELIDS, EYEBROWS, AND EYELASHES

The eye, which is a soft ball with many delicate parts, is very easily injured. So nature has planned to protect it in every possible way. It is set in a deep bony cup, and placed far back so that the nose and forehead will take any blow before it is touched. Above it are placed eyebrows to keep perspiration or any other liquid from running down into it, as it might when we washed our faces. Over the eye are lids which drop at the least sign of danger, and which by closing and opening so often, keep the tear-liquid flowing and the surface of the eye washed. Below are the eyelashes, which keep out dust and dirt.

When nature takes so much care of our eyes for us we must do our share by being as careful of them. We must not read in a bad light, or look long at too fine print, or keep on reading when our eyes are tired, for all these things will do them harm.

BONE AND MUSCLE

Bones belong to the higher animals. The tiny creatures that live in the water, and indeed all the lower forms of life, do not have bones. But as the creatures rise on the ladder of life, they come to have a backbone, a skeleton or framework of some solid substance, which is not a shell like that of the turtle, but which is inside of them and grows with them. Man is the most perfect of the back-boned animals. He has a strong framework to keep his body in shape.

But this framework would be of little use if he could not move it, and this is where the muscles of the body take their part. Our skeletons are made up of many, many bones, some large and some small, which are fastened together. It would not do to have only one long bone in the arm or one in the leg, for then we could not bend at elbow or knee. So there are over two hundred bones in the body, all fastened together. Where these bones meet, there are joints, which are formed by binding the bones together. Those which we know best are the hinge-joints, like those at



JAPANESE GIRLS IN GYMNASIUM

the elbow and the knee, which are made like the hinge on a door and move only backward and forward; and the ball-and-socket kind, like the shoulder, which allows the arm to move sideways as well as up and down.

But what use would bones or even joints be to us if we could not move them? There might be a joint which was able to move, but if we "inside of ourselves" could not move it it would do us very little good. This is where muscles find their work. All movements of the body are caused by muscles, which are bundles of fine threads fastened either to the bones or to parts of the flesh, and which can be shortened and lengthened and so pull a bone up or let it fall back to its first place. Muscles grow strong by use, and that is why you want to run and jump and stretch and exercise them so that they will be strong and will be able to do good work for you without your getting tired.

HOW DO WE MAKE OUR MUSCLES MOVE?

Every chapter of the story of our bodies carries us to some new part, of which we may say, as Mr. Kipling does so often, "But that is another story." Our muscles are there ready to move, and we want to move — and all at once it is done. But how did the muscle of your arm know that you wanted to lift your arm? The muscles cannot move of themselves any more than the bones can. But all through the body there are tiny nerves, fine white threads, that connect with the brain, which is in the head. Just why the brain can do what it does, we do not know. But it is the ruler of the body. When we think, our brain is affected and responds to whatever our thought may be. Out from it, like tele-

phone wires, run thousands of tiny nerves, ready to carry the message of the brain to the part of the body to which it wants to send it. The nerve tells the muscle what to do, and the muscle does it. There are nerves whose whole business it is to carry messages from the brain, and others which attend to carrying messages to the brain. The messages of the five senses of which we were speaking are all carried by nerves. The nerves of the eye carry the picture of what has been seen, only they carry it so quickly that it seems to arrive instantly. When you hurt your foot, the messages are sent over the nerve-wires in great haste, and you feel pain. All our feelings come to us by nerves, and the wonderful part of it is that we can start messages back by our own will. Sometimes you can say, "I am not going to cry," and your brain can actually stop the nerves from sending word to the tear-bag to spill some of its water. Just as you can send word that you want to walk and do it, so you can send word that you will not do this, or will do that, and can train your body. For the brain is its ruler, and the mind is the ruler of the brain. So you can teach not only your bodies, but your thoughts, and make your body do just what you want it to.

GAMES THAT GIVE STRENGTH

PLAY and exercise together are the child's natural instinct, and the best possible combination from every point of view, for the best kind of exercise is that which is enjoyed, when both mind and body are being satisfied and both respond to their utmost. A dozen simple games are suggested here, the use of





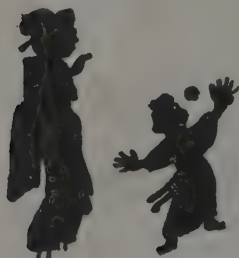
Copyright, Underwood & Underwood

TOP: PRIZE BABIES, UNIVERSITY SETTLEMENT, NEW YORK. BOTTOM: MR. BURNS, PRESIDENT OF LOCAL GOVERNING BOARD, AT PARK HOSPITAL



which every mother should encourage with her children because of the all-round development which they give to the body.

Playing ball is the best kind of exercise. The baby tries to toss and catch, and finds he is not able. But gradually as he grows older he learns accuracy in directing his movements, and gains strength and control of his muscles, so that the ball goes neither too far, too near, nor too hard. Bean bags serve the same purpose, and are often easier to hold. For a small child they should be about six by eight inches, and made of a heavy, closely woven material like awning, ticking, or denim. After the children have played awhile tossing to each other, or tossing the ball or bean bag to catch, it will interest them to have a board with a hole in it or even a small ring or hoop to throw through. At first they will have to stand very near this board, which should be tipped so that it is about halfway from the perpendicular. Then they will stand farther off and get the ball in three out of six times, or the bag, four out of eight; and finally they will gain great skill in straight throwing. Managing two balls at once, or two balls with another person, will come when they are older.

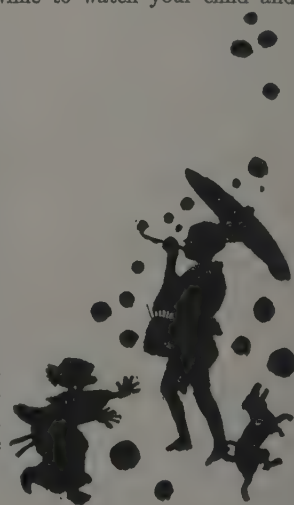


Battledore and shuttlecock is an old-fashioned game that is excellent. The light weight of the object to be tossed makes for skill and agility in the player.

Blowing soap bubbles is a play which should be encouraged with any child who does not breathe deep. He will be able to make only small bubbles, and will set himself to try to get the power to make larger. When he can blow a bubble five or six inches in diameter, he will have the normal lung power of a healthy boy of eight or ten years.

A swing where he must push with his feet straight out before him touching a wall will delight the little child, whose instinct is to strengthen his short little legs without putting too much strain on his heavy body. This is one of the Montessori exercises. The older child will do what is as good for his limbs with the ordinary swing or see-saw.

It is worth while to watch your child and notice the kind of exercise he needs. Then invent or encourage as plays the kinds of action to which he might be little inclined unless they were made into a game and played with other children. There is practically no limit to the body-training which parents can give in this simple, easy way.



There once was a Dolly who stray'd
from her home
And lived in the fields with a
happy young Gnome.
To sit on a mushroom all
day was their habit,
Which somewhat astonished
our friend Mr.
Rabbit.



THE DOLLY AND THE GNOME



MOVING PICTURES AT HOME

MOST boys and girls would rather be in a play than watch one. Wouldn't you? There is nothing that is more fun than making shadow pictures and running puppet plays in a toy theater, or than dressing up and taking a part, whether in charades for people to guess, tableaux for people to admire, or real scenes with a story and conversation and acting. When you were a little boy you played at being a soldier, or as a little girl you wore a long dress and pretended to be a grown-up lady. Don't think that now you are too old to "pretend." Act every good story you read, and recite every good bit of dialogue you come across, and you will have a great deal of fun and get good training besides.

HOW TO GO ABOUT IT

Always do things for the fun that is in them, not to show off. That is a safe rule for acting as well as everything else. Don't give a play for other people first. Begin and act out things among yourselves, trying this story and that, until you know what you can do best. Then sometime pick out the play you have practiced on longest and do it for an audience of your father and mother and neighbors.

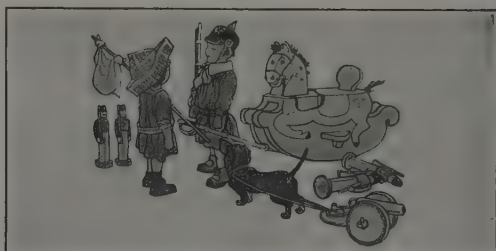
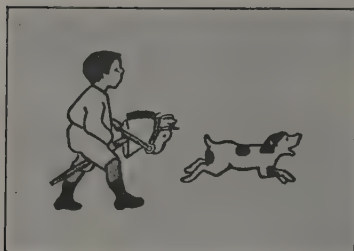
Don't bother much about costumes. The acting is the thing. If you throw yourself into the spirit of the part you are taking and forget what you have on, other people will forget too. Watch for a chance to pick up things which will be useful. An old scarf, or a faded sash, even a chair-throw which has been dis-

carded, will make a turban for a Turk, a sash for a princess, or a train for a sweeping gown. Three or four gay-colored things and a number of dark, nondescript articles of wearing apparel, such as a long dark coat, old black bloomers from a gymnasium suit, or a black felt hat of your father's will adapt themselves to everything, from a robber's scene to a picture of knighthood.

Keep an eye out for "properties"—a hassock which has been put away, faded curtains which will do for drapery, a stand, a screen. Anything which you can collect in this line will be useful,



A SCENE IN A DOLL PLAY



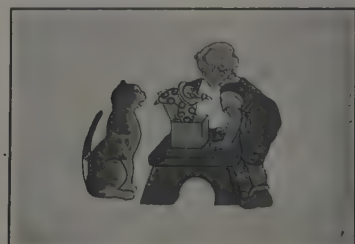
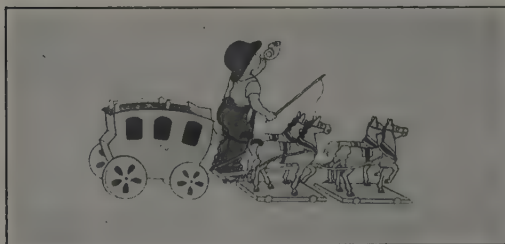
This boy rides his hobbyhorse, and this one commands his regiment.



This boy drives an express wagon, and this one keeps store.



This little mother tends the baby, while her protector goes to war.



This boy drives the coach and four, while this one sees Jack-in-the-box.

"PRETENDING"

and will also prevent your pulling the house to pieces when you happen to feel like acting. If you have a closet or a play room where you can keep these "stage properties," you are very fortunate. A barn or an attic or a summer-house or out-of-doors are the best places to act plays, for then you can make all the noise you please without disturbing other people.

Keep an eye out too for good scenes to do. Watch in your books at school or at home for things that you can try. You want something with a good deal of conversation, not too many characters (though often one person can play two parts if they do not appear together and there is time to change between times), and not too many places where the action takes place. In making up your plays from stories you can often put the scenes together or move them and have them all happen in one place instead of in several, as they do in the book. For instance, in a Robin Hood play out-of-doors you can have all the scenes take place in one or at most two places, at the cross-roads where the characters meet, and in the green glade where they find Robin or have their greenwood scene. This will save the need of explaining each time where your people are, which is tiresome. Take fairy-tale scenes, books like Robinson Crusoe, King Arthur stories, adventure tales, hero stories — anything with good action in it that you can lay hands on, and try it. Write the parts yourself. You will soon find it an easy matter to take the conversation in the book and fill in with speeches that will explain what has been described as happening in the paragraphs between which are not conversation. Plan your beginning to have a good opening scene where all the characters come in and talk, letting the audience know who they are. (Even if you have no audience, the fun of acting is to play that you have and make them think you are the characters you are playing, not your real selves.) Find out what it is that happens in the story, and have that acted out, winding up slowly to what is the real point for which you give the play. Then have a final scene when the happy result comes about, the prince and princess marry, the lad is knighted, or the hero honored. If you keep these things in mind and watch what works out well as you try it,

and what falls flat, you will soon be able to tell how to put a scene together.

Change parts. Don't have one person play the same kind of part all the time. You will get more fun and more variety if you try your hand at all sorts of acting. And do different styles of scenes. Try tableaux for good effects in grouping, charades and shadow pictures for pantomime without talk, and scenes and real plays for speaking and acting. Get up an out-of-door pageant in summer that will include a little of all three. And don't give up if there are but two or three of you. All sorts of schemes can be worked out by taking more than one part or by "imagining," which is half the fun. Finally you will be ready to act the plays in Volume V.

A PUNCH-AND-JUDY SHOW

THIS is one of the oldest of what we call puppet plays — that is, plays performed by pasteboard or wooden figures managed by wires or strings on the stage of a toy theater. Hundreds of years ago in England traveling showmen used to go about carrying a wooden Punch-and-Judy show and setting it up on the village green, where the puppets would go through their antics, to the delight of a fifteenth-century audience. The pictures will make you want to try it in your theater. Here is their story. Remember that it is farce of the most ridiculous sort, just pure nonsense, but interesting partly because of its fun and partly because it is so old and well known.

Mr. Punch comes forward, rings his bell to summon the audience, and makes his bow, but with the big stick in his hand which is to get him into so much trouble.

Punch sings:

"I'm such a good-natured old chap,
I wear a nice hump on my back,
I've a beautiful nose,
And a fine suit of clothes,
And a stick — to fetch you a whack."

Then he calls for Judy — and here is a bit of the old play:

PUNCH. Judy! Judy! Judy! Judy, Judy, come —



Then stand behind your toy stage with the sticks in your hand, and make the figures go through the proper motions.

JUDY (*pops up*). Now, Mr. Punch, I'm busy, can't wait a second. There's this and that, and t'other and which, all got to be done first. Now! What do you want?

PUNCH. Oh! nothing, only wanted to know if you'd like a nice — new — beautiful — silk dress, but as you're busy it's of no consequence. Any time next year will do.

JUDY (*sidling up a little*). Punch-wunchy, dear old Punchy, I'm not so very, very busy. Let's go at once.

PUNCH. Well! that will do, if you can't be sooner. But give me a kiss first.

(*They hug each other affectionately and then dance a jig.*)

JUDY. Now I'll go and dress the baby.

PUNCH. And don't forget to put a clean collar on Toby. (*Toby barks.*)

PUNCH (*calling*). Toby, Toby, old dog — Here! cats, rats, seize 'em! fetch 'em! Whoop!

TOBY. Bow-wow-wow.

PUNCH. Come here! Shake hands, Toby, you're a nice good-tempered dog. (*Toby snarls.*) With such a cheerful smile. (*Toby snaps at his nose.*) Oh, my nose! my best Sunday nose! my only nose! (*Enter Jim Crow.*)

Then Jim Crow appears, and in spite of his smiling face he and Punch get to quarreling, Punch calling Jim "Black-face" and Jim returning the compliment by calling Punch "Red-nose," and as you know by this time, that is more than Punch will stand. The stick comes out, Jim is beaten, and goes off the stage.

To soothe his temper Punch starts for a ride on his donkey. But everything goes wrong to-day. The donkey kicks and throws Punch off. Punch begins to shout — and here is a bit more of the old play:

PUNCH. Oh! I'm killed! I'm dead! Doctor! Doctor! (*Enter Doctor.*)

DOCTOR. Ha! my good friend Punch. How's my friend Punch? Let me feel your tongue.

PUNCH. Oh! I'm dead.

DOCTOR. No, no! Not so bad as that. Let me look at your pulse.

PUNCH. Yes! Dead as a door-nail. All my bones are broken and I can't move.

DOCTOR. Oh, I'll give you a tonic, such a good one! (*Fetches stick.*) "Before taken to be well shaken." (*Shakes Punch and then whacks him.*)

PUNCH. Oh! I'll pay your bill. (*Takes the stick and knocks the Doctor down.*) That's the way to pay the Doctor. (*Calls.*) Judy! Judy! Judy! Where's the baby?

JUDY. Here, Punchy, here's the pretty little thing. Now take care of him while I go round the corner. (*Goes round the corner.*)

Punch gets tired of holding him and throws him out the window. His wife comes back and asks for the baby, and he throws her, too, telling her to go after him and find him.

Now the Crocodile comes in, and Punch rushes at him with his stick, thinking it will be great fun to see how far his stick will go down the Crocodile's throat. But things are not always to be so easy for Punch. The Constable comes to call Punch to order for making such a noise and disturbing the peace. Punch laughs at him, but while they are disputing the Policeman comes. "I've an order in my pocket to lock you up," says the Policeman. "And I've an order in my mind to knock you down," says Punch, and does so.

But the Constable and the Policeman arrest him and take him off to prison. The next scene shows him in prison.

PUNCH IN PRISON

(*Enter Hangman.*)

HANGMAN. Now, Mr. Punch, come out and be hanged! I'm in a hurry.

PUNCH. But I'm not. (*Hangman drags him out.*)

HANGMAN. Now, no nonsense, put your head in there. (*Points to noose.*)

PUNCH. Here? Here? Here? (*Putting his head everywhere but in the noose.*)

HANGMAN. No. Stupid! There!!

PUNCH. Well! How am I to know? I never was hanged before.

HANGMAN. That's true. Well! I'll show you; evidently you don't know how it's done. See now, put your head in like this. (*Puts his head in the noose.*)

PUNCH. Yes; and you pull the rope like this. (*Pulls the rope and hangs the Hangman.*) Oh, it's quite easy when you're used to it. That's the way to serve the Hangman.

(*Sings: What a day we're having.*)

Now I don't care for anybody or anything.

(Enter Ghost.)

GHOST. Boo—ooo—ooooo!!! I've come for Punch—the man who was to be hanged.

PUNCH. Oh! there he is. (Points to Hangman.) Take him away. I don't want him.

GHOST. Thank you—much obliged. (Takes Hangman.)

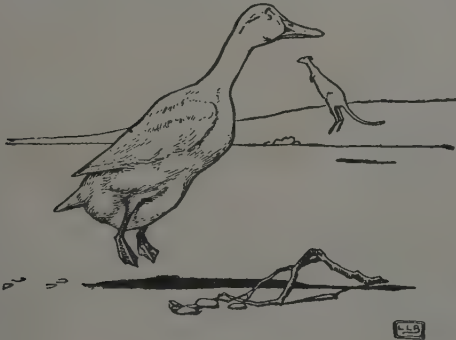
PUNCH. Good night.

(Ghost disappears.)

PUNCH. That's the way to get rid of the Ghost. Well, they are all gone now. I've settled all my enemies, so I'm going to live in peace and quiet. Good night, little boys and girls! Good night, everybody! Good night! Good night!

TWO MORE NONSENSE PLAYS FOR YOUR TOY THEATER

HERE are two nonsense songs written a great many years ago by Edward Lear, who also wrote limericks and "The Owl and the Pussy-cat" and a great many other funny verses. Trace the animals or figures on thin paper and then cut them out of thick cardboard, or better still, take paper and scissors and cut out a kangaroo and a duck by looking at these and making them as like the drawings as you can. Then use them in your toy theater while one person recites the verse and the other manages the strings or wires to make them move. First the Kangaroo will hop, and the Duck talk to him. Then the Duck will try, but fall. The Kangaroo will return, the Duck balance on his tail, and they will be off.



THE DUCK AND THE KANGAROO

I

Said the Duck to the Kangaroo,
 "Good gracious! how you hop!
 Over the fields and the water too,
 As if you never would stop!
 My life is a bore in this nasty pond,
 And I long to go out in the world beyond!
 I wish I could hop like you!"
 Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.

II

"Please give me a ride on your back!"
 Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.
 "I would sit quite still, and say nothing but
 'Quack,'"



The whole of the long day through!
 And we'd go to the Dee, and the Jelly Bo
 Lee,
 Over the land, and over the sea;—
 Please take me a ride! O do!"
 Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.

III

Said the Kangaroo to the Duck,
 "This requires some little reflection;
 Perhaps on the whole it might bring me
 luck,
 And there seems but one objection,
 Which is, if you 'll let me speak so bold,
 Your feet are unpleasantly wet and cold,
 And would probably give me the roo-
 Matiz!" said the Kangaroo.



THE TABLE MAKES FIRST ADVANCES BY LIFTING HIS HEAD
 AND SPEAKING TO THE CHAIR

IV

Said the Duck, "As I sat on the
 rocks,
 I have thought over that com-
 pletely,
 And I bought four pairs of worsted
 socks
 Which fit my web-feet neatly.
 And to keep out the cold I've
 bought a cloak,
 And every day a cigar I'll smoke,
 All to follow my own dear true
 Love of a Kangaroo!"

V

Said the Kangaroo, "I'm ready!
 All in the moonlight pale;
 But to balance me well, dear Duck,
 sit steady!
 And quite at the end of my
 tail!"
 So away they went with a hop and
 a bound,
 And they hopped the whole world
 three times round;
 And who so happy — O who,
 As the Duck and the Kangaroo!





DINING ON BEANS AND BACON

THE TABLE AND THE CHAIR

Said the Table to the Chair,
 "You can hardly be aware
 How I suffer from the heat,
 And from chilblains on my feet!
 If we took a little walk,
 We might have a little talk!
 Pray let us take the air!"
 Said the Table to the Chair.

Said the Chair unto the Table,
 "Now you *know* we are not able!
 How foolishly you talk,
 When you know we *cannot* walk!"
 Said the Table with a sigh,
 "It can do no harm to try;
 I've as many legs as you,
 Why can't we walk on two?"

So they both went slowly down,
 And walked about the town
 With a cheerful bumpy sound,
 As they toddled round and round.
 And everybody cried,
 As they hastened to their side,
 "See! the Table and the Chair
 Have come out to take the air!"

But in going down an alley,
 To a castle in the valley,
 They completely lost their way,
 And wandered all the day,
 Till, to see them safely back,
 They paid a Ducky-quack,

And a Beetle, and a Mouse,
 Who took them to their house.

Then they whispered to each other,
 "O delightful little brother!
 What a lovely walk we've taken,
 Let us dine on Beans and Bacon!"
 So the Ducky and the leetle
 Browy-Mousy and the Beetle
 Dined and danced upon their heads
 Till they toddled to their beds.

This scene is more difficult to do. Make a cardboard Table and Chair, drawing faces on them. Your scene will open with a room with the furniture in place. Suddenly the Table will speak, then the Chair, and they will start for a walk, "with a cheerful bumpy sound." The Duck, Beetle, and Mouse will appear and bring them home to dine happily on the Table.



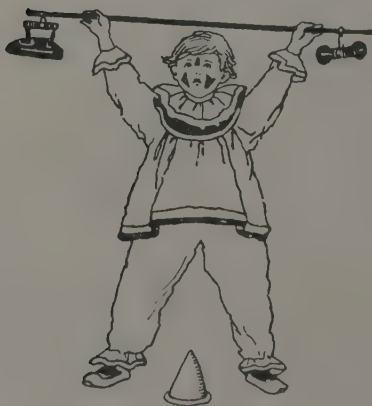


THE ACROBATS

Tommy and Johnny standing on their heads, and Baby Ruth doing her remarkable trick of biting her toe.



THE RACE



WEIGHT-LIFTING BY THE STRONGEST MAN IN THE WORLD



THE TRAPEZE



THE DONKEY RACE

A poor start, with Ned in the flower bed, and Nelly balking.



THE SEESAW

Which balanced very well when the pig was in the middle, though the clown had to steady him, as he did not seem to like it very well.



THE AUDIENCE WHO CLAPPED VERY MUCH



OFF FOR FOREIGN LANDS

SCENES AND TABLEAUX FROM THE "SEA GULL"
VOYAGE

[Being suggestions for the use of the material in "Child Life in Many Lands," Vol. V, pages 307-392, with an opening scene written as a sample, and several tableaux and scenes suggested for the boys and girls to work up the details.]

SCENE I. THE START

Setting: A room with two rows of chairs arranged by twos to represent hydroplane, with a single seat in front for the captain. Ropes, anchor, etc., will add to the effect. These will be the seats for at least part of the audience who will be admitted during Scene I. One end of the room must be curtained or screened off, and the chairs should face toward it. Small table and chair just inside the door.

(Two boys are at the table, one standing with a paper megaphone tube in his hand, the other sitting, sorting tickets.)

MEGAPHONE MAN. This way, please, this way. Don't miss your chance. Ten minutes

only, and the "Sea Gull" will be off for its wonderful trip to foreign lands. Round the world with Santa Claus! This way.

(Children begin to come to the door. A mother appears with her little boy and girl.)

MOTHER. One full fare and two half-fares, please.

TICKET MAN. No, madam. No older people allowed. I'm sorry, but that is our captain's rule.

MOTHER. But I must go with them. How can I let them go around the world alone?

TICKET MAN. Not alone, madam, but with Santa Claus.

BOY. Please let us go, mother.

GIRL. Yes, do, mother.

MOTHER. Really, I don't know what to do. Let me speak with your captain and find out where he is going and how long they would be gone.

MEGAPHONE MAN. Just a moment, there. One at a time. Form in line and do not crowd. Plenty of time to get your tickets.

(Children can be seen through the open door.)

TICKET MAN. Indeed, madam, Santa Claus never shows himself to older people, and never announces his route. He guarantees to be back with them by Christmas Eve.

MEGAPHONE MAN (speaking in ordinary voice, horn held at side). Really, madam, I must beg you to hurry. Others are waiting.

BOY. Please let us go.

GIRL. Yes, please, mother.

MOTHER. There, I suppose children are safe anywhere with Santa Claus. All right, dears, good-by. (Puts paper money down on table.)

TICKET MAN. No half-fares, madam. Full fares for children on this trip.

MOTHER. Oh, yes, of course. (Pays.) Good-by. Give my love to Santa Claus. I used to know him well. (Goes out.)

BOY AND GIRL. Good-by. (Enter and take seats. Other children follow quickly.)

ANOTHER GIRL (Entering and looking round). But where's Santa Claus?

MEGAPHONE MAN (aside). Never appears till the hydroplane starts, madam. (Shouts.) This way, this way! Two minutes left before the "Sea Gull," Santa Claus' new hydroplane, never seen before, starts on its "Round the

world" trip. *(More children appear at door.)* Ah, that 's better. One at a time.

TICKET MAN. Any seats you wish, sir. All are the same price, none reserved.

MEGAPHONE MAN. One minute left, room for two more. There we are. Yes, room for you two. *(Closes door.)* Passenger list closed. All in your seats, please. Good morning, sir. *(Santa Claus comes in through another door, or through a window. He is dressed in usual costume, but wears captain's cap with visor and gold band.)*

SANTA CLAUS. Good morning, children. Glad to see you.

ALL. Good morning, Santa Claus.

SANTA CLAUS. So you all want to go round the world with me.

ALL. Yes, sir; yes, sir.

SANTA CLAUS. I can show you some interesting sights. It 's a wonderful world. The more I see of it, the better I like it. Some of its children don't know me, but I travel round every little while so that I 'll know all of them when they do find out who I am. Nice children, just as nice in one place as in another. That reminds me—before we start you must make me a couple of promises. Will you?

BIG BOY. Oh, yes, Santa, we 'll promise anything.

SANTA CLAUS. These are easy things to promise, but you must n't forget them. First, you must obey me. That is always the first rule on a ship. If I tell you to sit still, you must sit still. If I let you go ashore, you must come aboard when I say the word, even if you are having the best kind of a time sliding down mountains in Switzerland, or playing with the brown babies of the Philippines. Do you promise? Hold up your hands now. Everyone.

ALL. We promise, Santa Claus.

SANTA CLAUS. All right for No. 1. Now for No. 2. You must carry your best manners with you and always be polite to the children we visit. They 'll do some things you think are mightily queer, but mind you don't laugh or make fun of them. If you do, I 'll—well, I won't tell what I 'll do.

BIG BOY. We won't laugh, Santa Claus.

GIRL. No, we 'll be polite.

SANTA CLAUS. Do you promise?



Copyright, Underwood & Underwood

A RIDE IN JAPAN

ALL. We promise.

SANTA CLAUS. Fine! Now we're off. Loosen the ropes, Mr. Megaphone Man, and pull in the anchor, Mr. Ticket Man. That's it. Here we go. All aboard for foreign parts.

(Two minutes intermission.)

TABLEAU I. AT YEE LEE'S PARTY

Figures: A baby, his father, and his grandmother, in Chinese costume. (See pictures in Vol. V, and in Vol. I, pages 332 and 333, for ideas for loose-flowing garments.)

(Ticket Man and Megaphone Man pull aside curtain across corner of room. A baby is seen seated on a table. Behind him are pretty shoes and caps brought to him as presents by his rela-



BEFORE CHRISTMAS
A Scene in a Toy Shop.

tives. All about him are small articles indicating occupations — a pen, coins, a big gilt button, etc. Only his father and his grandmother can be seen standing beside him.)

SANTA CLAUS. Now we are in China, at Yee Lee's birthday party. He does not have to wait a year for a birthday party. He had one when he was a month old, when they gave him his name. "Little Stupid," they called him, for they thought if they gave him such an ugly name the evil spirits would not notice him. Now they are watching to see what kind of a man he will be. If he chooses the pen and plays with it, they will expect him to be a scholar; if the money, then he will go into business; if the button, which is a mandarin's button, he will grow up to be a mandarin, who is a very great man indeed. See how eagerly they watch him.

(All watch the baby, who is quite sure before long to seize something from the articles with which he is surrounded.)

SANTA CLAUS. Ah! he is going to be a — *(depending on what the baby has chosen.)*

(Curtain.)

Another good Chinese tableau is a Chinese school (see Vol. V, p. 319), with Spring Dog going on the opening day, Opening Brightness reciting, etc., and the master listening as he "backs his book."

Next, all, both audience and characters in tableaux, can join, with Santa Claus leading, in a group of Chinese games, described on page 324, catching fishes in the ark, call the chickens home, and tiger trap.

SANTA CLAUS. Come, now, all aboard the "Sea Gull." We can't stop and play any longer, much as we should like to. Say good-by everybody.

(The American children try to shake hands. The Chinese bow low to the ground and shake their own hands, the right shaking the left. The Chinese children go over to the corner and stand till the curtain is drawn on them. The Americans have meanwhile taken their seats on the "Sea Gull.")

This scene and the tableaux will show you how you can turn the stories in "Child Life"

into an impromptu play for an afternoon's fun. "A Stay-at-Home Story of Spain" can be done as a dialogue between Winkle and Nina. The Australian market, with "Who will buy a boy? Who needs a girl?" will make a good scene, with some talking as well as dumb show of purchasing children. The little boy who begs to have his sister taken with him will be the chief figure. Jussuf, as guide in Turkey, can be the chief speaker in a very good scene in which the American boys follow him, getting water from the water-carrier, going to the Turkish school, which can be fully acted, watching him kneel for his prayers, and going finally to his home. An India scene can be opened by a recitation of the Phillips Brooks verse letter, and have a scene with Timmaya, and Tungi's wedding fully acted out.

A Japanese top fight, Gotfried's party in Sweden, Hafid's school in Persia, the story of Cinderella in Egypt, told by Little Comfort, and a visit with Kalakaua will all be good scenes, while you will find a dozen pretty tableaux as you re-read the stories. It will probably be better to leave the Christmas story for a separate afternoon, and have Santa Claus bring his party straight home from the Pacific Islands and dismiss them. Do not try to be too ambitious and crowd too much into one time. It will be fun to play scenes from the "Sea Gull" a dozen times. Then finally you can pick out the parts you do best and make a regular performance to which you invite people outside your own group of play-mates, who will all be either audience or players.



THE MYSTERY CLUB

WRITING AND DRAWING FOR FUN

WHEN you have made plays out of people's stories, you will find that you want to make some yourself out of your own ideas. They may not be quite so good, but they will be yours, and you will get a great deal of pleasure out of them. Don't stop with plays. Try writing out little stories. Everyone has to write compositions at school, but do not let it be only a school matter to "take your pen in hand." Almost every great writer tells us that he began to write stories in childhood and kept it up all the years between. Do not be too ambitious, but try your hand often at writing simple little stories and drawing the pictures for them.

To show what we mean, we are putting in a story, "The Mystery Club," written by a girl fifteen years old, the daughter of the artist who has had a great deal to do with making this book beautiful. Not only did she write the story, but she drew the pictures for it without any help, and we have had engravings made of them. Could you do as well? Try!

THE MYSTERY CLUB

"I KNOW what let's do," suggested Bobby, "let's have a Mystery Club."

"What's a Mystery Club?" asked Billy.

So Bobby proceeded to explain his idea of such a club. The three chums were sitting in the hay almost at the top of Tommy's big barn. It was their favorite meeting place to talk things over. They had exhausted all their ideas for fun and were sitting there disconsolate, trying to think of "something to do."

"You must find places that nobody knows about, like — like caves and holes in trees to hide things in and — and oh, well, you know what I mean," Bobby began. His idea of secret places was rather vague.

So they immediately started out in search of a "place nobody knows about." They would all go in different directions and call the others if they found anything.

Bobby followed the little brook which flowed through the heart of the woods. Billy trudged along the path, which led to a small stagnant pool, at right angles to Bobby's route, and Tommy refused to take any path at all but plunged bravely into the tangled underbrush.

The three boys called back and forth to each other until they were out of hearing and then all was quiet. Each was provided with a whistle with which to call the others if he made a discovery.

Half an hour passed and no signals were heard. Then suddenly the two outside boys were startled by hearing Bobby give three shrill whistles. They whistled in reply and turned toward the sound. Bobby whistled several times so that the others would know where he was.

When Billy and Tommy reached him they found him standing before an old building which he was regarding with delight. It was falling to pieces and looked most dilapidated.

"Huh!" exclaimed Tommy; "nothing but the old hired man's house."

"Oh, but look!" cried Bobby, eagerly; "we can fix the windows and mend the door and put things in it and use it for our clubhouse!"

Billy agreed, but Tommy was still doubtful. "What'll we put in it?" he asked.

"Why — why, chairs and things, 'course," replied Bobby. "We'll make it into a real house for us to come to when we want to have meetings. And we'll have to bring things from our own houses. Don't you think it will do?" he finished anxiously.

"I think it would be just great," answered Billy, "because we could come here rainy days too if we wanted to, instead of staying in the barn! Let's go in and see, anyway."

They pushed open the door and stepped in. The only furniture was a wooden table and a three-legged stool.

"Let's go right home and get some things for it!" exclaimed Billy. It was decided to keep everything secret. No one should know of their discovery.

The others agreed to go at once, so they left the house and went back toward home.

When they returned, Bobby was carrying an old broom, a small chair, a mirror, and a hammer. In his pockets were four apples and a box of tacks.

Billy carried another chair, a sofa pillow, and an old rug. *His* pockets were filled with ginger cookies.

Tommy had a picture under each arm and a big orange in each hand. Walnuts filled his pockets.

Not one boy had forgotten to bring something to eat.

They swept out the little room quickly, not bothering to sweep in the corners. Then each boy arranged his contributions to suit himself. The result pleased them.

"Let's go right back and get some more!"

"No, let's eat," said Tommy, eyeing the apples longingly. So they sat down and admired their handiwork.

Day after day more additions were made to the furnishings and gradually the three families of the little boys began to miss different articles. They were talking about it one day.

"I think," said Billy's father, "that they go into the woods somewhere. Suppose we go and see if we can find their hiding place."

So they sent the three boys off for a long day of fishing and started early into the woods.

They happened to take the right path and found the little house.

They went in, and great was their surprise



THE HOUSE IN THE WOOD



WHAT IS SHE THINKING?

Write a story about each picture on this page.

to discover how well the boys had succeeded in furnishing their little clubhouse.

"Let's finish it for them," said Bobby's mother.

The others agreed and they set to work with enthusiasm.

They painted it on the outside and cleaned the inside, laid some rugs, put in a table, and Bobby's father nailed up some shelves and put up some colored pictures.

The next morning the three chums started for the clubhouse.

Bobby was ahead of the other two, as they had stopped to pick berries along the way. Suddenly they heard him shout:



THE EASTER RABBIT

There is a story about him in Vol. I, p. 22.

"Oh, boys! Come, quick! Oh, look at the house! Hurry up!"

They ran on and stared in breathless amazement when they came in sight of the house with its new coat of paint.

Then they went in, and many and joyful were the exclamations of surprise and pleasure at the additions which they found.

"Who do you s'pose did it?" asked Tommy finally.

"Fairies," suggested little Billy.

"There are n't any fairies," scoffed Bobby. "I think our fathers and mothers did it."

"Yes, of course they did," said Tommy.



PUSS IN — ?

And what is her story?

"Then," said Bobby, "it is n't a mystery any more."

"No," said Tommy, "but it's a real club with a clubhouse now."

"Yes," said Bobby, "and fathers and mothers don't count, for they don't tell."

So it was still the Mystery Club, and the boys spent many happy hours that summer in the "clubhouse" in the woods.

R. G.



THE BOY CHRIST, BY HOFMANN



BIBLE STORIES

"Our first duty to a Bible story is to love it; its effect we may leave to the divine artist."

Richard G. Moulton.

OF all the stories in the world, Bible stories told in Bible language are the best to read aloud. From a literary standpoint they are well-nigh perfect. The King James version of the Old and New Testaments is recognized as the greatest English classic. Practically without exception, all our masters of English speech, both writers and orators, have been trained by it. The children who cannot remember a time when they were not familiar with its simple, stately language, have been given a start on the road to good speech and writing, and appreciation of good literature, which can never be overestimated.

Therefore, we have kept our Bible stories in the Bible words, only editing, condensing, and grouping till the real stories stand out clear and strong, free from the history and genealogy in which they are often imbedded. Do not fear that your children may not understand every word or custom. They will love the sound of the words. There is nothing that children

like better than the rhythm and roll of musical, half-familiar words and phrases. They will make comments and want explanations, but these the father and mother can give as they read. It may be well to retell the story in younger form, but never allow yourself to get far from the beautiful simplicity of the original.

The Bible is one of the greatest source-books in the world for good stories. Children love the action and life in them. They enjoy the setting in the ancient, simple Jewish life. The qualities of the heroes, the directness of right and wrong, and the frank, open, familiar dealings of one man after another with the Lord his God—all these will find an instant response in the hearts of your boys and girls. They may ask, "Are these stories true?" and parents will answer variously. But a safe answer is, "True? Yes, in the very best sense, true to life, whether in every case true as facts or not." This is a much healthier, happier attitude for children to take than the doubting, questioning one, or that of being on the defensive, and it may be the means of saving



THE BIRTH OF THE VIRGIN

From the painting by Murillo.

them from a possible later trying period of doubt.

THE STORIES CHOSEN

Out of the wealth of stories it is hard to make a choice. It is to be hoped that every father and mother will turn from those given here to the fuller narrative of the Bible. But a few notes on the selection made may be helpful. First, the Creation story: "In the beginning God ——" So this wisest of all books begins its story; so the wisest scientists of the twentieth century open their accounts of the creation of the world; and so you will do well to begin with your children. When they are older, they may read a different meaning into this, as they will into many other stories, both religious and secular. Now it will satisfy their reverent imaginations and questionings, as it has satisfied the childlike souls of men, women, and children for thousands of years. The story of the

Garden of Eden is a tale of disobedience with its swift consequences; that of Noah and the Flood one of protection, with details in which every child delights. The Tower of Babel has its moral of pride, and is a connecting link for the later tales.

Most of the other Genesis stories are too long and too much involved in the progress of history to be taken out of their setting, but boys and girls always enjoy the romance of the finding of Rebekah by Abraham's servant, and of Jacob's long service for Rachel. The story of Jacob's ladder is an accepted children's possession, as are the finding of Moses among the bulrushes and the dedication to the Lord of the boy Samuel. David and Goliath as told in Vol. V will appeal to boys. Here we read of the beautiful friendship between David and Jonathan. The story of Naaman, one of the masterpieces of short story literature, and that of Daniel close our Old Testa-

ment group. But they should only start the reader on a quest for other favorites, not given here for lack of space or because, as in the case of Joseph's Coat of Many Colors, Elijah and the prophets of Baal, Ruth, Esther, Nehemiah, and a dozen others, the story is so easy to find in the Bible that it needs no guide except the list given below of twenty more good Bible stories and where to find them. The New Testament selections are of the Christmas story, Christ's words to children, a few of the most familiar incidents in his life and of his sayings. They, too, will point the father and mother to a further reading of the Bible story. At the end a section has been given of Bible stories retold for very young children.

THE STORY OF CREATION

IN the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

And God said, Let there be light: and there was light. And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness. And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters. And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament: and it was so. And God called the firmament Heaven. And the evening and the morning were the second day.

And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear: and it was so. And God called the dry land Earth; and the gathering together of the waters called he Seas: and God saw that it was good. And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, and herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth: and it was so. And the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in

itself, after his kind: and God saw that it was good. And the evening and the morning were the third day.

And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and years: and let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth: and it was so. And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: he made the stars also. And God set them in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth, and to rule over the day and over the night, and to divide the light from the darkness: and God saw that it was good. And the evening and the morning were the fourth day.

And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven. And God created great whales, and every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly, after their kind, and every winged fowl after his kind: and God saw that it was good. And God blessed them, saying, Be fruitful, and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas, and let fowl multiply in the earth. And the evening and the morning were the fifth day.

And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind: and it was so. And God made the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and everything that creepeth upon the earth after his kind: and God saw that it was good.

And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them. And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.

And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat. And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to everything that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life, I have given every green herb for meat: and it was so. And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day.

Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it: because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

A STORY OF DISOBEDIENCE

AND the Lord God planted a garden eastward, in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed. And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to sight, and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat: but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.

And the Lord God said, It is not good that man should be alone; I will make an helpmeet for him. And the Lord God created woman and brought her unto man. And they were both naked, the man and his wife, and were not ashamed.

HOW THE SERPENT TEMPTED EVE

Now the serpent was more subtile than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made. And he said unto the woman, Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden? And the woman said unto the serpent, We may

eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden: but of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die. And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die: for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.

And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the



ADAM AND EVE LEAVING THE GARDEN

eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat. And the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves aprons.

THE VOICE OF THE LORD GOD

And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day:

and Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden. And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou? And he said, I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked; and I hid myself. And he said, Who told thee that thou wast naked? Hast thou eaten of the tree, whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldest not eat? And the man said, The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat. And the Lord God said unto the woman, What is this that thou hast done? And the woman said, The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat.

And the Lord God said unto the serpent, Because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field; and upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life: and I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.

Unto the woman he said, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.

And unto Adam he said, Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree, of which I commanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of it: cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field; in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.

And the Lord God said, Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil: and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live for ever: therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken. So he drove out the man; and he placed at the east of the garden of Eden cherubim, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life.

NOAH AND THE FLOOD

AND God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually. And it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart. And the Lord said, I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the earth; both man, and beast, and the creeping thing, and the fowls of the air; for it repenteth me that I have made them.

And God said unto Noah, The end of all flesh is come before me; for the earth is filled with violence through them; and, behold, I will destroy them with the earth. Make thee an ark of gopher wood; rooms shalt thou make in the ark, and shalt pitch it within and without with pitch. And this is the fashion which thou shalt make of it: The length of the ark shall be three hundred cubits, the breadth of it fifty cubits, and the height of it thirty cubits. A window shalt thou make to the ark, and in a cubit shalt thou finish it above; and the door of the ark shalt thou set in the side thereof; with lower, second, and third stories shalt thou make it. And, behold, I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth, to destroy all flesh, wherein is the breath of life, from under heaven; and everything that is in the earth shall die. But with thee will I establish my covenant; and thou shalt come into the ark, thou, and thy sons, and thy wife, and thy son's wives with thee. And of every living thing of all flesh, two of every sort shalt thou bring into the ark, to keep them alive with thee; they shall be male and female. Of fowls after their kind, and of cattle after their kind, of every creeping thing of the earth after his kind, two of every sort shall come unto thee, to keep them alive. And take thou unto thee of all food that is eaten, and thou shalt gather it to thee; and it shall be for food for thee, and for them. Thus did Noah; according to all that God commanded him, so did he.

And the Lord said unto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the ark; for thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation. For yet seven days, and I will cause it to rain upon the earth forty days and forty nights; and every living substance that I have made

will I destroy from off the face of the earth. And Noah did according unto all that the Lord commanded him.

In the six hundredth year of Noah's life, in the second month, the seventeenth day of the month, the same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened. And the

breath of life. And they that went in, went in male and female of all flesh, as God had commanded him: and the Lord shut him in.

And the flood was forty days upon the earth; and the waters increased, and bare up the ark, and it was lift up above the earth. And the waters prevailed, and were increased greatly upon the earth; and the ark went upon the face of the waters. And the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth; and all the high hills, that were under the whole heaven, were covered. Fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail; and the mountains were covered.

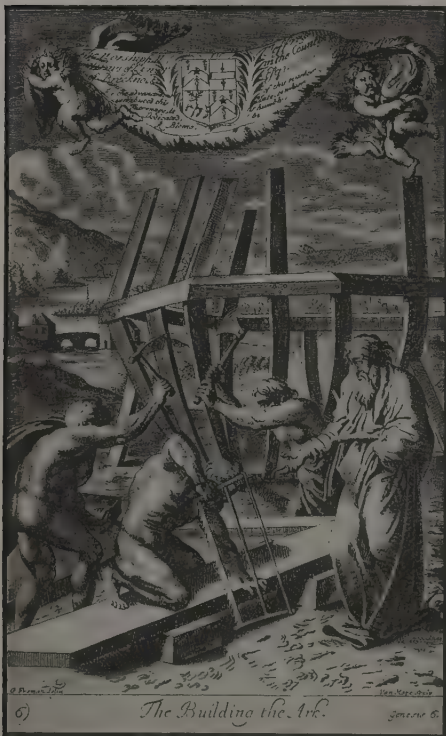
And all flesh died that moved upon the earth, both of fowl, and of cattle, and of beast, and of every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth, and every man: all in whose nostrils was the breath of life, of all that was in the dry land, died. And every living substance was destroyed which was upon the face of the ground, both man, and cattle, and the creeping things, and the fowl of the heaven; and they were destroyed from the earth: and Noah only remained alive, and they that were with him in the ark. And the waters prevailed upon the earth an hundred and fifty days.

AFTER THE FLOOD

And God remembered Noah, and every living thing, and all the cattle that were with him in the ark: and God made a wind to pass over the earth, and the waters assuaged. The fountains also of the deep and the windows of heaven were stopped, and the rain from heaven was restrained; and the waters returned from off the earth continually: and after the end of the hundred and fifty days the waters were abated.

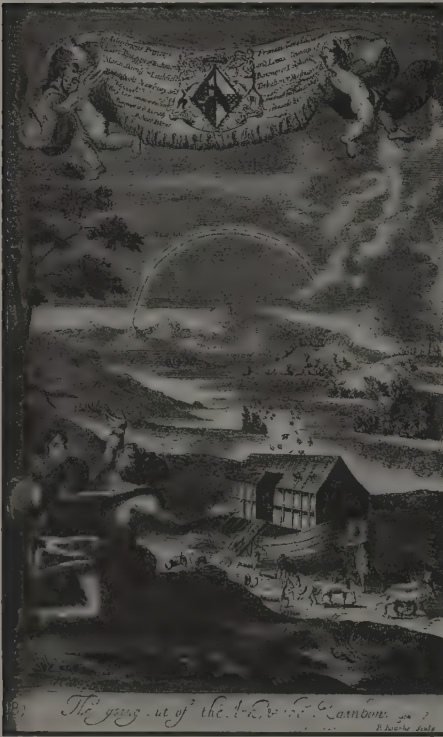
And the ark rested in the seventh month, on the seventeenth day of the month, upon the mountains of Ararat. And the waters decreased continually until the tenth month: in the tenth month, on the first day of the month, were the tops of the mountains seen.

And it came to pass at the end of forty days, that Noah opened the window of the ark which he had made: and he sent forth a raven, which went forth to and fro, until the waters were dried up from off the earth. Also he sent forth a dove from him, to see if the waters were abated



rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights. In the selfsame day entered Noah, and Shem, and Ham, and Japheth, the sons of Noah, and Noah's wife, and the three wives of his sons with them, into the ark; they, and every beast after his kind, and all the cattle after their kind, and every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth after his kind, and every fowl after his kind, every bird of every sort. And they went in unto Noah into the ark, two and two of all flesh, wherein is the

from off the face of the ground; but the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him into the ark, for the waters were on the face of the whole earth: then he put forth his hand, and took her, and pulled her in unto him into the ark. And he stayed yet other seven days; and again he sent forth the dove out of the ark; and the dove came in to him in the evening; and, lo, in her mouth was



an olive leaf plucked off: so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth. And he stayed yet other seven days; and sent forth the dove; which returned not again unto him any more.

And it came to pass in the six hundredth and first year, in the first month, the first day of the month, the waters were dried up from off the earth: and Noah removed the covering of the ark, and looked, and, behold, the face of the ground was dry. And in the second

month, on the seven and twentieth day of the month, was the earth dried.

And God spake unto Noah, saying, Go forth of the ark, thou, and thy wife, and thy sons, and thy sons' wives with thee. Bring forth with thee every living thing that is with thee, of all flesh, both of fowl, and of cattle, and of every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth; that they may breed abundantly in the earth, and be fruitful, and multiply upon the earth. And Noah went forth, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him: every beast, every creeping thing, and every fowl, and whatsoever creepeth upon the earth, after their kinds, went forth out of the ark.

And Noah builded an altar unto the Lord; and took of every clean beast, and of every clean fowl, and offered burnt offerings on the altar. And the Lord smelled a sweet savour; and the Lord said in his heart, I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake; neither will I again smite everything living, as I have done. While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.

And God blessed Noah and his sons, and said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth. And the fear of you and the dread of you shall be upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea; into your hand are they delivered. Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you; even as the green herb have I given you all things.

And God spake unto Noah, and to his sons with him, saying, And I, behold, I establish my covenant with you, and with your seed after you; and with every living creature that is with you, of the fowl, of the cattle, and of every beast of the earth with you; from all that go out of the ark, to every beast of the earth. And I will establish my covenant with you; neither shall all flesh be cut off any more by the waters of a flood; neither shall there any more be a flood to destroy the earth. And God said, This is the token of the covenant which I make between me and you and every living creature that is with you, for perpetual generations: I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and

the earth. And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud; and I will remember my covenant, which is between me and you and every living creature of all flesh; and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh. And the bow shall be in the cloud; and I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth. And God said unto Noah, This is the token of the covenant, which I have established between me and all flesh that is upon the earth.

And the sons of Noah, that went forth of the ark, were Shem, and Ham, and Japheth: and Ham is the father of Canaan. These are the three sons of Noah: and of them was the whole earth overspread.

THE TOWER OF BABEL

AND the whole earth was of one language, and of one speech. And it came to pass, as they journeyed from the east, that they found a plain in the land of Shinar; and they dwelt there.

And they said one to another, Go to, let us make brick, and burn them. And they had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar. And they said, Go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth. And the Lord came down to see the city and the tower, which the children of men builded. And the Lord said, Behold, the people is one, and they have all one language; and this they begin to do: and now nothing will be restrained from them, which they have imagined to do. Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech. So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth; and they left off to build the city. Therefore is the name of it called Babel; because the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth: and from thence did the Lord scatter them abroad upon the face of all the earth.



THE TOWER OF BABEL

THE STORY OF ISAAC AND REBEKAH

HOW ABRAHAM SENT HIS SERVANT TO FIND A WIFE FOR HIS SON

WHILE Abraham was old, he said unto the eldest servant of his house, Promise me now that thou shalt not take as a wife for my son one of the daughters of the people of Canaan. But thou shalt go unto my own country and my own people, and choose from amongst them a wife for my son Isaac.

And the servant said unto him, If now the woman whom I choose will not be willing to follow me unto this land, must I then bring thy son again into the land from whence thou camest?

Abraham said unto him, Thou shalt not take my son thither. But the Lord God of heaven who led me to this land, and has promised to give this land to my children, he shall send his angel with thee. And if the woman will not be willing to follow thee, thou canst do no more: thou hast kept thy promise. Only bring not my son thither. Then the servant promised.

And the servant took ten camels, and set out and came to the city of Nahor in Mesopotamia. And he made his camels to kneel down without the city by a well of water at the time of the evening. And at that time the women go to the well to draw water.

And the servant said, O Lord God, I pray thee help me this day, and shew kindness unto my master Abraham! Behold, I stand here by the well of water, and the daughters of the men of the city come out to draw water. Let it now come to pass that the damsel who shall say unto me, 'Drink, and I will give thy camels drink also'; when I shall say to her, 'Let down thy pitcher, I pray thee, that I may drink': let this be she whom thou hast chosen as a wife for thy servant Isaac.

REBEKAH AT THE WELL

And it came to pass before he had done speaking that, behold, Rebekah came out with her pitcher upon her shoulder. And she was the daughter of Bethuel, and Bethuel was the son of Abraham's brother Nahor. Rebekah was very fair to look upon: and she went down to the well and filled her pitcher, and came up. And the servant ran to meet her and said, Let me, I pray thee, drink a little water from thy pitcher.

And Rebekah said, Drink, my lord: and she hasted, and set down her pitcher upon her hand, and gave him drink. And when she had done giving him drink, she said, I will draw water for thy camels also, until they have done drinking. Then she emptied her pitcher into the trough for the camels, and ran again unto the well to draw water, and drew for all his camels.

When the camels had done drinking, the man took a gold ear-ring and two bracelets and gave them to Rebekah, and said, Whose daughter art thou? Tell me, I pray thee, is there room in thy father's house for us to lodge in?

And Rebekah said, I am the daughter of Bethuel the son of Nahor, and we have food enough, and room for you to lodge in.

Then the man said, Blessed be God, who is good to my master Abraham, and has led me to the house of my master's brethren.

Then Rebekah ran, and told her mother and

her brother Laban these things; and Laban ran out unto the man unto the well, and said, Come in, for I have prepared the house, and room for the camels. And the man came into the house, and Laban gave him straw and food for the camels, and water to wash his feet and the men's feet that were with him. And food was set before him.

HOW THE SERVANT ASKED FOR REBEKAH

But the man said, I will not eat until I have told thee what I have come for. I am Abraham's servant. The Lord hath made my master great, and hath given him flocks and herds, and silver and gold, and man-servants and maid-servants, and camels and asses. And Abraham my master hath given all that he hath to his son Isaac. My master made me promise, saying, Thou shalt not take a wife for my son out of the land of Canaan in which I dwell, but thou shalt go into the land from whence I came, and unto my father's house, and take a wife unto my son. Then I said unto my master, But if the woman will not follow me? And he said unto me, The Lord who has been with me, will send his angel to direct thee. So I came this day unto the well, and said, O Lord God of my master Abraham, behold I stand at the well of water. Let it be that when a damsel cometh forth to draw water, and I say to her, Give me, I pray thee, a little water out of thy pitcher to drink, and she say, Drink, and I will also draw for thy camels; let that be the woman whom the Lord has chosen for my master's son. And before I had done speaking in mine heart, behold, Rebekah came forth with her pitcher on her shoulder, and she went down to the well and drew water. And I said unto her, Let me drink, I pray thee. And she made haste, and let down her pitcher from her shoulder, and said, Drink, and I will give thy camels drink also: so I drank, and she made the camels drink also. Then I asked her, Whose daughter art thou? and she said, The daughter of Bethuel the son of Nahor. Therefore I bowed my head and worshipped the Lord, and thanked the Lord God of my master Abraham, who had led me in the right way, to take Rebekah unto his son. Now tell me if ye will deal kindly and truly with my master: and if not, tell me.

Then Laban and Bethuel answered and said, We can say nothing; this is the Lord's doing. Behold, Rebekah is before thee; take her and go, and let her be thy master's son's wife.

And it came to pass that when Abraham's servant heard their words, he worshipped the Lord, and bowed himself to the earth. Then he brought forth jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, and raiment, and gave them to Rebekah:

So they said, We will call the damsel and ask her. And they called Rebekah, and said unto her, Wilt thou go with this man? And she said, I will go.

And they sent away Rebekah their sister, and her nurse, and Abraham's servant and his men. And the servant took Rebekah and went his way. And Rebekah and her damsels rode upon camels, and followed the man.



ISAAC AND REBEKAH BEFORE ABRAHAM

he also gave to her brother and to her mother precious things.

HOW HE BROUGHT REBEKAH TO ISAAC

And they did eat and drink, he and the men that were with him, and tarried all night. And they rose up in the morning, and the servant said, Send me away unto my master.

But Rebekah's brother and her mother said, Let the damsel abide with us a few days, at the least ten: after that she shall go.

But he said unto them, Hinder me not, seeing the Lord hath given me what I sought: send me away, that I may go to my master.

Now Isaac went out to pray in the field at eventide. And he lifted up his eyes, and behold, the camels were coming.

And Rebekah lifted up her eyes, and when she saw Isaac she alighted from off the camel, for she had said unto the servant, What man is this that walketh in the field to meet us? And the servant had said, This is my master. And she took her veil, and covered herself.

Then the servant told Isaac all things that he had done. And Isaac brought Rebekah into his mother's tent, and she became his wife, and he loved her.

And Isaac was comforted after his mother's death.

TWO STORIES OF JACOB, ISAAC'S SON

JACOB'S LADDER

NOW it came to pass that Isaac and Rebekah sent their younger son Jacob away to the land of Padan-aram, that he might find for himself a wife from among the daughters of Laban, his mother's brother.

And Jacob went on till he lighted upon a certain place, and there he tarried all night, because the sun was set. He took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillow, and lay down in that place to sleep.

And he dreamed, and behold there was a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it. And behold, the Lord stood above it, and said, I am the Lord God of thy father Isaac; the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy children. Behold I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and I will bring thee back again to this land, for I will not leave thee, till I have done all that which I have promised thee.

Then Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and said, Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not. And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.

And Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stones that he had put for his pillow, and set them up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it. And he called the name of that place Bethel, that is, the house of God.

Then Jacob vowed a vow, saying, If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God. And this stone which I have set for a pillar, shall be God's house: and of all that God gives me, I will surely give again to God the tenth part.

Then Jacob went on his journey, and came into the land of the people of the east.

And he looked, and behold a well in the field, and lo, there were three flocks of sheep lying by it; for out of that well they watered the flocks;

and a great stone was upon the well's mouth. Thither were all the flocks gathered. And the shepherds rolled the stone from the well's mouth, and watered the sheep, and put the stone again upon the well's mouth in its place.

HOW JACOB WON RACHEL FOR HIS WIFE

And Jacob said to the shepherds, Know ye Laban?

And they said, We know him.

Jacob said to them, Is he well?

And they said, He is well; and behold, Rachel his daughter cometh with the sheep.

And while he yet spake with them, Rachel came with her father's sheep, for she kept them.

And it came to pass, when Jacob saw Rachel, the daughter of Laban his mother's brother, and the sheep of Laban his mother's brother, that Jacob went near and rolled the stone from the well's mouth, and watered the flock of Laban his mother's brother.

And Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice, and wept.

Then Jacob told Rachel that he was Rebekah's son, and she ran and told her father.

And it came to pass when Laban heard that Jacob his sister's son had come, that he ran to meet him, and embraced him and kissed him, and brought him to his house. And Jacob abode with him a month.

And Laban said, Because thou art my sister's son, shouldest thou therefore serve me for nought? Tell me what shall thy wages be?

Now Laban had two daughters; the name of the elder was Leah, and the name of the younger was Rachel. Leah was tender-eyed, but Rachel was beautiful; and Jacob loved Rachel. And he said, I will serve thee seven years for Rachel, that she may be my wife.

And Laban said, It is better that I give her to thee, than that I should give her to another man. Abide with me.

And Jacob served seven years for Rachel; and they seemed to him but a few days, for the love he had to her.

And when the seven years were passed, Jacob said to Laban, Give me my wife.

And Laban made a feast, and brought Leah to Jacob.

THE FINDING OF MOSES

But Jacob said to Laban, What is this thou hast done? Did not I serve with thee for Rachel?

And Laban said, It must not be so done in our country to give the younger before the first-born.

Then Laban said, Serve me yet other seven years, and thou shalt also have Rachel. And Jacob did so, and fulfilled seven other years.

And it came to pass after many years, that Jacob said unto Laban, Send me away, that I may go to my own country. Give me my wives and my children, for whom I have served thee, and let me go.

But Laban said, I pray thee tarry, for I have learned that the Lord hath blessed me for thy sake. And Jacob served Laban, and Laban gave him wages, cattle from among his flocks.

And Jacob increased exceedingly, and had much cattle, and maid-servants, and men-servants, and camels, and asses.

And Jacob heard the words of Laban's sons, saying, Jacob hath taken away all that was our father's.

And Jacob beheld the countenance of Laban, and behold, it was not friendly towards him as before.

HOW JACOB RETURNED TO HIS OWN LAND

Then the Lord said to Jacob, Return unto the land of thy father, and I will be with thee.

And Jacob sent and called Rachel and Leah to the field unto his flock and said unto them, I see your father's countenance, that it is not towards me as before, but the God of my father hath been with me: and ye know that with all my power I have served your father. And behold now the countenance of your father is no longer friendly towards me, but God has not suffered him to hurt me. And now the angel of God spake unto me in a dream, saying, Jacob, arise, get thee out from this land, and return unto the land of thy fathers.

And Rachel and Leah answered and said unto him, Now, then, whatsoever God hath said unto thee, do.

Then Jacob rose up and set his sons and his wives upon camels; and he carried away all his cattle, and all his goods which he had gotten, to go to the land of Canaan.

NOW there arose up a new king over Egypt. And he said, Behold, the people of the children of Israel are more and mightier than we. Come on, and let us deal wisely with them, lest they become too many, and it come to pass that, when there falleth out any war, they join also unto our enemies, and fight against us.

Therefore they did set over the children of Israel taskmasters to afflict them.

And the Egyptians made the lives of the children of Israel bitter with hard bondage, in mortar, and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field. And the king of Egypt charged all his people, saying, Every son that is born to the Hebrews ye shall cast into the river, and every daughter ye shall save alive.

And there was a woman of the house of Levi who had a son, and when she saw that he was a goodly child, she hid him three months. And when she could no longer hide him, she took for him an ark of bulrushes, and daubed it with slime and with pitch, and put the child therein, and she laid it in the flags by the river's brink. And his sister stood afar off to know what would be done to him.

Now the daughter of Pharaoh came down to wash herself at the river. And her maidens walked along by the river side. And when the daughter of Pharaoh saw the ark among the flags, she sent her maid to fetch it. And when she had opened it, she saw the child, and behold, the babe wept. And she had compassion on him and said, This is one of the Hebrews' children.

Then said his sister to Pharaoh's daughter, Shall I go and call to thee a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for thee?

And Pharaoh's daughter said to her, Go. And the maid went and called the child's mother. And Pharaoh's daughter said unto her, Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages.

And the woman took the child and nursed it. And the child grew, and she brought him unto Pharaoh's daughter, and he became her son. And she called his name Moses, and she said, Because I drew him out of the water.

When Moses was grown, he became a great leader and delivered his people out of the hands of the Egyptians.

JOSHUA AND THE WALLS OF JERICO

AND it came to pass, when Joshua was by Jericho, that he lifted up his eyes and looked, and, behold, there stood a man over against him with his sword drawn in his hand: and Joshua went unto him, and said unto him, Art thou for us, or for our adversaries? And he said, Nay; but as captain of the host of the Lord am I now come. And Joshua fell on his face to the earth, and did worship, and said unto him, What saith my lord unto his



THE WALLS OF JERICO FALLING

servant? And the captain of the Lord's host said unto Joshua, Loose thy shoe from off thy foot; for the place whereon thou standest is holy.

And Joshua did so. (Now Jericho was straitly shut up because of the children of Israel: none went out, and none came in.) And the Lord said unto Joshua, See, I have given into thine hand Jericho, and the king thereof, and the mighty men of valor. And ye shall compass the city, all ye men of war, and go round about the city once. Thus shalt thou do six days.

And seven priests shall bear before the ark seven trumpets of rams' horns: and the seventh day ye shall compass the city seven times, and the priests shall blow with the trumpets. And it shall come to pass, that when they make a long blast with the ram's horn, and when ye hear the sound of the trumpet, all the people shall shout with a great shout; and the wall of the city shall fall down flat, and the people shall ascend up every man straight before him.

And Joshua the son of Nun called the priests, and said unto them, Take up the ark of the covenant, and let seven priests bear seven trumpets of rams' horns before the ark of the Lord. And he said unto the people, Pass on, and compass the city, and let him that is armed pass on before the ark of the Lord.

And it came to pass, when Joshua had spoken unto the people, that the seven priests bearing the seven trumpets of rams' horns passed on before the Lord, and blew with the trumpets: and the ark of the covenant of the Lord followed them. And the armed men went before the priests that blew with the trumpets, and the rereward came after the ark, the priests going on, and blowing with the trumpets. And Joshua had commanded the people, saying, Ye shall not shout, nor make any noise with your voice, neither shall any word proceed out of your mouth, until the day I bid you shout; then shall ye shout. So the ark of the Lord compassed the city, going about it once: and they came into the camp, and lodged in the camp.

And Joshua rose early in the morning, and the priests took up the ark of the Lord. And seven priests bearing seven trumpets of rams' horns before the ark of the Lord went on continually, and blew with the trumpets: and the armed men went before them; but the rereward came after the ark of the Lord, the priests going on, and blowing with the trumpets. And the second day they compassed the city once, and returned into the camp: so they did six days.

And it came to pass on the seventh day, that they rose early about the dawning of the day, and compassed the city after the same manner seven times: only on that day they compassed the city seven times. And it came to pass at the seventh time, when the priests blew with

the trumpets, Joshua said unto the people, Shout; for the Lord hath given you the city.

So the people shouted when the priests blew with the trumpets: and it came to pass, when the people heard the sound of the trumpet, and the people shouted with a great shout, that the wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city, every man straight before him, and they took the city.

THE BOY SAMUEL

HOW HIS MOTHER LONGED AND PRAYED FOR HIM

NOW there was a certain man of the hill country whose name was Elkanah, and the name of his wife was Hannah. Elkanah loved Hannah, but she wept because she had no son. And Elkanah said unto her, Hannah, why weepest thou? And why eatest thou not? And why is thy heart grieved? Am I not better to thee than ten sons?

Now Hannah went up to the temple of the Lord. And she was in bitterness of soul, and prayed unto the Lord and wept sore. And she vowed a vow, and said, O Lord of hosts, if thou wilt indeed look on the affliction of thine handmaid, and remember me, and wilt give unto thine handmaid a man child, then will I give him unto the Lord all the days of his life.

And it came to pass, as she prayed, Eli, the priest of the Lord, marked her prayer and spake with her. As she departed he said unto her, Go in peace: and the God of Israel grant thy petition that thou hast asked of him.

So the woman went her way, and did eat, and her face was no more sad. And the Lord remembered Hannah, and she had a son: and she called his name Samuel.

HOW HANNAH GAVE HIM TO THE LORD

When he was yet a child, she took him up with her unto the house of the Lord, and brought him to Eli. And she said, O my lord, I am the woman that stood by thee here, praying unto the Lord. For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of him: therefore I also have granted him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he is granted to the Lord.

Hannah went unto her own home. But Samuel, being yet a child, did minister unto the Lord before Eli the priest. His mother made him a little robe, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice.

HOW THE LORD SPOKE TO SAMUEL

And the child Samuel ministered unto the Lord before Eli. And the word of the Lord was precious in those days; there was no open vision. And it came to pass at that time, when



THE CHILD SAMUEL

Eli was laid down in his place, and his eyes began to wax dim, that he could not see; and ere the lamp of God went out in the temple of the Lord, where the ark of God was, and Samuel was laid down to sleep; that the Lord called Samuel: and he answered, Here am I. And he ran unto Eli, and said, Here am I; for thou calledst me. And he said, I called not; lie down again.

And he went and lay down. And the Lord called yet again, Samuel. And Samuel arose and went to Eli, and said, Here am I; for thou didst call me. And he answered, I called not, my son; lie down again. Now Samuel did not yet know the Lord, neither was the word of the Lord yet revealed unto him. And the Lord called Samuel again the third time. And he arose and went to Eli, and said, Here am I; for thou didst call me. And Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child. Therefore Eli said unto Samuel, Go, lie down: and it shall be, if he call thee, that thou shalt say, Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth. So Samuel went and lay down in his place. And the Lord came, and stood, and called as at other times, Samuel, Samuel. Then Samuel answered, Speak; for thy servant heareth.

THE MESSAGE WHICH THE LORD GAVE TO SAMUEL

And the Lord said to Samuel, Behold, I will do a thing in Israel, at which both the ears of every one that heareth it shall tingle. In that day I will perform against Eli all things which I have spoken concerning his house: when I begin, I will also make an end. For I have told him that I will judge his house for ever for the iniquity which he knoweth; because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not. And therefore I have sworn unto the house of Eli, that the iniquity of Eli's house shall not be purged with sacrifice nor offering for ever.

And Samuel lay until the morning, and opened the doors of the house of the Lord. And Samuel feared to show Eli the vision. Then Eli called Samuel, and said, Samuel, my son. And he answered, Here am I. And he said, What is the thing that the Lord hath said unto thee? I pray thee hide it not from me: God do so to thee, and more also, if thou hide any thing from me of all the things that he said unto thee. And Samuel told him every whit, and hid nothing from him. And he said, It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth him good.

And Samuel grew, and the Lord was with him, and did let none of his words fall to the ground. And all Israel from Dan even to Beersheba knew that Samuel was established to be a prophet of the Lord.

A BOYS' FRIENDSHIP

AND when Saul saw David go forth against the Philistine, he said unto Abner, the captain of the host, Abner, whose son is this youth? And Abner said, As thy soul liveth, O king, I cannot tell. And the king said, Inquire thou whose son the stripling is. And as David returned from the slaughter of the Philistine, Abner took him, and brought him before Saul with the head of the Philistine in his hand. And Saul said to him, Whose son art thou, thou young man? And David answered, I am the son of thy servant Jesse the Bethlehemite.

And it came to pass, when he had made an end of speaking unto Saul, that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul. And Saul took him that day, and would let him go no more home to his father's house. Then Jonathan and David made a covenant, because he loved him as his own soul. And Jonathan stripped himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David, and his garments, even to his sword, and to his bow, and to his girdle.

And David went out whithersoever Saul sent him, and behaved himself wisely: and Saul set him over the men of war, and he was accepted in the sight of all the people, and also in the sight of Saul's servants.

SAUL'S JEALOUSY

And it came to pass as they came, when David was returned from the slaughter of the Philistine, that the women came out of all cities of Israel, singing and dancing, to meet King Saul, with tabrets, with joy, and with instruments of music. And the women answered one another as they played, and said, Saul hath slain his thousands, And David his ten thousands. And Saul was very wroth, and the saying displeased him; and he said, They have ascribed unto David ten thousands, and to me they have ascribed but thousands: and what can he have more but the kingdom? And Saul eyed David from that day and forward.

And it came to pass on the morrow, that the evil spirit from God came upon Saul, and he prophesied in the midst of the house: and David played with his hand, as at other times: and



RUTH GLEANING

The beautiful story of Ruth is to be found in the book of the Bible bearing her name.

there was a javelin in Saul's hand. And Saul cast the javelin; for he said, I will smite David even to the wall with it. And David avoided out of his presence twice.

And Saul was afraid of David, because the Lord was with him, and was departed from Saul. Therefore Saul removed him from him, and made him his captain over a thousand; and he went out and came in before the people. And David behaved himself wisely in all his ways; and the Lord was with him. Wherefore when Saul saw that he behaved himself very wisely, he was afraid of him. But all Israel and Judah loved David, because he went out and came in before them.

THE ESCAPE

And Saul spake to Jonathan his son, and to all his servants, that they should kill David. But Jonathan, Saul's son, delighted much in David: and Jonathan told David, saying, Saul, my father seeketh to kill thee: now therefore, I pray thee, take heed to thyself until the morning, and abide in a secret place, and hide thyself: and I will go out and stand beside my father in the field where thou art, and I will commune with my father of thee; and what I see, that I will tell thee. And Jonathan spake good of David unto Saul his father, and said unto him, Let not the king sin against his servant, against David; because he hath not sinned against thee, and because his works have been to thee-ward very good: for he did put his life in his hand, and slew the Philistine, and the Lord wrought a great salvation for all Israel: thou sawest it, and didst rejoice: wherefore then wilt thou sin against innocent blood, to slay David without a cause? And Saul hearkened unto the voice of Jonathan: and Saul sware, As the Lord liveth, he shall not be slain. And Jonathan called David, and Jonathan showed him all those things. And Jonathan brought David to Saul, and he was in his presence, as in times past.

And there was war again: and David went out, and fought with the Philistines, and slew them with a great slaughter; and they fled from him. And the evil spirit from the Lord was upon Saul, as he sat in his house with his javelin in his hand: and David played with his

hand. And Saul sought to smite David even to the wall with the javelin; but he slipped away out of Saul's presence, and he smote the javelin into the wall: and David fled, and escaped that night. Saul also sent messengers unto David's house, to watch him, and to slay him in the morning: and Michal, David's wife, told him, saying, If thou save not thy life to-night, to-morrow thou shalt be slain. So Michal let David down through a window: and he went, and fled, and escaped. And Michal took an image, and laid it in the bed, and put a pillow of goat's hair for his bolster, and covered it with a cloth. And when Saul sent messengers to take David, she said, He is sick. And Saul sent the messengers again to see David, saying, Bring him up to me in the bed, that I may slay him. And when the messengers were come in, behold, there was an image in the bed, with a pillow of goat's hair for his bolster. And Saul said unto Michal, Why hast thou deceived me so, and sent away mine enemy, that he is escaped? And Michal answered Saul, He said unto me, Let me go; why should I kill thee?

THE COVENANT BETWEEN DAVID AND JONATHAN

And David fled from Naioth in Ramah, and came and said before Jonathan, What have I done? what is mine iniquity? and what is my sin before thy father, that he seeketh my life? And he said unto him, God forbid; thou shalt not die: behold, my father will do nothing either great or small, but that he will show it me: and why should my father hide this thing from me? it is not so. And David sware moreover, and said, Thy father certainly knoweth that I have found grace in thine eyes; and he saith, Let not Jonathan know this, lest he be grieved: but truly as the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, there is but a step between me and death. Then said Jonathan unto David, Whatsoever thy soul desireth, I will even do it for thee.

And David said unto Jonathan, Behold, to-morrow is the new moon, and I should not fail to sit with the king at meat; but let me go, that I may hide myself in the field unto the third day at even. If thy father at all miss me, then say, David earnestly asked leave of me

that he might run to Bethlehem his city: for there is a yearly sacrifice there for all the family. If he say thus, It is well; thy servant shall have peace: but if he be very wroth, then be sure that evil is determined by him. Therefore thou shalt deal kindly with thy servant; for thou hast brought thy servant into a covenant of the Lord with thee: notwithstanding, if there be in me iniquity, slay me thyself; for why shouldst thou bring me to thy father?

And Jonathan said, Far be it from thee: for if I knew certainly that evil were determined by my father to come upon thee, then would not I tell it thee?

Then said David to Jonathan, Who shall tell me? or what if thy father answer thee roughly? And Jonathan said unto David, Come, and let us go out into the field. And they went out both of them into the field. And Jonathan said unto David, O Lord God of Israel, when I have sounded my father about to-morrow any time, or the third day, and, behold, if there be good toward David, and I then send not unto thee, and show it thee; the Lord do so and much more to Jonathan: but if it please my father to do thee evil, then I will show it thee, and send thee away, that thou mayest go in peace: and the Lord be with thee, as he hath been with my father. And thou shalt not only while yet I live show me the kindness of the Lord, that I die not: but also thou shalt not cut off thy kindness from my house for ever: no, not when the Lord hath cut off the enemies of David every one from the face of the earth. So Jonathan made a covenant with the house of David, saying, Let the Lord even require it at the hand of David's enemies. And Jonathan caused David to swear again, because he loved him: for he loved him as he loved his own soul.

THE LAD WITH THE ARROWS

Then Jonathan said to David, To-morrow is the new moon: and thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty. And when thou hast stayed three days, then thou shalt go down quickly, and come to the place where thou didst hide thyself when the business was in hand, and shalt remain by the stone Ezel. And I will shoot three arrows on the side thereof, as though

I shot at a mark. And, behold, I will send a lad, saying, Go, find out the arrows. If I expressly say unto the lad, Behold, the arrows are on this side of thee, take them; then come thou: for there is peace to thee, and no hurt: as the Lord liveth. But if I say thus unto the young man, Behold, the arrows are beyond thee; go thy way: for the Lord hath sent thee away. And as touching the matter which thou and I have spoken of, behold, the Lord be between thee and me for ever.

So David hid himself in the field: and when the new moon was come, the king sat him down to eat meat. And the king sat upon his seat, as at other times, even upon a seat by the wall: and Jonathan arose, and Abner sat by Saul's side, and David's place was empty. Nevertheless Saul spake not any thing that day: for he thought, Something hath befallen him, he is not clean; surely he is not clean. And it came to pass on the morrow, which was the second day of the month, that David's place was empty: and Saul said unto Jonathan his son, Wherefore cometh not the son of Jesse to meat, neither yesterday, nor to-day? And Jonathan answered Saul, David earnestly asked leave of me to go to Bethlehem: and he said, Let me go, I pray thee; for our family hath a sacrifice in the city; and my brother, he hath commanded me to be there: and now, if I have found favor in thine eyes, let me get away, I pray thee, and see my brethren. Therefore he cometh not unto the king's table.

Then Saul's anger was kindled against Jonathan, and he said unto him, Thou son of the perverse rebellious woman, do not I know that thou hast chosen the son of Jesse to thine own confusion? For as long as the son of Jesse liveth upon the ground, thou shalt not be established, nor thy kingdom. Wherefore now send and fetch him unto me, for he shall surely die. And Jonathan answered Saul his father, and said unto him, Wherefore shall he be slain? what hath he done? And Saul cast a javelin at him to smite him: whereby Jonathan knew that it was determined of his father to slay David. So Jonathan arose from the table in fierce anger, and did eat no meat the second day of the month: for he was grieved for David, because his father had done him shame.

And it came to pass in the morning, that

of Syria said, Go to, go, and I will send a letter unto the king of Israel. And he departed, and took with him ten talents of silver, and six thousand pieces of gold, and ten changes of raiment. And he brought the letter to the king of Israel, saying, Now when this letter is come unto thee, behold, I have therewith sent Naaman my servant to thee, that thou mayest recover him of his leprosy. And it came to pass, when the king of Israel had read the letter, that he rent his clothes, and said, Am I God, to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy? wherefore consider, I pray you, and see how he seeketh a quarrel against me.

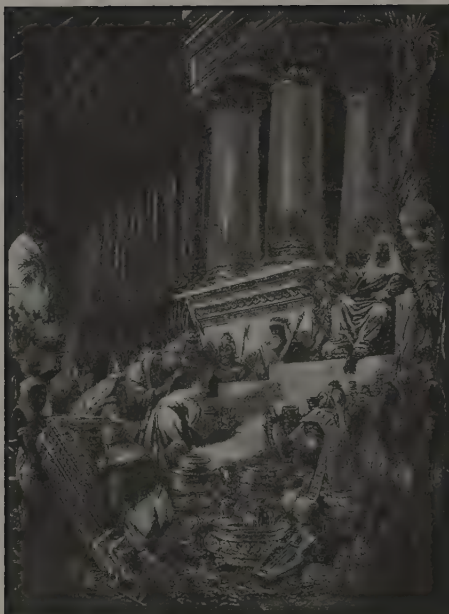
And it was so, when Elisha the man of God had heard that the king of Israel had rent his clothes, that he sent to the king, saying, Wherefore hast thou rent thy clothes? let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel. So Naaman came with his horses and with his chariot, and stood at the door of the house of Elisha. And Elisha sent a messenger unto him, saying, Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean. But Naaman was wroth, and went away, and said, Behold, I thought, He will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper. Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? may I not wash in them, and be clean? So he turned and went away in a rage. And his servants came near, and spake unto him, and said, My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? how much rather then, when he saith to thee, Wash, and be clean? Then went he down, and dipped himself seven times in Jordan, according to the saying of the man of God: and his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean.

And he returned to the man of God, he and all his company, and came, and stood before him: and he said, Behold, now I know that there is no God in all the earth, but in Israel: now therefore, I pray thee, take a blessing of thy servant. But he said, As the Lord liveth, before whom I stand, I will receive none. And he urged him to take it; but he refused. And

Naaman said, Shall there not then, I pray thee, be given to thy servant two mules' burden of earth? For thy servant will henceforth offer neither burnt offering nor sacrifice unto other gods, but unto the Lord. In this thing the Lord pardon thy servant, that when my master goeth into the house of Rimmon to worship there, and he leaneth on my hand, and I bow myself in the house of Rimmon: when I bow down myself in the house of Rimmon, the Lord pardon thy servant in this thing. And he said unto him, Go in peace. So he departed from him a little way.

But Gehazi, the servant of Elisha the man of God, said, Behold, my master hath spared Naaman this Syrian, in not receiving at his hands that which he brought: but, as the Lord liveth, I will run after him, and take somewhat of him. So Gehazi followed after Naaman. And when Naaman saw him running after him, he lighted down from the chariot to meet him, and said, Is all well? And he said, All is well. My master hath sent me, saying, Behold, even now there be come to me from mount Ephraim two young men of the sons of the prophets: give them, I pray thee, a talent of silver, and two changes of garments. And Naaman said, Be content, take two talents. And he urged him, and bound two talents of silver in two bags, with two changes of garments, and laid them upon two of his servants; and they bare them before him. And when he came to the tower, he took them from their hand, and bestowed them in the house: and he let the men go, and they departed. But he went in, and stood before his master. And Elisha said unto him, Whence comest thou, Gehazi? And he said, Thy servant went no whither. And he said unto him, Went not mine heart with thee, when the man turned again from his chariot to meet thee? Is it a time to receive money, and to receive garments, and oliveyards, and vineyards, and sheep, and oxen, and men-servants, and maid-servants? The leprosy therefore of Naaman shall cleave unto thee, and unto thy seed for ever. And he went out from his presence a leper as white as snow.

Now the rest of the acts of Elisha and the wonders which he did are written in the book of the chronicles of the kings of Israel.



SOLOMON IN ALL HIS GLORY

The story of Solomon, his building of the temple and visit from the Queen of Sheba, is in I Kings.

DANIEL

IN the third year of the reign of Jehoiakim king of Judah came Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon unto Jerusalem, and besieged it. And the Lord gave Jehoiakim king of Judah into his hand, with part of the vessels of the house of God: which he carried into the land of Shinar to the house of his god; and he brought the vessels into the treasure house of his god.

And the king spake unto Ashpenaz the master of his eunuchs, that he should bring certain of the children of Israel, and of the king's seed, and of the princes; children in whom was no blemish, but well favored, and skilful in all wisdom, and cunning in knowledge, and understanding science, and such as had ability in them to stand in the king's palace, and whom they might teach the learning and the tongue of the Chaldeans. And the king appointed

them a daily provision of the king's meat, and of the wine which he drank: so nourishing them three years, that at the end thereof they might stand before the king.—Now among these were of the children of Judah, Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah: unto whom the prince of the eunuchs gave names: for he gave unto Daniel the name of Belteshazzar; and to Hananiah, of Shadrach; and to Mishael, of Meshach; and to Azariah, of Abed-nego.

But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank: therefore he requested of the prince of the eunuchs that he might not defile himself. Now God had brought Daniel into favor and tender love with the prince of the eunuchs. And the prince of the eunuchs said unto Daniel, I fear my lord the king, who hath appointed your meat and your drink: for why should he see your faces worse liking than the children which are of your sort? then shall ye make me endanger my head to the king. Then said Daniel to Melzar, whom the prince of the eunuchs had set over Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah, Prove thy servants, I beseech thee, ten days; and let them give us pulse to eat, and water to drink. Then let our countenances be looked upon before thee, and the countenance of the children that eat of the portion of the king's meat: and as thou seest, deal with thy servants. So he consented to them in this matter, and proved them ten days. And at the end of ten days their countenances appeared fairer and fatter in flesh than all the children which did eat the portion of the king's meat. Thus Melzar took away the portion of their meat, and the wine that they should drink; and gave them pulse.

As for these four children, God gave them knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom: and Daniel had understanding in all visions and dreams. Now at the end of the days that the king had said he should bring them in, then the prince of the eunuchs brought them in before Nebuchadnezzar. And the king communed with them; and among them all was found none like Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah: therefore stood they before the king. And in all matters of wisdom and understanding, that the king inquired of them, he found

them ten times better than all the magicians and astrologers that were in all his realm. And Daniel continued even unto the first year of king Cyrus.

THE IMAGE OF GOLD

Nebuchadnezzar the king made Daniel a great man, and gave him many great gifts, and made him ruler over the whole province of Babylon, and chief of the governors over all the wise men of Babylon. Then Daniel requested of the king, and he set Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, over the affairs of the province of Babylon: but Daniel sat in the gate of the king.

The king made an image of gold, whose height was three score cubits, and the breadth thereof six cubits: he set it up in the plain of Dura, in the province of Babylon. Then Nebuchadnezzar the king sent to gather together the princes, the governors, and the captains, the judges, the treasurers, the counsellors, the sheriffs, and all the rulers of the provinces, to come to the dedication of the image which Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up. Then the princes, the governors, and captains, the judges, the treasurers, the counsellors, the sheriffs, and all the rulers of the provinces, were gathered together unto the dedication of the image that Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up; and they stood before the image that Nebuchadnezzar had set up.

Then a herald cried aloud, To you it is commanded, O people, nations, and languages, that at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music, ye fall down and worship the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar the king hath set up: and whoso falleth not down and worshippeth shall the same hour be cast into the midst of a burning fiery furnace. Therefore at that time, when all the people heard the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music, all the people, the nations, and the languages, fell down and worshipped the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up.

Wherefore at that time certain Chaldeans came near, and accused the Jews. They spake and said to the king Nebuchadnezzar, O king,

live for ever. Thou, O king, hast made a decree, that every man that shall hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, and all kinds of music, shall fall down and worship the golden image: and whoso falleth not down and worshippeth, that he should be cast into the midst of a burning fiery furnace. There are certain Jews whom thou hast set over the affairs of the province of Babylon, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego; these men, O king, have not regarded thee: they serve not thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up.

Then Nebuchadnezzar in his rage and fury commanded to bring Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego. Then they brought these men before the king. Nebuchadnezzar spake and said unto them, Is it true, O Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, do not ye serve my gods, nor worship the golden image which I have set up? Now if ye be ready that at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, and all kinds of music, ye fall down and worship the image which I have made; well: but if ye worship not, ye shall be cast the same hour into the midst of a burning fiery furnace;—and who is that God that shall deliver you out of my hands?

Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, answered and said to the king, O Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter. If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thine hand, O king. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up.

IN THE FIERY FURNACE

Then was Nebuchadnezzar full of fury, and the form of his visage was changed against Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego: therefore he spake, and commanded that they should heat the furnace one seven times more than it was wont to be heated. And he commanded the most mighty men that were in his army to bind Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, and to cast them into the burning fiery furnace. Then these men were bound in their coats, their



THEY BROUGHT DANIEL AND CAST HIM INTO THE DEN OF LIONS

hosen, and their hats, and their other garments, and were cast into the midst of the burning fiery furnace. Therefore because the king's commandment was urgent, and the furnace exceeding hot, the flame of the fire slew those men that took up Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego. And these three men, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, fell down bound into the midst of the burning fiery furnace.

Then Nebuchadnezzar the king was astonished, and rose up in haste, and spake, and said unto his counsellors, Did not we cast three men bound into the midst of the fire? They answered and said unto the king, True, O king. He answered and said, Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God. Then Nebuchadnezzar came near to the mouth of the burning fiery furnace, and spake, and said, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, ye servants of the most high God, come forth, and come hither. Then Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego,

came forth from the midst of the fire. And the princes, governors, and captains, and the king's counsellors, being gathered together, saw these men, upon whose bodies the fire had no power, nor was an hair of their head singed, neither were their coats changed, nor the smell of fire had passed on them.

Then Nebuchadnezzar spake, and said, Blessed be the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, who hath sent his angel, and delivered his servants that trusted in him, and have changed the king's word, and yielded their bodies, that they might not serve nor worship any god, except their own God. Therefore I make a decree, That every people, nation, and language, which speak any thing amiss against the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, shall be cut in pieces, and their houses shall be made a dunghill: because there is no other God that can deliver after this sort. Then the king promoted Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, in the province of Babylon.

IN THE REIGN OF DARIUS

It pleased Darius to set over the kingdom an hundred and twenty princes, which should be over the whole kingdom; and over these three presidents; of whom Daniel was first: that the princes might give accounts unto them. Daniel was preferred above the presidents and princes, because an excellent spirit was in him; and the king thought to set him over the whole realm.

Then the presidents and princes sought to find occasion against Daniel concerning the kingdom; but they could find no occasion nor fault; for he was faithful, neither was there any error or fault found in him. Then said these men, We shall not find any occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God.

Then these presidents and princes assembled together to the king, and said thus unto him, King Darius, live for ever. All the presidents of the kingdom, the governors, and the

princes, the counsellors, and the captains, have consulted together to establish a royal statute, and to make a firm decree, that whosoever shall ask a petition of any god or man for thirty days, save of thee, O king, he shall be cast into the den of lions. Now, O king, establish the decree, and sign the writing, that it be not changed, according to the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not. Wherefore King Darius signed the writing and the decree.

Now when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house; and his windows being opened in his chamber toward Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime.

Then these men assembled, and found Daniel praying and making supplication before his God. Then they came near, and spake before the king concerning the king's decree; Hast thou not signed a decree, that every man that shall ask a petition of any god or man within



"MY GOD HATH SHUT THE LIONS' MOUTHS"

thirty days, save of thee, O king, shall be cast into the den of lions? The king answered and said, The thing is true, according to the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not. Then answered they and said before the king, That Daniel, which is of the children of the captivity of Judah, regardeth not thee, O king, nor the decree that thou hast signed, but maketh his petition three times a day. Then the king, when he heard these words, was sore displeased with himself, and set his heart on Daniel to deliver him: and he labored till the going down of the sun to deliver him.

DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN

Then these men assembled unto the king, and said unto the king, Know, O king, that the law of the Medes and Persians is, That no decree nor statute which the king establisheth may be changed. Then the king commanded, and they brought Daniel, and cast him into the den of lions. Now the king spake and said unto Daniel, Thy God whom thou servest continually, he will deliver thee. And a stone was brought, and laid upon the mouth of the den; and the king sealed it with his own signet, and with the signet of his lords; that the purpose might not be changed concerning Daniel. Then the king went to his palace, and passed the night fasting: neither were instruments of music brought before him: and his sleep went from him.

Then the king arose very early in the morning and went in haste unto the den of lions. And when he came to the den, he cried with a lamentable voice unto Daniel: and the king spake and said to Daniel, O Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God, whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee from the lions? Then said Daniel unto the king, O king, live for ever. My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me: forasmuch as before him innocency was found in me; and also before thee, O king, have I done no hurt. Then was the king exceeding glad for him, and commanded that they should take Daniel up out of the den. So Daniel was taken up out of the den, and no manner of hurt was found upon him, because he believed in his God.

And the king commanded, and they brought those men which had accused Daniel, and they cast them into the den of lions, them, their children, and their wives; and the lions had the mastery of them, and brake all their bones in pieces or ever they came at the bottom of the den.

Then king Darius wrote unto all people, nations, and languages, that dwell in all the earth; Peace be multiplied unto you. I make a decree, That in every dominion of my kingdom men tremble and fear before the God of Daniel; for he is the living God, and steadfast for ever, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed, and his dominion shall be even unto the end. He delivereth and rescueth, and he worketh signs and wonders in heaven and in earth, who hath delivered Daniel from the power of the lions.

So this Daniel prospered in the reign of Darius, and in the reign of Cyrus the Persian.

OTHER OLD TESTAMENT STORIES, AND WHERE TO FIND THEM

Stories of Joseph.

Sold by his brethren — Genesis 37.

Taken to Egypt; in prison; his dream; in high position — Genesis 39, 40, and 41.

Joseph's brethren in Egypt; his dealings with his family — Genesis 42-50.

Stories of Moses.

Moses and the burning bush — Exodus 3 and 4.

The ten plagues — Exodus 5 and 7-12.

The Egyptians at the Red Sea — Exodus 14, 15.

The giving of the law on Mount Sinai — Exodus 19, 20, 32.

Stories of Gideon.

Gideon and the fleece — Judges 6.

His dream — Judges 7.

The Story of Samson — Judges 14, 15, 16.

The Book of Ruth.

Stories of Saul.

His call and anointing — I Samuel 9, 10, 11.

His rejection — 15, 16.

Solomon and the Queen of Sheba — I Kings 9 and 10.

Stories of Elijah.

Elijah fed by the ravens — I Kings 17.

Elijah and the Prophets of Baal — I Kings 18.

Elijah and the still small voice — I Kings 19.

Elijah and Elisha — II Kings 2.

The Book of Esther.

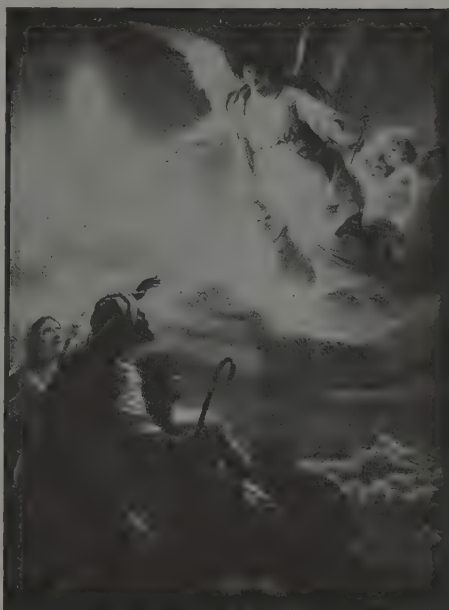
Nehemiah and the Building of the Wall — Nehemiah 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 8, 12.

The Writing on the Wall — Daniel 5.

The Book of Jonah.

THE CHILD JESUS

NOW the birth of Jesus was on this wise. There went out a command from Cæsar that all the world should be taxed. And all went to be taxed, everyone to his own city. And Joseph went up from Galilee out of the



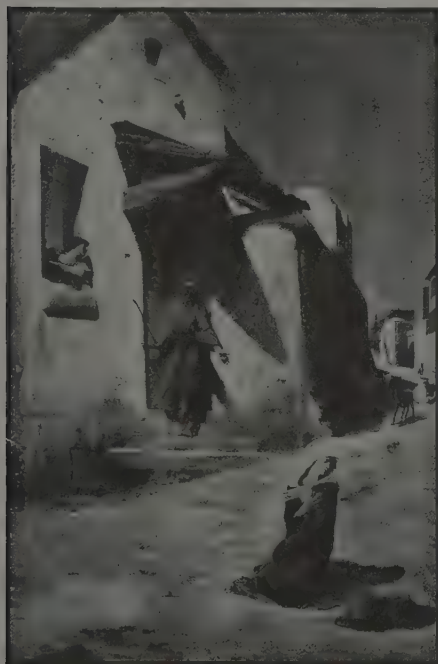
GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY

city of Nazareth, unto the city of David which is called Bethlehem, to be taxed with Mary his wife. And so it was that while they were there, Mary brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

THE SHEPHERDS

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger.



AT THE INN



THE MADONNA AND CHILD AS PICTURED BY DIFFERENT ARTISTS

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

And it came to pass as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

THE WISE MEN

Now behold there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the East, and are come to worship him.

When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled. And when he had gathered



Copyright, 1904, A. W. Elson & Co., Boston

THE ADORATION OF THE WISE MEN

And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger. And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child. And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God, for all the things which they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.

all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he asked of them where Christ should be born.

And they said unto him, In Bethlehem.

Then Herod, when he had called the wise men, asked them what time the star appeared. And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search for the young child, and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

When they had heard the king they departed,

and lo, the star which they saw in the East went before them till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary, his mother, and fell down and worshipped him. And when they had opened their treasures they gave unto him gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

And being warned of God in a dream that



JESUS RETURNING WITH HIS PARENTS

they should not return to Herod, they went into their own country another way.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

When they were departed, behold the angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream, saying, Arise and take the young child and his mother and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word; for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him.

Then Joseph arose, and took the young child and his mother by night and went into Egypt, and was there until the death of Herod.

Then Herod, when he saw that he was mocked of the wise men, was wroth, and sent forth and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, from two years old and under, according to the time which he had heard from the wise men. Then was there a voice heard, of weeping and great mourning. Women weeping for their children, and would not be comforted.

But when Herod was dead, an angel of the Lord appeared in a dream to Joseph in Egypt, saying, Arise and take the young child and his mother and go into the land of Israel, for they are dead that sought his life. And Joseph arose and came into the land of Israel, and dwelt in Nazareth.

And the child grew and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon him.

THE BOY JESUS IN THE TEMPLE

Now Joseph and Mary went to Jerusalem every year at the feast of the passover. And when Jesus was twelve years old they went up to Jerusalem, after the custom of the feast. And as they returned the child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem.

And Joseph and his mother knew not of it. But they, supposing him to have been in the company, went a day's journey. And they sought him among their kinsfolk, and when they found him not, they turned back again to Jerusalem seeking him.

And it came to pass that after three days they found him in the temple sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions. And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers. And when they saw him they were amazed, and his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? Behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing.

And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?

And they understood not the saying which he spake unto them. And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them. But his mother kept all these sayings in her heart. And Jesus grew in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.

JESUS' WORDS AND DEEDS

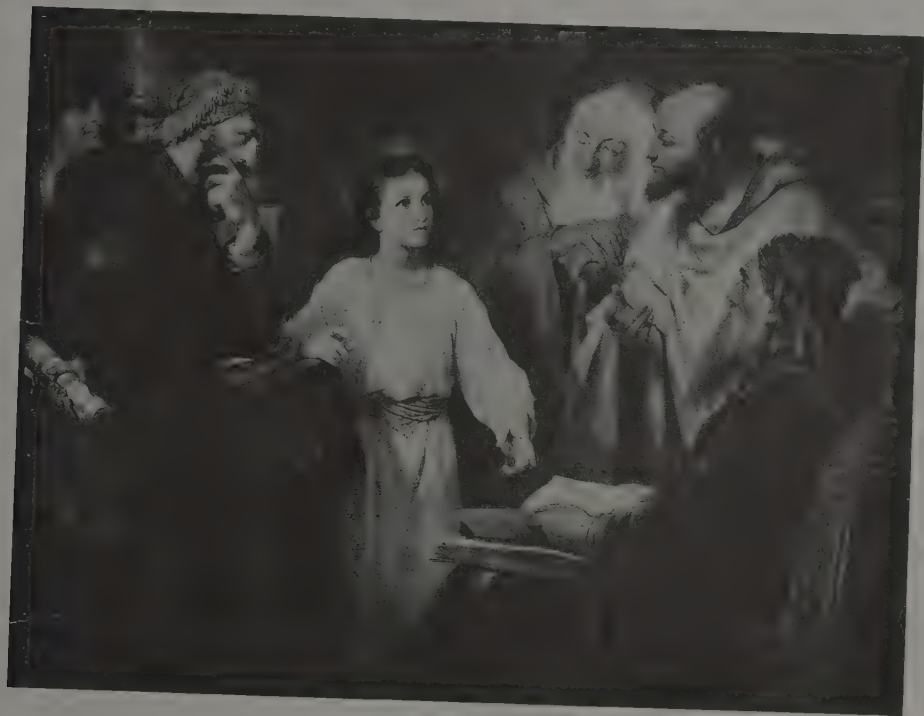
A LITTLE CHILD

THE disciples came unto Jesus, saying,
Who is the greatest in the kingdom of
heaven?

And he sat down, and called the twelve,

shall receive one such little child in my name,
receiveth me.

Then were there brought unto Jesus little
children, that he should put his hands on them
and pray. And his disciples rebuked those
that brought them. But when Jesus saw it he
was much displeased, and called them unto
him, and said unto them —



CHRIST, A BOY OF TWELVE, IN THE TEMPLE

From a painting by Hofmann.

and saith unto them, If any man desire to be
first, the same shall be last of all, and ser-
vant of all.

And he took a child and set him in the midst
of them; and when he had taken him in his
arms, he said unto them, Except ye become as
little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom
of heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble
himself as this little child, the same is greatest
in the kingdom of heaven. And whosoever

Suffer little children to come unto me, and
forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of
God.

And he took them up in his arms, put his
hands upon them, and blessed them.

JAIRUS' DAUGHTER

Behold there cometh unto him one of the
rulers, a man named Jairus. He had one only

daughter about twelve years of age, and she lay a-dying. And when he saw Jesus he fell at his feet, and besought him greatly, saying, My little daughter lieth at the point of death. I pray thee come and lay thy hand on her, that she may be healed, and she shall live.

And Jesus went with him. There cometh one from the ruler's house saying, Thy daughter is dead; trouble not the Master.

As soon as Jesus had heard the word that was spoken, he saith unto the ruler, Be not afraid, only believe, and she shall be made whole.

And when he came into the house, he suffered no man to go in save Peter and James and John, and the father and mother of the maiden. And he seeth the tumult, and them that wept and wailed greatly, and the minstrels and the people making a noise. And when he was come in he saith unto them, Why make ye this ado and weep? Give place, for the maid is not dead, but sleepeth.

And they laughed him to scorn, knowing that she was dead. And he put them all out, and took her by the hand, and called, saying, Maid, arise.

And her spirit came again, and she arose straightway. And he commanded that something should be given her to eat. And her parents were astonished; but he charged them that they should tell no man what was done.

TWO BLIND MEN

And when Jesus departed thence, two blind men followed him, crying and saying, Thou Son of David, have mercy on us.

And when he was come into the house, the blind men came unto him.

And Jesus saith unto them, Believe ye that I am able to do this?

They said unto him, Yea, Lord.

Then touched he their eyes, saying, According to your faith be it unto you. And their eyes were opened.

THE LEPER WHO GAVE THANKS

As they went in the way, a certain man said unto him, Lord, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest.

And Jesus said unto him, Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head.

And as Jesus entered into a certain village, there met him ten men that were lepers, which stood afar off; and they lifted up their voices and said, Jesus, Master, have mercy on us.

And when he saw them he said, Go shew yourselves unto the priests.

And it came to pass that as they went they were cleansed. And one of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back and with a loud voice glorified God, and fell down on his face at Jesus' feet, giving him thanks; and he was a Samaritan.

And Jesus answering, said, Were there not ten cleansed? But where are the nine? There are not found that returned to give glory to God, save this stranger.

And he said unto him, Arise, go thy way, thy faith hath made thee whole.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

Jesus said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and went away leaving him half dead. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had pity on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow when he departed, he took out money, and gave it to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee. Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among thieves?

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

And it was at Jerusalem the feast of the dedication, and it was winter. And Jesus walked in a temple in Solomon's porch, and spake this parable unto them:



CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN

Verily, verily I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber. But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep. To him the porter openeth, and the sheep hear his voice, and he calleth his own sheep by name and leadeth them out. And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him, for they know not the voice of strangers.

The thief cometh not but for to steal and to kill and to destroy. I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.

I am the good shepherd. The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. But he that is an hireling and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep and fleeth. And the wolf catcheth them and scattereth the sheep. The hireling fleeth because he is an hireling, and careth not for the sheep. I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine. And other sheep I have which are not of this fold. Them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd. Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me; but I lay it down of myself.

BLIND BARTIMÆUS

As Jesus went out of Jericho with his disciples and a great multitude of people, blind Bartimæus sat by the wayside begging, and hearing the multitude pass by, he asked what it meant, and they told him, Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.

And he cried, saying, Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me!

And many which went before charged him that he should hold his peace. And he cried the more a great deal, Thou son of David, have mercy on me!

And Jesus stood still and commanded him to be called. And they call the blind man, saying unto him, Be of good comfort. Rise. He calleth thee.

And he, casting away his garment, rose and came to Jesus. And when he was come near, Jesus asked him, saying, What wilt thou that I shall do unto thee?

And he said, Lord, that I may receive my sight.

And Jesus said unto him, Receive thy sight; thy faith hath saved thee.

And he received his sight, and followed Jesus in the way glorifying God, and all the people when they saw it, gave praise unto God.

THE PALM SUNDAY STORY

And when they drew nigh unto Jerusalem, and were come unto the Mount of Olives, Jesus sent two of his disciples, saying, Go ye into the village over against you, in the which at your entering ye shall find a colt tied, whereon yet never man sat: loose him and bring him hither. And if any man ask you, Why do ye loose him, say ye, Because the Lord hath need of him. And straightway he will send him hither.

And they that were sent went their way, and found the colt tied by the door without in a place where two ways met, and they loose him.

And certain of them that stood by said unto them, Why loose ye the colt?

And they said, The Lord hath need of him.

And they let them go.

And they brought him to Jesus, and they cast their clothes upon the colt, and they set Jesus thereon. And as he went they spread their clothes in the way, and took branches from the palm trees and strewed them in the way, and went forth to meet him. And when he was come nigh, even now at the descent of the Mount of Olives, they that went before and they that followed began to rejoice and to praise God with a loud voice for all the mighty works that they had seen; and they cried, saying: Hosanna, blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord, peace in heaven and glory in the highest.

The Pharisees therefore said among themselves, Perceive ye how ye prevail nothing? Behold, the world is gone after him.

And when he was come into Jerusalem all the city was moved, saying, Who is this?

And the multitude said, This is Jesus, the



THE GOOD SHEPHERD

"I know my sheep, and am known of mine."

prophet of Nazareth of Galilee. And the blind and the lame came to him in the temple, and he healed them.

THE "BLESSED"

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you; That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the



THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

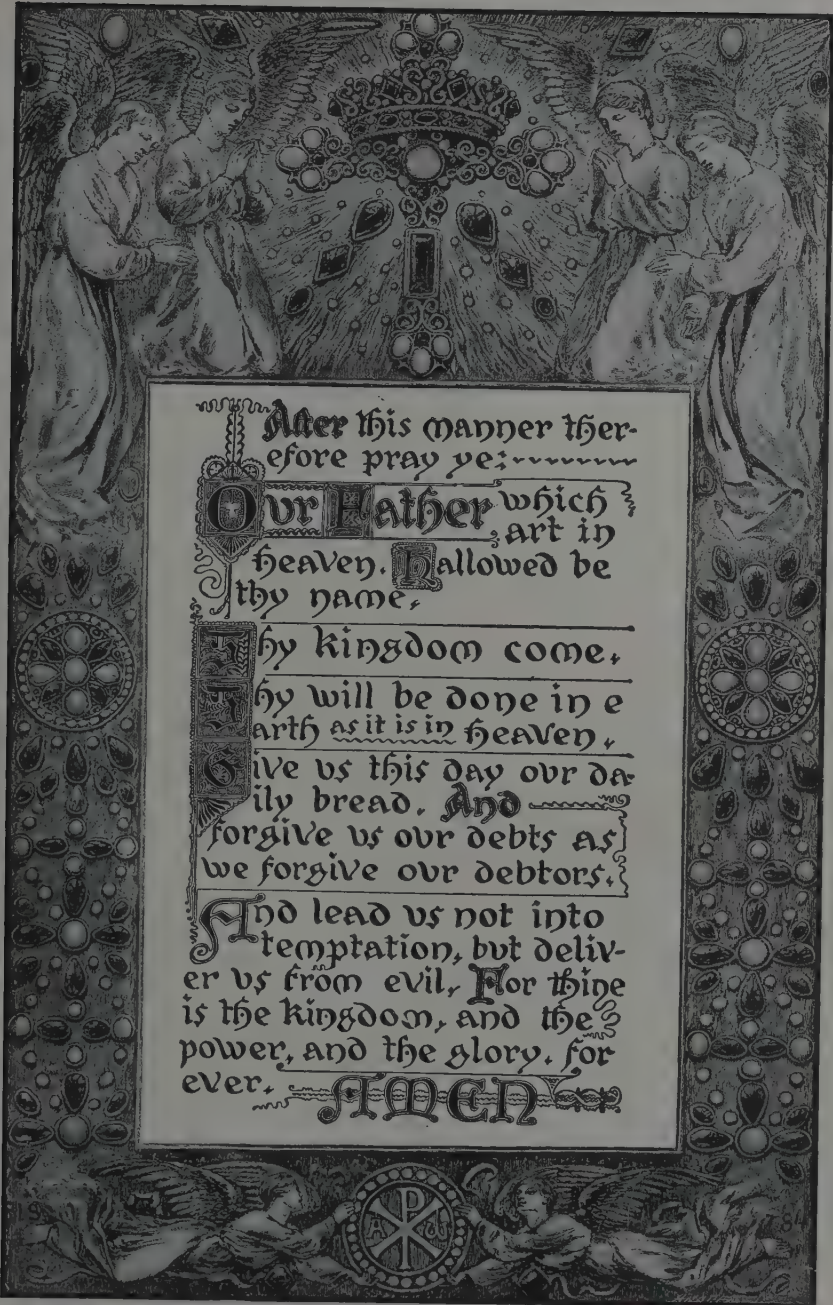
Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

THE LORD'S PRAYER

When ye pray, do not vainly repeat words as the heathen do; for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not ye therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him.



After this manner therefore pray ye: ~~~~~

Our Father, which art in heaven. Hallowed be thy name,

thy kingdom come,

thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven,

Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever.

AMEN



THE SHEPHERDS WORSHIPPING

THREE BIBLE STORIES RETOLD FOR VERY YOUNG CHILDREN

MOTHERS who wish to tell Bible stories to children so young that both the length and the style of the original stories would make them difficult, will find this section helpful. An experienced story teller has given three of her most successful stories, selecting picture events which will make the childhood of Jesus seem real and vivid, wonderful but not too remote. The childhood virtues of obedience and loving helpfulness are brought out in the thought that through the story the truth will unconsciously be recognized. The stories are simplified, but all conversations have been kept so far as possible in the beautiful diction of the original. They will serve both as excellent tales in themselves and as suggestions to the mother who wants to take some of the other stories given here in Bible language and retell them.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

Once upon a time, long, long ago, two people were passing along a road which led into the village of Bethlehem. One was a woman whose name was Mary and the other was a man whose name was Joseph. Mary rode on the back of an ass, while Joseph walked by her side, leading the ass by a rope.

Just at evening they came into the village, and, because they had no friends there, they went to the hotel or inn to rest and sleep for the night, for they had been riding a long way and were very tired.

But the innkeeper told them that there was not an empty room in the house, for the village was full of visitors. They had all come to pay their taxes, as Joseph had.

"But," said Joseph, "Mary is so tired, she must have some place to rest."

"I could let you sleep in my stable where the cattle are. I could make you a bed of hay," answered the innkeeper.

So they went into the stable and lay down to rest on the hay.

Night came on and it grew very dark; only the bright stars far above. Out on the hills near Bethlehem there were shepherds "abiding

in the fields, keeping watch over their flocks." The sheep were fast asleep and quiet. The shepherds were quiet too, for the night was dark and deep.

THE SONG OF THE ANGELS

But suddenly, it began to grow light around them. They started up in terror. Down from the sky the light seemed to come brighter and brighter until their eyes were blinded and they covered their faces as they fell to the earth, for they were sore afraid. Then they heard a voice, and looking up they saw an angel. He spoke to them and said:

"Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people, for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger." And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying:

"Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will to men."

The singing grew fainter and fainter and the light grew dimmer as the angels rose into Heaven, and at last they could hear them no longer.

The shepherds rose from the ground and looked at each other and said:

"Let us go now even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass which the Lord hath made known unto us."

"Did not the angel say that there was a baby in Bethlehem and that we should find him in a manger in a stable? Did not he say that this baby was Christ the Lord, for whom we have been looking?"

So the shepherds rose quickly and leaving the sheep they hurried down the hills to the village of Bethlehem. When they reached the inn they saw no light in any of the houses, for it was late in the night. Only in the stable of the inn there was one dim ray. There they hurried and when they entered they found Mary and Joseph sitting on the bed of hay by the manger, and Mary was holding in her arms the very baby whom the angels had sung about. So the shepherds worshiped him there, for he was our Lord Jesus Christ.

THE BOY JESUS

When our Lord Jesus was a little child, he lived with Joseph and Mary in the village of Nazareth, which lay among the hills of Palestine. His father was a carpenter, and Jesus as a lad learned to use the hammer, plane, and saw, and helped him at his work. He would also bring water for his mother from the fountain in the center of the village, for all the people got their water that way.

Part of the time he went to school, though his school was not at all like yours. He sat on the floor instead of in a chair.

He had only one book to study, but that was a wonderful book, for out of it Jesus learned many things about his Heavenly Father and about his own people. Out of it too he learned about a wonderful city called Jerusalem. It was a long way from his home, far down to the south. So far was it that when he climbed the high hill back of the village he could not see so much as the towers, though he had looked many times.

He wanted so much to go there, and his mother told him that when he was twelve years old she would take him.

His mother and father went every year, and so did all the other grown-up people of the village. They went in the spring to worship God in the great church of Jerusalem, which they called the temple, and as soon as they came home again how eagerly Jesus would listen to all they told him about their journey.

But most of all he loved to hear about the vast temple, all of white marble and gold and beautiful wood, so bright and glistening that it dazzled their eyes to look upon it. Would the time never come when he could go and see it for himself?

WHEN HE WAS TWELVE YEARS OLD

But the time did come at last, when he was twelve years old. Early one spring morning they started. You know, there were no trains in those days, so when people went on journeys they rode on the backs of animals.

Mary and Joseph, Jesus' mother and father, rode on asses, and he walked by their side until he grew weary; then he rode too. Many others

from the village went with them. Some of them were boys whom Jesus knew, and, like him, they were going for the first time.

As they all moved along the road together other people met them going the same way, and soon there was a large company.

Jerusalem was such a long way off that they could not get there in one day, or even two. For seven days they rode. When night came they would stop and sleep in some village or lie down on the ground in a field or near a wood, for it was always warm in that country. In the morning they would start on again.

At last, on the seventh day of their journey, they were so near to the city that every road they passed brought crowds of travelers to join them, some riding and many walking.

Now they began to sing beautiful psalms, some of which Jesus had learned at school; and he sang too, and so did all the other children. There were so many people singing that you could have heard them a great way off, even up to the city itself.

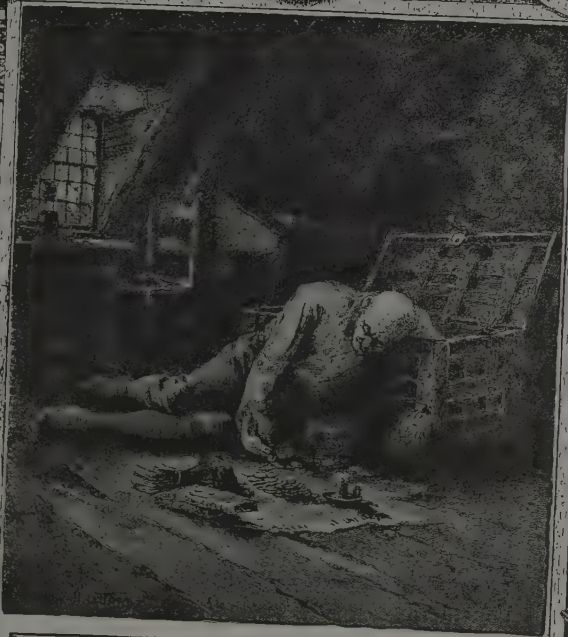
Jesus walked on with the others, singing gladly and looking far ahead to catch the first glimpse of that city which he had studied and dreamed so much about. Would it be as beautiful as he thought?

AT THE TEMPLE

Now they were climbing a hill, and when they reached the top, there only a little way ahead of them lay Jerusalem, the great stone wall running all around it with its towers, and high on a hill the temple, the wonderful temple of marble and gold! It was even more beautiful than Jesus had thought, and he gazed and gazed, and his heart filled with love to God for whom it all was built. He longed to get into it and worship there.

On down the hill hurried the people, the sound of their singing reaching up to the temple itself. Five days they stayed in Jerusalem. The city was crowded, and there was much for a boy to see; but Jesus loved most of all to stay in the temple, and they went there every day.

When the five days were ended, they all started home again. They rode all day, and when night came they stopped to rest and Mary began to look about the company for her



Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; **B**ut lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal. **F**or where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

boy, but she could not find him. She asked everyone if he had seen him during the day, but no one had.

She was frightened. What if he were lost in that vast crowd! So in haste she and Joseph turned and rode back to Jerusalem, inquiring of everyone they met if he had seen Jesus; but no one had.

When they reached the city they kept on searching for three days. On the third day they went into the temple, and, as they climbed the marble steps into the court, there before them stood Jesus with four or five of the wisest old men in all Jerusalem standing about him. They were talking to him and listening while he talked to them.

How glad they were to see him once more! But what was he doing here with these wise men, he only a child? Mary ran up to him and said:

"Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? Behold thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing." But Jesus answered her:

"How is it that ye have sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business? Did you not know that I must be learning all I can about God my Father?"

Then Jesus turned away from the wise men and the beautiful temple which he loved so much and went back with his parents to their little village; and from that day until he grew to be a man he was always obedient and loving and helpful.

THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER

Once there was a gardener who made a garden. First he plowed the earth, going back and forth, back and forth, in straight rows until he had turned it all over. Then he made the ground soft and smooth; and at last he was ready to plant his seeds.

He carried them in a basket on his arm, and as he sowed them some of them fell beside the garden in the road, and quickly the birds flew down and ate them eagerly for their supper. Some of the seed fell among rough thorns that grew beside the fence, and they could not grow because the thorns did not give them room enough for their roots. Some he dropped among stones, where there was only a little earth, and they

began to grow; but when the sun shone very hot and bright, the poor little plants drooped their heads and died, because they could not send their roots deep enough among the stones. But some of the seed the gardener sowed very carefully in the soft light earth which he prepared for them, and these grew into plants, taller and taller, until they had beautiful flowers which bloomed for him all summer. And in the autumn, when the flowers died, there were hundreds of tiny seeds which the gardener could plant the next year.

This is one of the stories which Jesus told, long, long ago as he sat in a boat by the seaside one day. He called the story a parable. If you will listen I will tell it to you again just as Jesus told it.

"Behold the sower went forth to sow, and it came to pass as he sowed, some seed fell by the wayside and the birds came and devoured it. And other fell on the rocky ground where it had not much earth, and straightway it sprang up because it had no deepness of earth, and when the sun was risen it was scorched and because it had no root it withered away. And other fell among the thorns, and the thorns grew up and choked it and it yielded no fruit. And other fell into the good ground and yielded fruit, growing up and increasing and bringing forth thirtyfold and sixtyfold and a hundred-fold."





THE NEST



WHEN THEY WERE LITTLE

THIS is the title under which Mary Stoyell Stimpson has gathered for us a group of charming stories of the childhood of famous people, story tellers and others, and this is the word she has written to explain to mothers the purpose she has had in mind as she prepared these stories for them to read aloud and tell to their little children.

Any small listener, having heard droll stories about certain characters, is apt to ask, "What else did they do?" Because of this very common desire to add one fragment of action to another, it has seemed to me a good thing to start children on their way to literary friendships by interesting them first in the childhood of authors.

The statement that some famous writer was born at one date and died at another causes little interest in a child's mind, but if that same child, when shown a book by Louisa May Alcott, remembers the author as a sad little runaway, or, when given "The Rose and the Ring," can tell just what funny pictures Thackeray drew when he was only four years old, he is ready to read what these old acquaintances have written and, probably, will inquire, "What else did they do?"

Bayard Taylor's books of travel mean more when the quick scramble to the roof is known, and Florence Nightingale's great work appears the natural sequence to bandaging dolls and tending the shepherd's dog.

If emphasis has been given to sunny homes and cheerful hearts it is because I believe in them and wish there were none other in the

world. I am glad most of these famous folks were merry — When They Were Little!

BAYARD TAYLOR, WHO WAS ALWAYS BUSY

MRS. TAYLOR'S little boy, Bayard, rather amused people. The neighbors in Kennett Square used to look through their windows and say, "Now, what do you suppose that child is watching, up in the sky?"

Later, when his father and mother moved to a farm, a new set of neighbors shook their heads, saying, "How that Taylor boy loves the swamps and woods! He'll get lost some of these days, roaming round!"

Few of these puzzled folks knew that Bayard learned to read when he was four years old, and that ever since that time he had been devouring all the books of travel he could find. Day and night he thought about far-off countries and the strange men and women who lived in them. Sometimes it seemed to him that he could never wait to grow big enough to travel.

When the neighbors in Kennett Square smilingly watched the child on his mother's doorstep, the little chap was usually gazing at the birds in the trees and envying them because they could see more of the world than he.

The more Bayard read the more excited he grew, and one day when carpenters, who had been shingling the roof, left a few cleats there, he climbed by means of them to the very ridgepole. Then he shouted to the frightened maid below, "I can see Niagara Falls!" What



the funny little fellow really saw was just the white-washed roof of another barn.

At school Bayard described big cities across the water to the other boys. At first they laughed at him, but he soon had them following him about, asking questions. He told such splendid stories about these places that it all sounded as if he had really seen them.

Things we wish for very hard often come to us. Did you ever notice that?

Bayard kept reading about London, Paris, and Berlin — kept planning to visit all the small blue, green, yellow, and purple spots which he saw in his school geography-maps, and did not answer back when his father and mother said he had better stay on the farm. But he *intended*, down in the very bottom of his mind and heart, to see *the world*!

Well, long before he was twenty, he earned the money, himself, to sail away to these map places he had studied about.

Bayard was gone two years, and from that time on he kept taking sails and tramps every little while. Sometimes he came back to America and wrote books of what he had seen, sometimes the very people who had been afraid he would get lost on his father's farm traveled miles themselves to hear the famous traveler, Bayard Taylor, lecture in crowded halls. They would push their way to him after he had finished his lecture, and say: "Well, well, we never imagined there were such wonders in the world. When we saw you lead the farm horse to water, we did not dream you would ride behind reindeer, up north, and who could guess that the lad who weeded the garden would pick flowers in Japan?"

They say it was something worth while to hear Bayard Taylor talk about the big, black men of Africa, the lovely ladies of Spain, and

the queer sights he had seen in India and Arabia!

By and by Bayard was able to take his parents, sister, and brother on long journeys, and you may be sure they all saw that it would never have done for him to have planted potatoes all his life, within a mile of Kennett Square. He was just as busy as any farmer I ever saw, for, besides being sent off to Germany as Minister from the United States, he wrote poems, dramas, stories, lectures, and eleven books of travel. You will like all of these books, but his "Boys of Other Countries" is a good one to begin with.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

IT was years and years ago — more than a hundred — that a boy named Hans (his whole name was Hans Christian Andersen) lived in an attic in Denmark. His parents were very poor. His father was a shoemaker, and by the time Mr. Andersen's work-bench, a dinner table, chairs, one big bed, and Hans' small bed were placed about there was not much room left. A boy could not have played many games there. But every pleasant day Hans climbed up a ladder which was fastened to the wall, and jumped from a small window to the roof, where in the gutters between it and the next house was a chest filled with earth. In this big chest Mrs. Andersen raised herbs and vegetables, and close beside it Hans played by the hour.

Before I go any further I will tell you that if you care to read a story called "The Snow Queen" you will find out more about this queer garden.

When Hans' father died his mother had to leave the child alone all day, while she washed clothes for rich families. Every morning after she had combed his yellow curls and fastened him into a clean cotton frock, she kissed him good-by and hurried away to earn their living.

Mrs. Andersen loved Hans dearly and she always bought him all the clothes and food she possibly could. Once in a great while some rich lady would send the child a toy, but for the most part Hans spent his days in making dolls' clothes and in saying over and over again to himself the plays and stories his father had once told him.

Hans was so droll and good-natured that people liked him. As the neighbors saw him continually sewing, they said: "Ah, yes, Hans will be a tailor. He is handy with his needle and at that trade he can make much money. Then, when he is older, he can take care of his good mother."

Hans, himself, however, never meant to be a tailor and spend his life making coats and trousers. He was sure it would be much nicer to dance and sing, and to act plays in the theater. He had a gay nature, preferred bright colors, and rather liked to have people look at him. Why, even on the day he was confirmed in church, when he should have been thinking of other things, he was delighted because his new boots squeaked. He made every bit of noise he could with them so that all should notice how shiny and handsome they were.

After he had thought for several years how fine it would be to go upon the stage, and felt entirely sure he could make a great name for himself, he begged his mother to let him go to the city of Copenhagen. At first she refused, but he teased and teased, and coaxed and coaxed, until finally she said: "Well, try it then, but when you see the bit of rough water you must cross to reach that city, you will be frightened. You will be glad to hurry back home!"

Before Hans started his mother took him to an old woman who told fortunes. It pleased Mrs. Andersen when this so-called wise woman called out shrilly, "Your son will become a great man, and in his honor Odense (that was the name of the town, in Denmark, where he lived) will one day be illuminated!"

Hans was not frightened at the water or at

many discouragements. He did not turn back to Odense. But after trying dancing and acting a long time he found he could do much better at writing stories. In fact, he became one of the most famous poets and authors in the world.

Strangely enough the old woman's prophecy came true!

Almost fifty years after the eager boy left Odense, that town sent for him to come home. Its citizens wanted to give a celebration in his honor.

When the grown-up Hans Christian Andersen rode into his birthplace once more, the Danish flag was flying, garlands of flowers hung from windows, banners waved, and bands played just as if the king and queen were coming. Their Majesties did send messages, and when the State Councilor made a speech, in which he said Hans Christian Andersen could never be thanked enough for giving to the world such stories as "Thumbelina" and "The Hardy Tin Soldier," why, the people shouted and cheered till it was enough to deafen one.

So the son of the shoemaker and washer-woman was as famous as a prince. And it really turned out very well that he refused to make coats and trousers for a living!

MARIA MITCHELL

I KNOW you will think this is going to be a witch story when I begin — after Maria finished helping her mother wash the dishes and sweep the kitchen, she hurried away to sweep the *sky*. But Maria Mitchell was nothing but a sweet little Quaker girl of Nantucket, as wholesomely different from an old witch as anything you can imagine. And this last-mentioned sweeping was not done with a broom either, but with a telescope.

Maria's father was a school teacher, and he enjoyed teaching astronomy better than anything else. All his children were so used to see him gazing up in the heavens, every clear night, that they soon learned to watch the stars with great interest.

This Quaker family lived very simply but happily. Mr. Mitchell had, of course, to wear the sober Quaker colors himself, and so did his wife and children, but he loved bright colors,

so whenever a carpet or new wall paper were to be bought he and Maria used to pick out the gayest things they could find. And the big garden was filled with scarlet, yellow, and blue flowers. Then Mrs. Mitchell taught the girls to sew by making their dolls' clothes, and allowed them to dress these in the most brilliant colors and stylish shapes. So, although the family wore just gray, there was always plenty of color about.

Some of the Mitchell children used to wish they had more books to read, but Maria was so busy peering into the sky and asking her father about the different stars, that she would rather count seconds by a chronometer while he made observations than have the newest fairy story.

Many girls hate arithmetic, but anything that would help her to figure was fascinating to Maria. And when she was twelve, at the time of a great eclipse, she helped her father make observations as skillfully as anyone could have done.

They took out a window in the parlor, mounted a telescope in front of it, and had a happy day watching the strange sight. Not many women at this time cared about planets and stars, and Maria did not have money to spend on different instruments such as are needed to learn about the wonders of the sky; but she read all the time and finally had a chance to go abroad, where she met men and women who gave their lives to this study, and where she would look through wonderful telescopes.

Though people kept saying, "Really, Maria Mitchell has a wonderful mind!" and great men would send her complimentary letters from across the sea, she kept as modest as if she knew just the multiplication table. But her father realized what talent she had and he was not a bit surprised when she was asked to be director of the observatory at Vassar College, and when the king of Denmark awarded her a medal for discovering a new comet. All the learned scientific societies were delighted to elect her as a member, and one might have thought her head would have been turned, being the "first woman who ever did" this or that, but she was so genuine, that Ph.D.'s, LL. D.'s, and all such honors were more to her family, perhaps, than to her.

This little girl from Nantucket knew how to do all kinds of work, was a famous story teller, and the quickest guesser of riddles and conundrums you ever saw; she knitted stockings and baked bread as well as she figured; helped sailor lads, as readily as college girls, in their studies, and was so full of fun that everybody loved her. So being a famous astronomer does not keep a person from being the nicest kind of a friend. And if you ever have a wish to study the stars, I hope you will do so.



THREE LITTLE MAIDS

Drawn by Kate Greenaway, as are the next four pictures.

KATE GREENAWAY

THERE never was a happier child than Kate Greenaway, the daughter of an English engraver. She was a busy little creature. She began walking when she was only eight months old, and people used to laugh to see her trying to catch birds and toddling round among the flowers. Until she was four or five she spent a great deal of time outdoors and knew all the common kinds of flowers and birds by name.

The next thing Kate showed an interest in was dolls. She had almost every kind of a doll that you could think of. There were dolls with wax faces, paper dolls, wooden dolls, and those made of rags. But you should have seen Gauraca, the giant doll! She was a yard and a quarter long, and when little Kate carried her about the legs trailed on the ground. (This doll was given Kate for learning a very hard piece on the piano, called Gauraca.)



GOING OUT TO TEA

Then came the Royal Family, Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, and all the small princes and princesses. Kate learned to sew when she was a mite of a thing, and she had such a fine eye for colors that her dolls were much prettier than most people's. Then, too, she could have handsome silks and lace from her mother's shop to use. You see, Mr. Greenaway had spent nearly two years making pictures for a set of books, and at the end of that time either the publishers failed, or else refused to pay him for all that work. He was so discouraged he did not know what to do, but Kate's mother was wonderful. She spoke right up: "Why, don't worry, it will all come right in the end. Just get work from someone else, and in the meantime I will open a shop and sell children's garments and laces."

Mrs. Greenaway was a woman whom everyone loved, and it was no time at all before her shop was well patronized. So there was plenty of food in the house, plenty of work to do, and a happy family.

The Greenaway children were profoundly interested in the real Royal Family, as well as in the doll make-believes. They knew the names, ages, and birthdays of all the Queen's children. On great occasions Mr. Greenaway used to take them to the gates of Buckingham Palace and Kate wished a secret wish — "Oh, if I could but be driven through those gates as an invited guest in a Royal Coach!" And the lovely thing really happened — thirty years later.

Kate was fascinated with her father's work, and they were great chums. Sometimes, when

Mr. Greenaway had to make special drawings for the *Illustrated London News*, he would bring the wood blocks to work on at home. If Kate woke up in the middle of the night and saw the gas burning in the passage, she knew it meant her father would work till midnight, snatch a few hours' sleep, and then be at it again. So she would slip out of bed softly, not to wake her sister Fanny, get dressed, and, when she heard him go down to the drawing-room, she would creep after him, her shoes in her hand, and when he had buttoned her gown for her she would make toast for him and then she would watch every line he made. It was easy to see that she would be an artist or illustrator. At twelve she was having fine drawing teachers and winning medals. In a few years more she began to make the Christmas cards and valentines with figures wearing costumes like our grandmothers. Then her doll dressmaking proved helpful. She was so anxious to have these droll little pictures absolutely correct that she made every one of the garments she was afterwards to paint — so no wonder they looked lifelike and natural.

It was not long before Kate Greenaway's work was known in every country. Mothers dressed their children in Kate Greenaway costumes, authors begged her to illustrate their books, rich families were wishing her to make book plates for them or to do their children's portraits in oil. Then she began to think up



ALL IN A HURRY



FIVE LITTLE SISTERS, WALKING IN A ROW

verses of her own to illustrate — this was easier than it was to invent sketches for the books of others. In "Under the Window" you will see how well her lines and pictures go together, for instance:

"Five little sisters, walking in a row;
Now, is n't that the best way for little girls to go?
Each had a round hat, each had a muff,
And each had a new pelisse of soft green stuff.
Five little marigolds, standing in a row;
Now, is n't that the best way for marigolds to grow?
Each with a green stalk, and all the five had got
A bright yellow flower, and a new red pot."

One thing may surprise you. When the Queen, after Kate was famous, bade her come

as guest to Buckingham Palace, what do you think the Princess Royal said to her?—"I remember watching you and your playmates, from the carriage window, when I was a little girl, and envying you your simple, free life!" You would not think a Queen's child need envy anybody, would you? But you know I said, in the beginning, that Kate Greenaway was a happy child. She kept finding much to be happy about all her life, and between you and me that may be a greater talent than being able to make pictures or verses.

You will enjoy looking at each of these pictures. To which house are they "going to tea"? And why are they "all in a hurry"?



FIVE LITTLE MARIGOLDS, STANDING IN A ROW

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

TO five-year-old William Thackeray it seemed a long way from Calcutta in India to Cheswick in England.

William's father had died and his mother, who was going to remain in India, was sending her little boy, in charge of his black servant, as fast as a big ship could carry him, to live with his English aunt, Mrs. Ritchie.



THE BOY THACKERAY

The days on shipboard had proved to be all much alike. So William was quite excited when, on a bright, sunny day, the vessel touched at St. Helena. The servant took William ashore and

they both went to Bowood to see a man whose name was just then on everybody's tongue, Napoleon Bonaparte. William was always glad he saw Napoleon, and he had great stories to tell about him when he reached his aunt's.

Both aunt and uncle Ritchie were very kind to William, and how they did laugh at the pictures he drew of his home in Calcutta for them! He did n't stop when he had drawn the house, but put into the picture his pet monkey, looking out of a window, and black Betty hanging out clothes.

In the first letter William sent to his mother in India, he took pains to cheer her up by making in the margins a picture of an officer on horseback. The legs of the horse looked wobbly, but the officer was straight and handsome.

The third day after William's arrival in England his aunt had a bad fright. She found her husband's hat just fitted her nephew's head. "Oh, dear," she cried, "the darling is going to be ill — and his mother so far away!" I tell you she hurried him off to the doctor's. The doctor tapped William's head all over with his fingers, and then said, "It is certainly a big head for a small boy; but, madam, I think there is a good deal in it!"

Probably the wise doctor did not guess how full that head was of books and pictures!

When William grew up he thought for a long time he would become an artist, but finally decided to write stories and ballads for a living. Then, when he simply could not resist making pictures any longer, he used to draw sketches for his books and pretend they were the work of Michael Angelo Titmarsh.

William Makepeace Thackeray was busy writing over in Rome, one winter, when he heard that a little American girl was sick in that city. It was at Christmas time and he wanted to do something to make her happy. So as fast as he finished the chapters and pictures for his book, he took them to her. She would reach out her little, hot hands for the pages and was so amused by them that she almost forgot for the time that she was ill.

If you want to laugh, and laugh, and laugh, ask someone to read you Thackeray's "The Rose and the Ring." Be sure to look at the pictures, too! This was the story that made the sick girl have a merry Christmas after all.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

IN Edinburgh, Scotland, there was a large, gray stone house which overlooked the Queen Street gardens. A little boy, Lou Stevenson, spent hours peering out of its windows at the lilac bushes, laden with flowers, and at the saucy blackbirds darting from tree to tree.

Lou was small for his age, never very well, and rather lonely, because he had no brother or sister. His young mother was pretty and the liveliest company one could ask for, but she had a troublesome cough, and the doctors were always ordering her south for her health. So Louis was mostly cared for by his nurse, Alison Cunningham. She was kind and devoted to him; thus he felt safe as long as "Cummie" (his pet name for her) was near.

This boy did not sleep well, partly because he coughed and partly because he was afraid to be alone in the dark. I don't know what he would have done if his father and nurse had not both been ready to run to his room whenever he called. Cummie would pick him up in her arms, hold him at the windows, and point to other windows, where there were lights, and ask him to guess what sort of children lived there, and they would wonder together if these other children were at that moment peering across the dark gardens at them. When he woke from bad dreams his father would sit by his bed for hours and tell him stories about coachmen and inn-keepers. His father usually had these imaginary people keep up such funny conversations that Louis would get to laughing and forget everything else.

For some reason or other Louis did not learn to read till he was seven years old, but his father and mother and Cummie were always ready to read to him. Cummie could dance and sing, and when she recited poetry Louis declared he could see the very places and people the verses told of.

When Louis was six his uncle David offered a prize to his own children and to all his nephews for the best story about Moses. Louis could not write, but his uncle said he might tell his mother the story of this man and she would put it in writing for him. So for five Sunday evenings Louis talked as fast as he could, while Mrs.

Stevenson made her pencil fly. He got a lovely picture-book for a prize and decided then — at that moment — that it was fine to have one's own thoughts written, and that he would surely be an author. This idea never left him, rather to his father's disappointment, for Mr. Stevenson, and his father and grandfather, had all been engineers and lighthouse builders, and it seemed to him to be one of the best professions a man could have.

Cummie was sure Louis would become famous. He did not forget this, and whenever he wrote anything, he sent a copy of it to her the very first thing. He was always sending her letters and having her come to visit him. And when you read his "Child's Garden of Verses" remember to look in the front, where you will see that it is dedicated to "Alison Cunningham, From Her Boy!"

I am sure you will enjoy "Treasure Island" and "Kidnapped." No doubt you will end by reading all the stories that Stevenson wrote, but you will probably get only half as much delight in reading them as Louis did in writing them, for he was only seven when he decided he must be an author.

LUCY LARCOM

HOW well could you read when you were two years old? Lucy Larcom of Beverly read most of the New Testament when she was two and a half.

Lucy had seven sisters and two brothers, and three or four more large families of children lived near in the pretty town by the sea, where she was born. All these children used to gather on the big rocks on the shore and "make believe" that the rocks were castles, the mud scows gondolas, and tell creepy stories until they were scared. Then they would run home, hand in hand, to watch the old Boston stage-coach go by.

This was in play time; but when they went to school, to "Aunt Hannah" (a funny old lady who taught the children to read and to sew), they had to pay attention and spell the letters just right or she would strike their hands with her big steel thimble till it hurt.

Lucy loved to read, and learned a hundred

hymns by heart. She said she loved "the sound of the words." Before she began to learn the second hundred, she tried writing some verses of her own. They sounded well to her, too.

Lucy's mother was left without her husband when the children were all small, and she moved to Lowell, where there were factories, to take boarders.

Lucy was only eleven when she began to work in the factory. She changed bobbins in the spinning frames. There was an hour between the changes. So she pasted bits of poetry up on the sides of the window and in these waits committed it to memory.

There was quite a famous magazine started by the girls who worked in this factory, the *Lowell Offering* (Dickens, the English novelist, was greatly interested in it and wrote a notice about it when he went back from this country), and Lucy wrote some of the best pages for it.

For some family reasons Lucy went west and south for several years, but she loved New England and was glad when she could come back. She taught school in both the west and east and afterwards was much beloved as a college professor.

But "the sound of the words" was what she liked better than anything else, all her life — unless it was making people happy with her merriment and cheerfulness. So she wrote "A New England Girlhood" (a good book about her own life) and a good deal of poetry. When you read her "Childhood Songs" you will find there what I've told you before, that it is n't the royal children who are happiest but those who, like Lucy Larcom, are willing to work in a mill, teach in a schoolroom, or care for a house.

JOHN RUSKIN

WHEN John Ruskin, a wine merchant of London, decided to marry his cousin, Margaret Cox, everybody said, "Wise man, his house will be managed well!" And sure enough it was. There was not a speck of dust anywhere, no noise or bustle; just order and neatness. Margaret knew how to save too. Half of what Mr. Ruskin earned went into the bank regularly. The wife was a woman who looked ahead.

When a baby was born, a little John Ruskin, Margaret announced to her husband, "Our son shall be a minister!" The father had great faith in his wife's judgment, and he answered, "Good! I have no doubt he will be a bishop."

Mr. Ruskin tried to sell all the wines he could in order that the child, when he was big enough, might be sent to college, and Mrs. Ruskin began at once to teach John obedience and the Bible. John was whipped if he cried or if he fell down or made people trouble, in any way, so he soon learned to keep his thoughts to himself, and to walk very stiffly and carefully. As for the Bible, his mother read it to him until he learned to read for himself, and after that the two studied it together every day of their lives, John learning chapters and chapters by heart.

Sometimes John wished there were not so many verses, and he did not like Sundays at all. His mother had set ideas about the Sabbath; on that day there was always a very plain dinner; all the child's picture-books were hidden away; even the pictures on the walls were turned back to; and the sermons at church were very long, in spite of John having his mother's vinaigrette to play with. As early in the week as Thursday, John would begin to shiver at the thought of another Sunday being near. He began to think he did not want to be a minister.

John was not allowed to have playmates, or to eat candy, fruit, or dessert, or to play outside the garden. And no toys! One of his aunts thought it was "scandalous" that he had no playthings, and came over from Croydon, on one of his birthdays, with one of the most radiant Punch-and-Judys, all dressed in scarlet and gold, that she could find in the Soho bazaar. Oh, little John was so pleased! But that night his mother told him it was not right for him to have it; and he never saw it again.

I tell you it helped, knowing Mr. Telford. Oh, I have n't told you about him; he was Mr. Ruskin's partner in business. He lived with three unmarried sisters and had neither wife nor child, but was very fond of John. He and his sisters seemed almost like angels to the little chap. Mr. Telford owned many fine horses, and every year he used to loan Mr. Ruskin a

big English chariot and some prancing horses for two months. You see, Mr. Ruskin had to drive through a lot of English counties and parts of Scotland and Wales to take orders for wines, and this chariot was so roomy that he always took his wife, John, and the nurse, Anne, along.

Mr. Telford gave John a book about art, too, which gave him a love for pictures and probably changed his whole life. For after John had been to Oxford and studied many things, he felt sure he could never be a minister. He was curious about rocks and minerals, buildings and paintings. So it ended in his writing books, lecturing on art, and helping working people. And for all his parents' plans about his becoming a bishop, when they found how his heart was set on something entirely different, they gave right in to him. Mr. Ruskin stopped being a merchant and Mrs. Ruskin stopped keeping house, and they traveled with John wherever he wished to go. And they were so proud of his books that ever so many times, when he read to them some of the chapters before they were printed, at the breakfast table, those two old people would cry for sheer joy. He made so much money by his books and lectures that he did not need the fortune his father finally left him, and so he spent all the wine merchant's earnings in helping poor people and students.

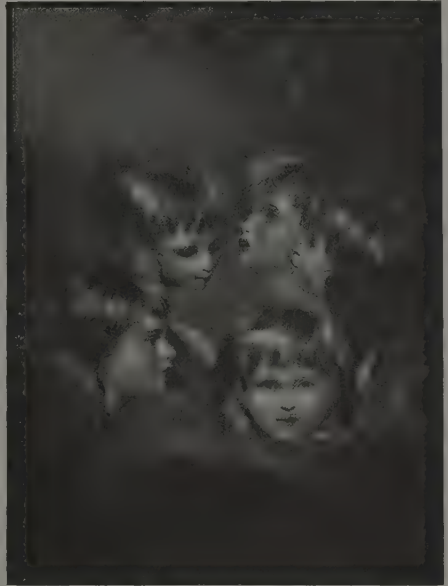
I wonder if you have read Ruskin's "King of the Golden River."

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

NEARLY everyone who goes to Devonshire, England, rides to Plympton and says to the first person in sight, "Please direct me to the old grammar school where the great Joshua Reynolds learned his lessons when he was a little boy." And not only are all the Plympton folks glad to point out the school, but to tell stories about the painter and his family as well.

Joshua's father, grandfather, and ever so many uncles were ministers, and in his mother's family there were several too, besides a noted bishop; so one might have thought that Joshua would be a churchman. But he never cared

so much for anything else as for making pictures and sketches. Indeed, he gave so much time to this sort of thing that people used to declare he never would amount to much. His father was a finescholar and was made master of the grammar school, but although he knew



ANGELS' HEADS

From a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

more than almost anyone in the town he was too absent-minded to attend to the pupils, and fewer and fewer went there until there was but one. Before this, when two or three dozen boys were handing in papers for Samuel Reynolds to correct, the old gentleman was quite cross to find that his son Joshua, seven years old, had drawn on the back of a Latin exercise a picture of the schoolhouse. He wrote on the paper, "Joshua drew this out of pure idleness."

Joshua's sisters were fond of sketching too, and as there was not money enough to buy pencils and paper for eleven children to scribble on they were given charred sticks and allowed to mark on the whitewashed walls of the school or on a long passageway of their home. Joshua

did not make as good pictures at first as his sisters and his playmates, but he kept at it for hours and hours. And every book he came across that told anything about drawing or painting was read by him over and over again.

When Joshua was twelve he made a sketch, in church, a thumb-nail sketch of the parson. His chum, Dick Edgumbe, begged him to paint it life size. So a little later the two went down on the shore to an empty boat-house, and Joshua took just a piece of coarsesail-cloth, some paint a workman had left, and made as fine a picture of the parson as one could ask for. It is in existence to-day and greatly valued. The Edgumbe family urged Joshua to become an artist and finally coaxed his father into letting him study with a portrait painter. So when he was seventeen he began working with real canvas and the right kind of oils and colors. Joshua's father, the school-teacher, thought it would be far safer for his son to learn to mix drugs, but lived to be very proud of his boy's talent and quite astonished at the sums of money he could earn. And not even the bishop in his mother's family or the most learned Reynolds at Oxford would have had cause to blush for Joshua's learning, for he read and studied and traveled until he was considered one of the most charming men of his age. His fame as a portrait painter kept spreading until he had more orders than he could fill, and no matter how persistently he raised his prices the orders kept coming. Some day you must read of the clubs he belonged to, the friendships he had, the kind of things he did, and his sweetness under trouble, but most of all you must look at his pictures of children. No one ever painted such darling children as this man who never had a child of his own. He loved small people and they him. More than two hundred of his portraits of children have been engraved. You will be very fond of his "Strawberry Girl," "Muscipula," "Robinetta Feeding Her Bird," and "The Weeping Dorinda." Then you will be apt to want "The Age of Innocence" and "Little Miss Frances Crewe," to hang in your room.

Sir Joshua lived to be almost seventy, and some years he painted a hundred and fifty pictures. He was busy and happy because he

did what he loved. And to think he might have weighed out powders and drugs all his days!

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE — A QUIET BOY

ANYONE would expect that a boy born on the Fourth of July would be all hurrah and frolic, but little Nat Hawthorne had scarcely found out what lively times birthdays and holidays can be made when his pretty young mother called him into her room and told him that his father, a Salem shipmaster, would never come home again.

After that day (and Nat was only four) there were never any birthday cakes or parties at the Hawthorne home. Even the three meals must have been strange affairs, for Nat and his two sisters ate downstairs, while Mrs. Hawthorne stayed in her chamber and took her food alone all the rest of her life.

Dear me, when I think of this I feel so sorry! For when I was growing up I would n't have given the snap of my finger for the most delicious dinner ever cooked if my dear mother had not sat at the table, laughing and talking, and urging us to have another helping in her particularly nice sort of way.

Nat played out in the big yard or on the wharves, on pleasant days. When it rained or the big Maine snowstorms came, in the winter months, he amused himself with pet cats (he had a good many cats, with the oddest names!), or by reading.

Nat had an odd way of reading. You see, his mother insisted upon all of the rooms being kept dark (I think she thought this was showing respect to Captain Hawthorne's memory); so he stretched out on the floor, lying on his stomach, just as near a window as he could get. So little light came in, from the lowered curtain, that he had a good many headaches.

By and by some uncles said, "Why, this is no way for a boy to grow up — he must go to school, where he will have regular lessons and get acquainted with other boys!" So off they packed him.

Nat did pretty well at his lessons, and altogether too well at games, for, before he had



FOUR OF HIS LITTLE FRIENDS, PAINTED BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

The Strawberry Girl; Miss Bowles; The Age of Innocence; Penelope Boothby.

enjoyed this new way of living very long, he was hurt in ball-playing. Then, for two or three years, he had to use crutches. A young man came to the strange, quiet house to hear his lessons, and now Nat had to depend more than ever on books for company. Everyone thought there was but one thing to do with a boy that always had a book in his hand, and that was to send him to college.

At Bowdoin College Nathaniel Hawthorne had real chums and friends. Fine boys they were. If you keep your ears open you will often hear people say, "Longfellow, Abbott, Bridge, Hawthorne? Oh, yes, they belonged to the famous class of 1825!"

When Hawthorne graduated from college, or even before, he decided that he wanted to write books. He wanted to make some of his own, after reading so many by other people. Although he tried hard, he did not succeed very well at bookmaking for several years. But at last he married a dear girl, a girl who liked sunshine and brightness. I tell you the curtains were kept up all over *her* house and the sunlight poured into every room. You could n't look out of any window, either, without seeing avenues of big trees, or an apple orchard sloping down to the river. Oh, those were happy days at the Old Manse in Concord!

Hawthorne began to write better. The sunshine helped, I am sure.

Hawthorne's children had a very different bringing-up from his. He was their very best chum and playmate. Such kite-flying, swimming, picnics, nutting expeditions, and all kinds of fun and frolic! Then, when the boy and his sisters were tired of play, there were books to read, by their own father.

Mostly for his own children, but also for you and a million others, Hawthorne wrote "A Wonder Book for Girls and Boys" and "Tanglewood Tales for Girls and Boys."

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

AS much as seventy years ago, in the city of Boston, there lived a small girl who had the naughty habit of running away.

On a certain April morning, almost as soon

as her mother finished buttoning her dress, Louisa May Alcott slipped out of the house and up the street, as fast as her feet could carry her. She crept through a narrow alley and crossed several streets.

Suddenly Louisa came upon some Irish children who said they were going to a nice tall ash-heap to play. They asked her to join them. She thought them fine playmates, for when she grew hungry they shared some cold boiled potatoes and bread crusts with her.

When Louisa became tired of the ash-heap she bade the children good-by, thanked them for their kindness, and hop-skipped to the Common. She must have wandered about for hours, because, all of a sudden, it began to grow dark. Then she wanted to get home and it frightened her a little when she could not find any street that looked familiar.

Louisa sat down on some steps to watch the lamp-lighter (this was before the days of gas or electricity, you know), when a big dog came along. He kissed her face and hands and then sat down beside her, very seriously, as if to say, "I guess you need someone to protect you, Louisa May Alcott!"

Poor, tired Lou leaned against his neck and was soon fast asleep.

Pretty soon the town-crier went close to the steps, ringing his bell and reading from a paper in his hand the description of a lost child. You see, Louisa's father and mother had looked for her all day, and then had hired this man to search the city.

When the runaway woke up and heard what he was shouting — "*Lost* — a little girl, six years old, in a pink frock, white hat, and new, green shoes!" she called out, in the darkness, "*Why, dat's me!*"

All the next day, you may be sure, this little girl was kept in the house. Indeed, to make absolutely sure that she did not run away, she was tied to the leg of a sofa, tied there all day long!

Louisa was really much ashamed that she had caused so much worry, and she made up her mind that she was just going to cure herself of the running-away habit. So, after that, whenever she felt the naughty desire, she would hurry to her room and shut the door tight. Then, to keep her mind from planning anything



LOUISA MAY ALCOTT WHEN SHE WAS TWENTY

wrong, she would sit with her back against the door and begin to make up stories. When she finally wrote some of them down she thought making stories was the most fun of anything she had ever done.

It was a long time before Louisa dared to show these stories and verses to anyone, but, by and by, she did tell her dear mother about them, and Mrs. Alcott advised her to keep on writing. She did, and grew into one of the best story tellers I ever knew. She wrote a great many books, and if you begin with "Lulu's Library" you will want to read "Little Men" and "Little Women" and all the others that dear Louisa Alcott ever wrote.

THE TAYLORS OF ONGAR

WHEN I was a little girl I used to think my aunts had strange names. One was called Lizzie Joe, one Lizzie Jim, and the other Lizzie John. You see, every one of my uncles happened to marry a girl named Lizzie, and the easiest way to make folks understand at once which woman was meant was to add the husband's first name too. If Father had come home and said to Mother, "I met Lizzie on the street to-day," it would not have explained things at all; but when he said, "I met Lizzie John," we knew right away that it was Uncle John's wife, the one with laughing eyes.

Now when people with the same names do the same kind of work, it mixes matters up even worse. So once over in England, when two or three families by the name of Taylor all began writing books, people just tacked on the name of the town where the different families lived, to distinguish them from each other. I have no doubt that the Taylors of Norwich and the Taylors of all the other towns were nice people, but the Taylors of *Ongar* were worth knowing, I can tell you.

Mr. Isaac Taylor (of Ongar) made engravings for books, and afterwards wrote books; Mrs. Isaac Taylor, even with the care of about a dozen children, put a book together now and then. This couple's son, Isaac, wrote twenty books; another son, Jefferys, almost as many; then, besides Ann's and Jane's rhymes and stories, ever so many cousins were always rush-

ing to the publishers with a new idea to sell. It did seem as if a Taylor, whether he lived in Norwich or Ongar, was bound to write.

It was Jane Taylor who wrote "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," and I have always liked the verses better since I knew what a dear child Jane was. When she was only four years old her mother often sent her on errands. She was such a mimic that the baker used to lift her on to the kneading board and get her to recite, sing, and preach like her father (who was a minister). Crowds would gather round her laughing. Though they petted her and always praised her singing it did not make her vain, for she was a sensible little thing underneath her fun.

As soon as Jane and her sister Ann were big enough to play by themselves, they used to walk hand in hand up and down the garden paths, reciting their own rhymes. As they grew older they often made up stories and plays. Jane was only eight when she wrote a whole book herself. Yes, she did, and put in a preface, a dedication, a title-page, and everything that the grown-ups do!

These two girls had to steal time to make stories, for their father taught them drawing and engraving, their mother had them sew, cook, and study; so they were the busiest girls you ever saw.

Ann Taylor won a prize from some publisher when she was quite young, and soon after that she and Jane were asked to make some books for children. They were pleased. It is one thing to make up books for fun, and quite another to get a lot of money for ideas.

I wonder if you have read all these fine rhymes. Do you know "The Cow and the Ass," "Dirty Jim," "Careless Matilda," and "Little Ann and Her Mother"?

Be sure to remember when you read the Taylor books that they were written by happy people. Jane loved a joke as long as she lived, and Ann had the liveliest nature possible. At the age of eighty, after she had lost husband and children, she used to travel all over the country, and she was so sweet-tempered and merry that people adored her. She used to say every little while, "I can't be an old lady — why, I have n't even got ready to grow up yet!"

LITTLE FOUR-O'CLOCK-IN-THE-MORNING

OF course, I don't even pretend that this was the child's real name, but it is what I call her, just to myself. To most people she is Jane Porter.

When Jane's father, an army surgeon, was killed, his widow had five little children and only very little money. If some of Major Porter's soldier friends had not remembered to send presents of pound notes now and then, I am afraid some of the time the supply of food in the Porter house would have run low.

Jane was but four years old when her mother moved to Edinburgh. About this time Jane learned to read, and as soon as she could manage long words she cared very little for anything but books. Her brother Robert and her sister, Anna Maria, liked plenty of food and plenty of sleep, but Jane only wanted plenty of books. As soon as ever it was light, at four o'clock in the morning, Jane was out of bed, curled up in the big chair by the window either reading or writing. I say "writing" because she began to scribble down bits of stories she made up almost as soon as she knew there were such things as stories in the world.

Anna Maria would half wake up when she heard Jane creep out of bed, and opening one sleepy eye would say scornfully, "Oh, you silly!" and then roll over and go to sleep again. Let me say right here, that it is n't very safe to make fun of other people's ways. It was n't any time at all before Anna Maria was doing the same thing, and she was only thirteen when she began writing herself.

The Porter boys and girls were a happy lot, in spite of their mother's scanty means. One of their best young friends was Walter Scott, then a lad of fourteen. His head was full of Scottish history, ballads, and legends. He liked to read as well as they, and also made them acquainted with the old woman, Luckie Forbes, whose quaint stories fired their imaginations and fancies.

By and by the family went to London to live. They had the very house that Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great painter, had once occupied. Robert Porter became an artist and trav-

eler and married a Russian princess. The two other brothers did well in the army and navy, and the two sisters became authoresses. Would n't Luckie Forbes have stared if anyone had told her the future of those big-eyed, hungry little Porters? And Jane used some of the historical stories that Luckie told in her very best book, "Scottish Chiefs," too.

But I must tell you about Jane's other book, "Thaddeus of Warsaw." When she was only a girl (I don't remember just how old) she got much excited over Polish affairs, and wrote such a good story about an exile from Poland that it sold very well. Whoever read it would mention it to someone else, and even the King of Württemberg praised it. He also conferred a high-sounding title upon her — "Lady of the Chapter of St. Joachim." Relatives of the famous Polish general, Kosciusko, sent her a ring with the general's picture in it, and she was invited to elegant homes to visit as long as she lived.

It really is a great thing to write a book that pleases the world.

I advise you to read all the good books you can find out about, and then to write some, just as "Little Four-o'Clock-in-the-Morning" did.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

NOW and then people get tired of naming their children after aunts and uncles and cousins; so they name a baby after the state, or city, or town, in which it is born.

I know a dear girl by the name of Dakota, and my small neighbor, Washington Blair, was n't named for the first president at all, but for a little country town in Maine.

An English couple, Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale, were living in Italy when both their daughters were born; so one was named Florence and the other Parthenope (the old name for Naples).

Florence Nightingale — do you know much about her?

She was a wonderful woman, who lived to be ninety, and did so much good in the world that her name is blessed to this day.

The Nightingales went back to England when Florence was just a tiny girl, about big

enough to chase the butterflies through the immense gardens of her father's estate.

As Florence grew older and began to play with dolls, it was noticed she usually made believe they were sick, and that she spent hours in curing them. She sewed for them a great



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE AS A YOUNG GIRL

deal too, for when she was only a mite of a girl she did such fine needlework that her mother's visitors used to hold up their hands in amazement when they looked at a garment she had made, and say, "Is it possible that Florence did that?"

Florence was glad that she had practiced putting on bandages in her dolls' nursery, when one day she found a poor dog with a bruised leg. It happened this way.

Florence was riding on her pony, in company with the vicar, when they came upon a shepherd who was having a lot of trouble with his sheep. The dog who usually guarded them had just been lifted into the man's cottage because he could not walk, and the sheep were running in every direction, driving the shepherd almost distracted.

"What's the matter?" inquired the vicar.

"The boys have stoned my dog and broken his leg."

"The wicked things!" cried Florence.

"I shall have to kill the dog. He will never be any good," continued the shepherd.

But when the vicar and Florence went into the cottage to see the poor beast, they found the leg was terribly bruised, but not broken.

Florence said, "Let's bandage it."

The vicar thought the bandages ought to be wrung out of hot water. So they lighted a fire under the kettle and while they waited for it to boil Florence searched for some cloth. There was none; but hanging in a closet was a clean smock frock which belonged to the shepherd. Florence tore that into strips, and for hours she and the vicar kept at work upon the dog's leg. The dog showed his gratitude by thumping his tail on the floor and by licking the child's hands with his tongue.

Florence went to the cottage every day and cared for the dog until he was well.

Mrs. Nightingale gave the shepherd a new smock frock; but even if she had not done so the shepherd would not have minded the loss of his old one, because it meant a great deal to him to have that faithful sheep-dog saved.

As years went by Florence loved to read to sick people, to carry them jellies, to tidy their rooms, and to cheer them. Finally she made up her mind to enter a hospital for training, and to make nursing her life work. She did this against the advice of relatives and friends, but she really could not be happy unless she was easing pain.

I wish I had time to tell you one half the good she did among the poor and suffering. Such beautiful stories she told sick soldiers, such lovely letters she wrote for them when they were crippled, such nights of sleep they had after her kind hands had bathed them!

The Queen of England and the Sultan of Tur-

key sent her wonderful jewels because, in times of war, she took care of their soldiers so faithfully. But if no one had thanked her she would have kept on just the same.

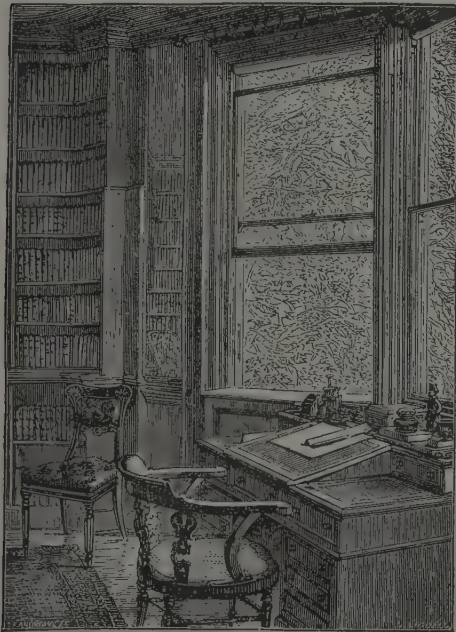
If you read Florence Nightingale's books about nursing you will find that she wanted to make people comfortable almost from the days she chased butterflies in the English gardens.

CHARLES DICKENS

A VERY tall man and a tiny boy used to ride up to London quite often from a suburb, and every time they went past a house near Gravesend, called Gads Hill Place, the little boy would beg his father to wait awhile and let him look at the lovely estate. As long as the roofs or chimneys were in sight the little fellow's head would turn wistfully back in their direction. Finally, when this had been going on for months, Mr. Dickens said, "Charles, if you were to be very persevering and work hard



LITTLE CHARLES DICKENS PASTING LABELS



DICKENS' STUDY AT GADS HILL

you might some day come to live in that place."

Mr. Dickens was a clerk in the navy yard, but Charles could not play games with the other officers' sons because he had queer spasms and pains. So he read book after book and made plans about what he would do when he was a big man. His biggest plan was to own Gads Hill Place. He did not know just how he could manage it, but he never let the idea out of his mind.

There had been several brothers and sisters, but like Charles they were sickly, and presently he had no playmate but his sister Fanny. He used to tell her some of his ambitions, and when things went badly for the family and the children were pretty cold and hungry Charles would sing his funniest songs to Fanny and make up lovely stories to help her forget their poverty. His father lost his position and his mother put a sign on the door that she would teach young ladies at so much a month. But no one ever came. Charles worked in a blacking factory, and, as what he earned could scarcely

buy food for the family, Gads Hill Place seemed a long way off. He hated the work. He was far too little and much too sick to paste the labels and lift the boxes all day long, but he trudged away at his task until something better offered and kept telling Fanny much longer and more elaborate stories and joked a great deal when anyone was around.

It is half the battle to be determined. Charles never lost his courage. He got better chances for work as he grew older, he studied and read more, he began writing for newspapers, and by and by, when he offered stories to publishers, they said, "Why, here is a man that knows life — here is a man that hates shams. Why, this man can make us laugh and cry at his will!" They wanted all the books he could write, and he used to smile and say, "Gads Hill looks nearer."

Well — Dickens married, and when he had some boys and girls of his own he found, one day, that he had plenty of money to buy the big red brick house with its old cedar trees, which he had coveted so many years.

He built arbors, planted huge beds of his favorite scarlet geraniums, and made the grounds so fine that presently neither he nor the gardener could think of any improvement unless they tunneled through to a wild piece of shrubbery on the other side of the road. He decided to do this and soon had a crew of men digging from opposite sides. The day the pick-axes met, he was as excited as the children and he gave a big celebration to his friends and neighbors.

I don't suppose there were ever happier children than the little Dickenses. They had ponies, dogs, toys, and all sorts of games and sports. Except when he was busy writing his books, their father was planning fresh surprises for them. Finally they said, "Write a book for us, Father!" So he wrote "A Child's History of England," which will tell you about kings and queens and gay doings at courts, some very good people, and the wickedest villains you can imagine. But you will like it so well that I fancy you will want to read all the other books he wrote that made him able to buy Gads Hill at last.



THE FIRST STEP — FROM A PAINTING BY MILLET



CHARLES AND MARIE-ADELAIDE OF FRANCE

From a painting in the Louvre by Drouais.



THE FLETCHER MODULATING BOARD

The child puts pegs into the little holes, white for white keys, red for the sharps, and blue for the flats. He can thus peg out a series of chords. Then he takes this modulating board to the piano and places it over the keys. Because this board gives a notation, by exactly obeying the pegs, the child can with but little knowledge of the keyboard play these combinations.

THE FLETCHER MUSIC METHOD

IT is only within the last few years that the educational value of music has been considered. That it is now being recognized as a study of the utmost value, even to those whose talents lie in other directions, is due to the work of a few far-sighted teachers. Prominent among them is Mrs. Evelyn Fletcher-Copp.

What Froebel has done for children along other lines, Mrs. Copp has done for them in music, not knowing at the time of Froebel's work.

After five years of study in foreign countries, Mrs. Copp started in upon her own teaching. Not satisfied with teaching as she found it, she began a series of experiments that led to the development of the apparatus and system of

teaching that is becoming so widely known as the Fletcher Music Method.

The true aim of education is the power of free self-expression. Mrs. Copp felt that the teaching of music tended to develop self-repression rather than self-expression. From the first, children were made to imitate others, to play compositions written by someone else, with the expression taught by the teacher.

In the method worked out by Mrs. Copp, the materials with which the musician has to deal, from the signs of notation to the keyboard of the piano, are put into the hands of the child in the form of wooden blocks, or cut out of paper to be sewed or pasted upon a staff. Through a series of games with this material the child gains a familiarity with it that can be obtained in no other way.

Many are prejudiced against the word method,

as meaning an arbitrary way of doing things. Mrs. Copp has made her method so elastic as to fit the needs of every child. Each subject is given to the children through a number of games that approach it in different ways, and each game was inspired by the need of some child.

The work is done in classes of not more than seven. In playing the various games with their material, the children are spurred on by the competition with each other. But the teacher is careful that jealousy and rivalry do not arise, and a spirit of helpfulness and generosity is fostered. No one child is held up as the brightest member of a class, nor is the slow child discouraged because he cannot think so quickly as the others.

By doing their work in a class, the children learn to think and act in public. This is of the

greatest value to those whose life work will demand their constant appearance on the platform; while as for the others, one may well wonder if more than one reader has not at some time, in a church gathering, club, or civic meeting, wished that he had learned as a child to speak in a company of people without suffering acutely from self-consciousness.

We are indebted to Mrs. Copp for the survey of the method, the illustrations, and the musical compositions.

THE METHOD

The children find out first why there must be signs for sounds. Then, instead of learning the signs and names by rote, they learn the sound itself and with it its name and sign.



PAINTING MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

This shows a class of children busy painting large outline pictures of musical instruments. The teacher will answer the questions which may arise. — Who invented it? How much does it cost? Does it have a pretty voice? On the table cover are pinned a number of the instruments the children know about already. In this way the child's knowledge of and interest in all musical instruments is aroused.

The next step is the quick recognition of the symbols. The children place the symbols correctly on the spring staff, and in the form of a game try to read as many as possible in a given time. This game develops self-control through the necessity for attention, and the ability to "keep one's head" while thinking quickly.

In another game the teacher sounds on the

which the children arrive at their conclusions. If she sees that a child is not learning easily, she asks him what he is thinking. When he has told her, she knows his difficulty at once, and can help him to reason out for himself a better way of thinking.

The ideal to which the Fletcher Method strives to attain is that music shall be as much



CHILDREN AT WORK AT THE STAFF

The children have constructed the staff and placed the notes in the different positions and the little boy with the crown on his head is now pointing to the three different signs as the teacher gives them on the piano. This he has to do by ear alone. The three other little ones can decide mentally if they think he is right or wrong. When he has found three correctly another child takes his place. The game is "The King of the Signs."

piano a note which is on the large staff, and when the first child has recognized three and correctly described their position on the staff, he may go to the piano, and, under the supervision of the teacher, find three for the next child, and so on.

The games with this first material have been carefully thought out, so that through them rapid and easy reading is learned and the ear trained to a degree hitherto believed impossible.

The teacher lays great stress on the way in

an instrument of self-expression as language. As the children learn to read and write English primarily to express their own thoughts in speaking or writing, so in the Fletcher Method they learn to use the music language to express their own little melodies, harmonizing them, not by rule of figured bass, but with the harmonies learned through the ear while reading. In this way they learn the true harmonic significance of the chords, runs, and trills in their music.

Carl's Melody

Written when he was 8 years old.

6.

7. Allegretto CARL Age 14.

AN ORIGINAL COMPOSITION

This shows the children's rapid development in power to compose as well as understanding of musical compositions.

Some raise the objection that children trained in this way will have less respect for the great composers. If this objection were carried to a logical conclusion, children would do nothing. It is through our own attempt to do a thing that we come to a true appreciation of those who have done it well.

Mrs. Copp has devised a keyboard made

inventive farther and farther into the field of improvisation and invention.

The children sing their compositions, thus using their most natural instrument. The Fletcher keyboard is used for technical exercises, since, as there is no heavy action, there is no strain upon little fingers.

The keyboard is invaluable in the study of



TIME DIVISION

The actual duration of the notes is represented by the time blocks. Without knowing anything of fractions the children can thus divide into measures any combination of notes. The combination has been put on the table and the children by means of the blocks have divided it into measures, and now each in turn is expressing it rhythmically by marching it, clapping it, singing it, etc.

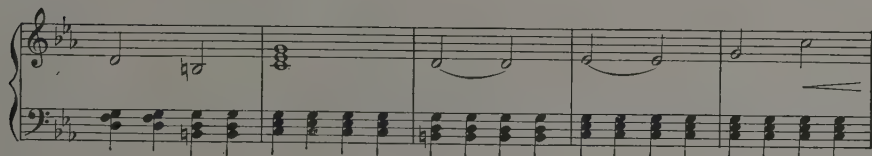
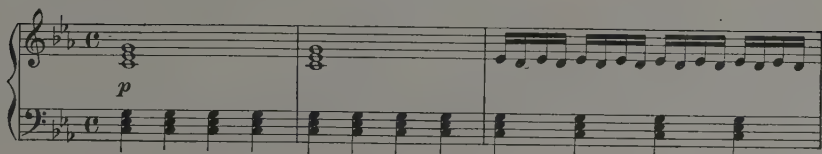
out of wood that is like the keyboard of a piano except for two things. It is dumb, and the keys are detachable, so that they may be removed one by one. This keyboard is used not only for knowledge of single notes, but also for intervals, triads, and chords of four or more notes. The children discover a chord, next find what family it belongs to, and then begin to use it in as many ways as possible. This leads even the children who are not naturally

the scales, for when a child has taken out one by one the keys that do not belong in a given scale, he cannot make a mistake in playing that scale, and plays it over until he has a thorough knowledge of it. Then he begins to put back the other keys, making it gradually harder, but he never forgets the impression made by the scale without the other keys.

In order to teach modulation, Mrs. Copp devised a board with a notation that exactly

Funeral March

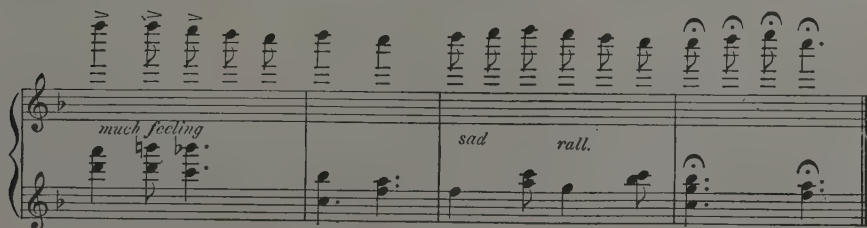
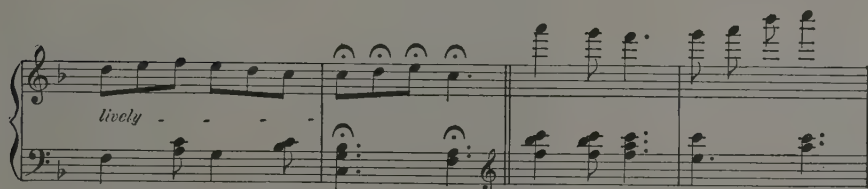
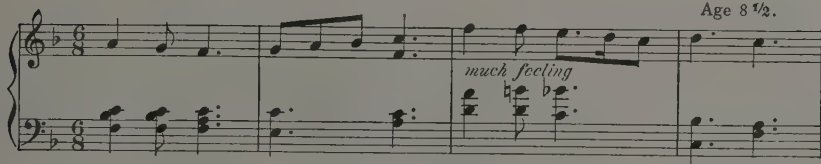
11.



A Thought

MARGARETH
Age 8 1/2.

4.



fits that of the keyboard of the piano. Instead of keys, there are small holes. In these the child pegs out a series of chords, using white pegs for the white keys, red for the sharps, and blue for the flats. Then he places the board above the keyboard of the piano and plays his combinations reading from the pegs.

Great emphasis is laid on the development of the sense of rhythm.

The children are led to discover the need of long and short notes through the ear. Then they are provided with blocks proportioned in size to the value of the note represented. For instance, the quarter-note block is twice the size of the eighth-note block, and half the size of the half-note block. These blocks are used in a series of games that impress their difference and relation upon the child.

The children are led to express their sense of rhythm by such movements of the body as the music played suggests, giving their own interpretation of beautiful compositions.

Through its games, the Fletcher Method develops an excellent coordination of the mind and muscles of the child. Success in music, as in most things, lies only in this direction.

The creative faculty of the child finds another outlet in technique. He is given a set of free exercises to develop his muscles. To gain control of the muscles thus developed he is led to practice five-finger exercises of his own invention, using the scale and chord combinations that he has already learned.

The children paint outline pictures of the different instruments. While they are painting the teacher answers the questions that naturally arise. Thus the children become familiar with and interested in all musical instruments. Often children who are thought unmusical because they do not love the piano or violin find a musical outlet in some other instrument. In ninety-nine cases out of one hundred where children are considered unmusical it is because they have not found the proper vent for their musical feeling.

The Fletcher Method neither wishes nor attempts to make a pianist out of every pupil, but aims to give to each pupil the thorough knowledge of music that is indispensable to the study of any instrument and to the musical enjoyment of the individual.

ORIGINAL COMPOSITIONS

Three original compositions by the children are reproduced from Mrs. Fletcher-Copp's own manuscripts. It will be noticed that on page 349 there are two melodies by Carl, one written when he was eight years old, the other six years later. The "Funeral March" on page 351 was written by a girl eight years old. Concerning "A Thought" by Margareth, Mrs. Copp writes:

"Margareth explained that she always 'felt better' after playing the third and fourth measures.

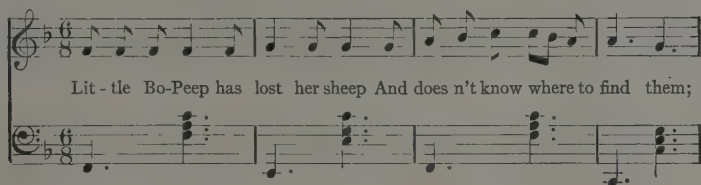
"When asked if the high notes might be written down an octave with the sign *8va* written to indicate the true position of the notes, she clutched her little manuscript to her and said: 'Oh! no—no—don't alter it—I know what *8va* means, but let us for once let people see those notes in their really truly place!'"



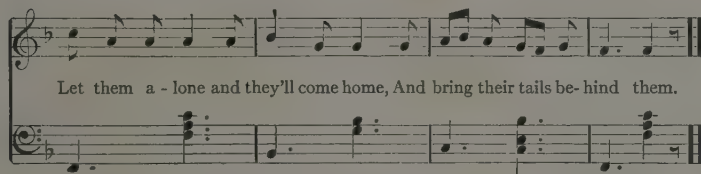
THE DUET



LITTLE BO-PEEP

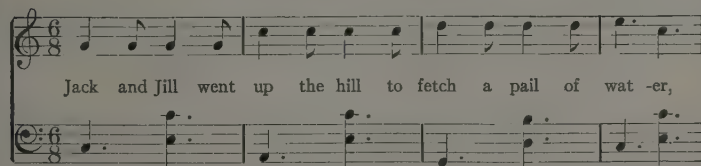


Lit - tle Bo-Peep has lost her sheep And does n't know where to find them;

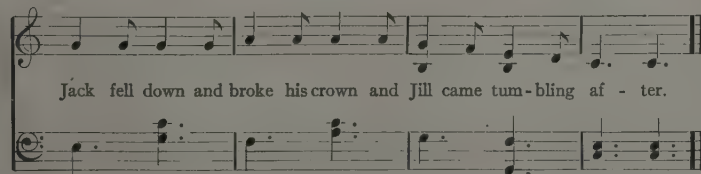


Let them a - lone and they'll come home, And bring their tails be - hind them.

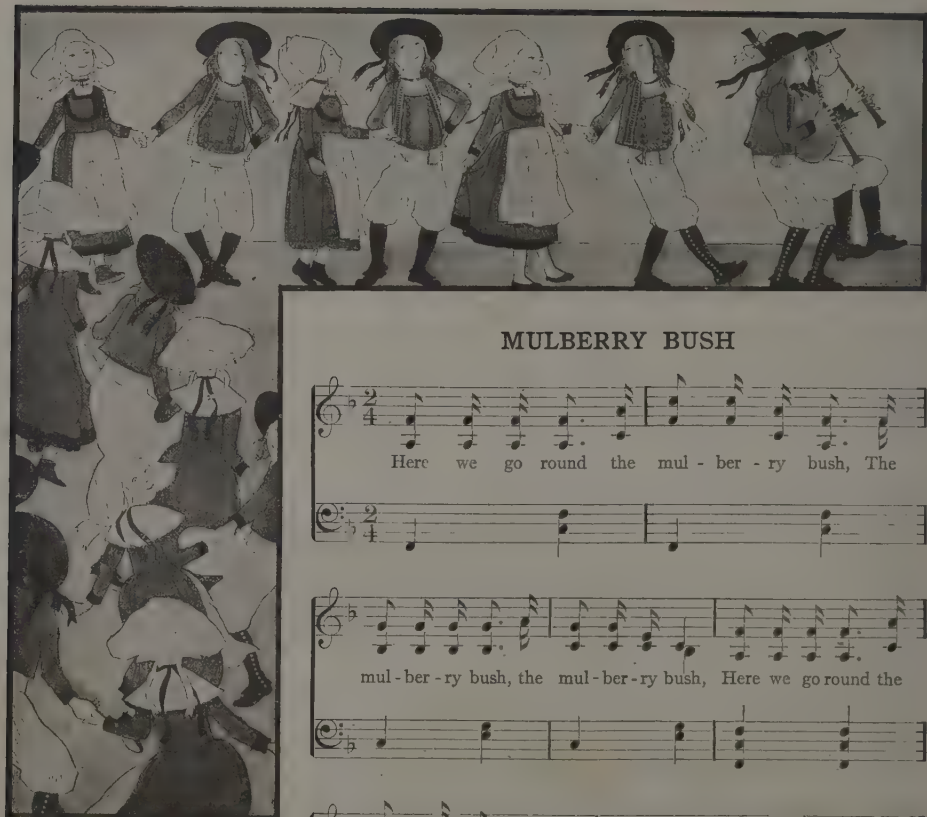
JACK AND JILL



Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of wat - er,



Jack fell down and broke his crown and Jill came tum - bling af - ter.



MULBERRY BUSH

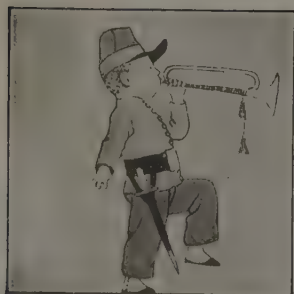
Here we go round the mul - ber - ry bush, The

mul - ber - ry bush, the mul - ber - ry bush, Here we go round the

mul - ber - ry bush, So ear - ly in the morn - ing.

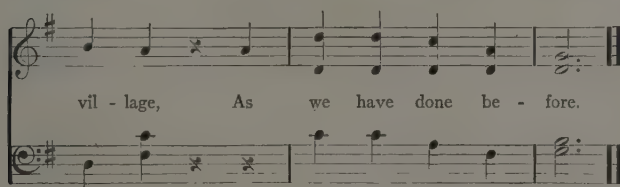
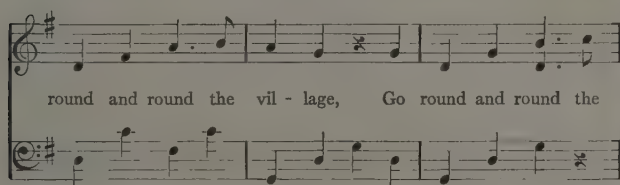
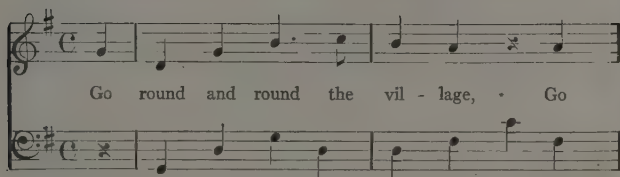
LONDON BRIDGE

Lon-don bridge is fall - ing down, Fall-ing down, fall - ing down,

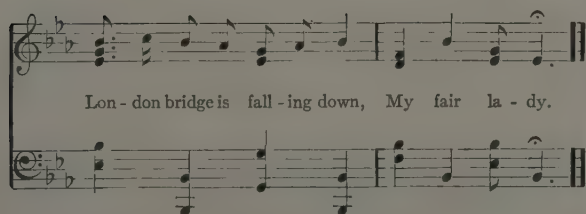


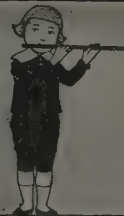


ROUND AND ROUND THE VILLAGE

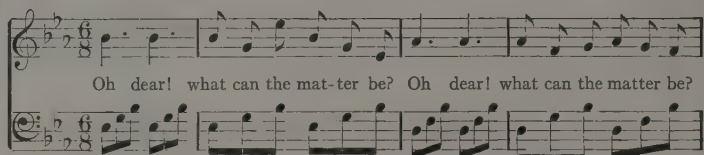


LONDON BRIDGE

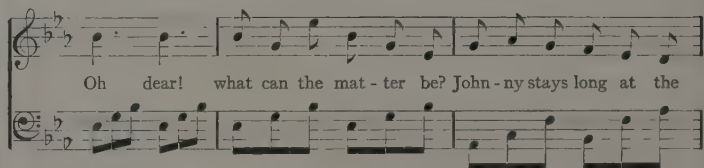




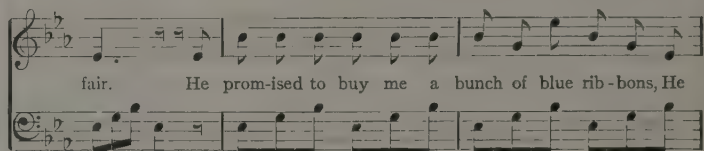
OH DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?



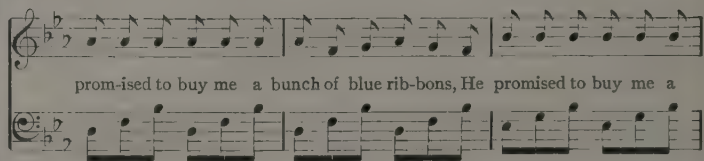
Oh dear! what can the mat-ter be? Oh dear! what can the matter be?



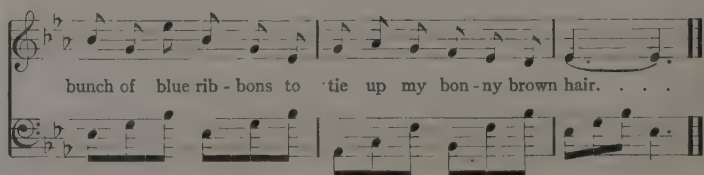
Oh dear! what can the mat-ter be? John-ny stays long at the



fair. He prom-ised to buy me a bunch of blue rib-bons, He



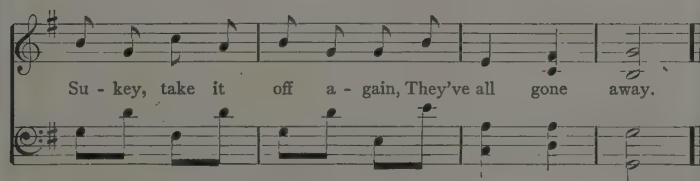
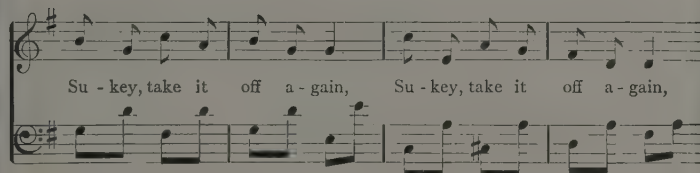
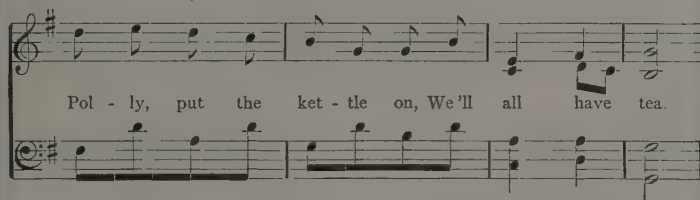
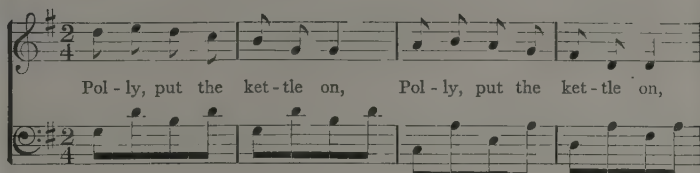
prom-ised to buy me a bunch of blue rib-bons, He promised to buy me a



bunch of blue rib-bons to tie up my bon-ny brown hair. . . .



POLLY, PUT THE KETTLE ON




SILENT NIGHT

CHRISTMAS CAROL

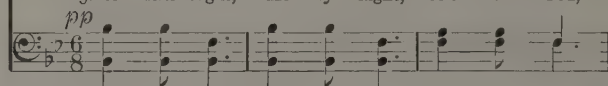
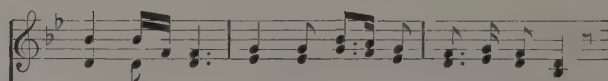
MICHAEL HAYDN

pp





1. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night, All is calm,
 2. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night, Shep - herds quake
 3. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night, Son of God,

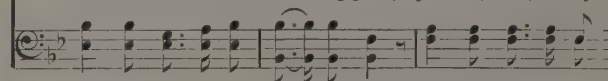

pp

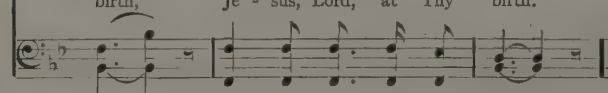
all is bright Round yon Vir - gin Moth - er and Child.
 at the sight, Glo - ries stream from heav - en a - far,
 love's pure light Ra - diant beams from Thy ho - ly face,

Ho - ly In - fant so ten - der and mild, Sleep in heav - en - ly
 Heav - en - ly hosts sing Al - le - lu - ia; Christ, the Sav - iour, is
 With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy

peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace!
 born! Christ, the Sav - iour, is born!
 birth, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.



[Beautiful in themselves, these Christmas carols are also part of our Christmas inheritance. "Silent Night" comes from the German; "God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen" is an old English carol which has been sung in castle halls and on village greens for eight centuries. In several American cities this custom of singing carols on Christmas Eve has been revived.]

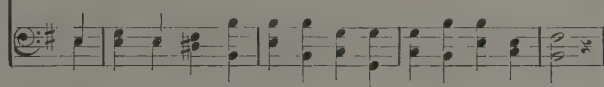
GOD REST YOU MERRY, GENTLEMEN



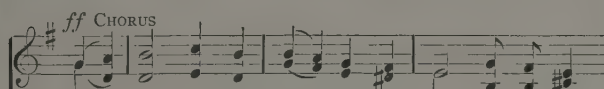
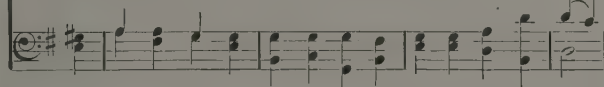
God rest you merry, gen-tle-men, Let nothing you dis-may,



Re-mem-ber Christ our Sa-vi-our Was born on Christmas Day,



To save us all from Satan's pow'r When we were gone a-stray;



O ti-dings of com-fort and joy, com-fort and



joy, O ti-dings of com-fort and joy.



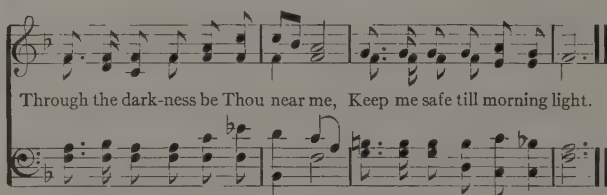
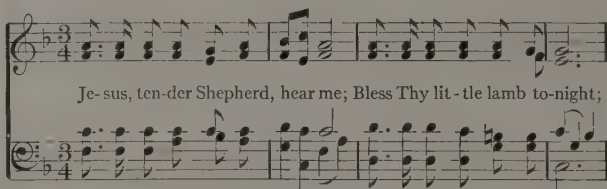
TWO EVENING HYMNS

[For words, see page 364]

JESUS, TENDER SHEPHERD

MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN

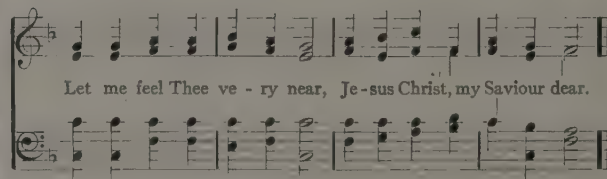
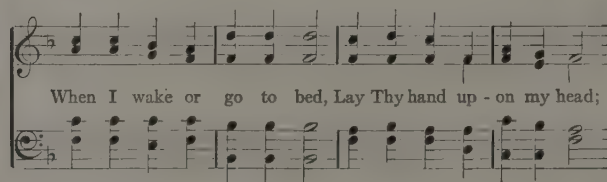
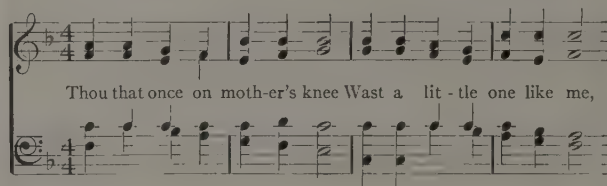
J. B. DYKES

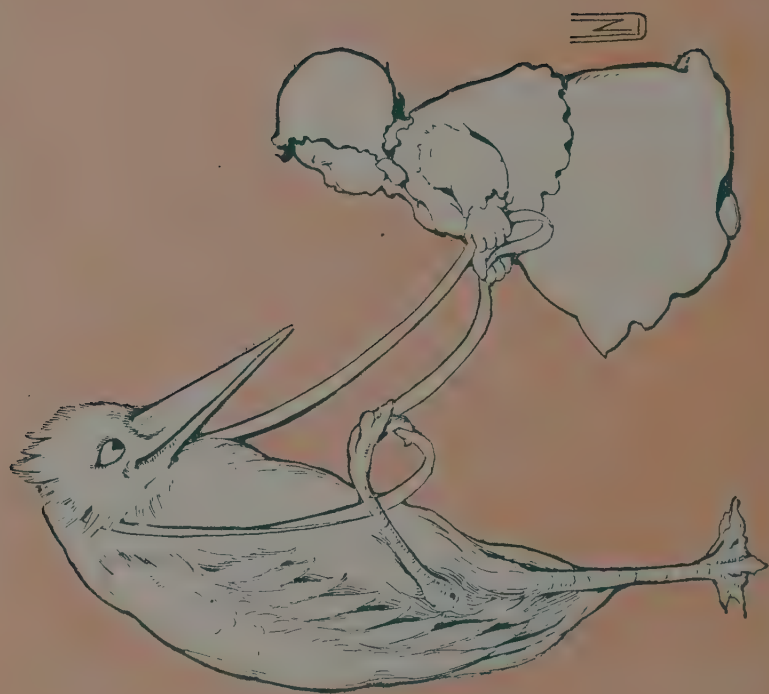


THOU THAT ONCE ON MOTHER'S KNEE

F. T. PALGRAVE

T. E. PERKINS, by per.





WHICH ONE IS DRIVING?



AS FATHERS AND MOTHERS SEE IT

BEING EXPERIENCES TOLD BY THEM FROM THEIR POINT OF VIEW

[All this reads well, fathers and mothers may say, but how shall we make use of it? How fit the suggestions in this and other volumes into our family life? And how meet the problems that come up with our children? Here is a group of articles, written for us by wise people with delightful children. Dr. Howard A. Bridgman, editor and writer, has pictured a fine yet practical ideal of family life; Mrs. Bridgman has told of it from her point of view, and two other mothers have added their words of counsel and suggestion.]

BEING A FATHER

IF anyone thinks that the father's part in the home is limited to providing bread and butter and the outward habitation with its furnishings and adornments, he is grievously mistaken. The father who thus conceives of his calling is not only short-sighted, but he is losing a tremendous amount of fun. He is growing old prematurely, when he might be keeping young and buoyant. To be sure, his first business is to see that the household is warmed and clothed and fed. But when those functions are fulfilled there remains a large area of duties and opportunities which are peculiarly

the father's. In him the dignity and strength of the family life are traditionally embodied. He is one of the two main pillars of the home. His will and attitude, his preferences and ideals, influence the children, the guests, and the servants. But apart from these primary and time-honored aspects of the father's vocation, there are a multitude of little services which he can render, and a thousand points of contact with the life of the family at which he and perhaps he only can make himself felt wholesomely and powerfully. I may venture to pass to what I have learned from other fathers with regard to the doing of little things that add to the interest, the zest, the profit, and the peace of the life in the home, as well as the modest fruits of my own fragmentary and fitful, though not entirely disappointing, endeavors in this direction. But first let me speak of two preliminary matters that have vital bearing on the subject.

THE COÖPERATIVE SPIRIT

If any father begins by thinking that—to quote a familiar phrase—he is “it” in the home, he has yet to learn the alphabet of fatherly usefulness. Important as he is, indispensable as he may seem, he is in a sense only an adjunct,

an auxiliary force. There is an old saying to the effect that God could not be everywhere, therefore he made mothers. Certainly the nearest incarnation of omnipresence to-day is a mother. If she is not omnipresent, she desires and strives to be quickly at the point of greatest immediate need in order that her wise and tender ministrations shall not be lacking at the critical moment. All day long as a rule she is at her task of mothering and household management.

The father, on the other hand, through most of the daylight hours is distant from the actual scene of parental activities in their direct bearing upon the household. He never can understand, as the mother does, the daily on-moving of the family life. From her watchtower the vigilant and sleepless mother knows the moment that Johnnie's cold began, and why Susie came home unhappy from school, and just when Tommy ought to be shut up in the closet, and when he may wisely be spared the terrors of its dark recesses. Whereas the father, who simply comes and goes, can seldom acquire that insight into delicate situations, into complicated problems of discipline, that is essential in order to handle them wisely. All the more reason, therefore, why, in perhaps nine issues out of ten, he should remain in the background until his advice and assistance are wanted. Then his wisdom and strength will prove much more serviceable than would be possible were he to pronounce judgment or exercise authority when only partially informed about the subject under debate and when not fully prepared to do his best.

The best parental team work is done when, whatever their individual points of view, and however animated their discussions in private, father and mother appear as a unit in the eyes of their children. When two such powerful factors in the life of the home are really united in methods and purposes there is hardly any limit to what they can accomplish for their children; but where differences of aims and ideals come constantly to the attention of the children, the serenity and sweetness of the family life are greatly disturbed. All the more reason why the father should study ways and means, times and seasons, in order that he may know when to speak and when to be silent, and how to render,

at just the psychological moment, the contribution to the home life which he alone is qualified to bring, and lacking which no home is quite complete.

All this is just as true in its bearing upon the school, the day school, the Sunday school, the church, and all the other wholesome institutions in the community. Here again the father's part is less that of initiation and the administration of detail, but rather that of wise and tactful coöperation.

THE FATHER'S ADVANTAGE

The other preliminary consideration balances the point already made. If the father, by virtue of the circumstances of the situation, must take an apparently secondary place in the actual management of the household, he can score heavily in one particular. Because he is away from the house so much, he is always more or less of a welcome surprise and a delightful novelty to the children when he does return to them. Patient, plodding "mamma" plows her weary furrow through from morn till eve with little or no respite. By nightfall she would be less than human if she were not tired. Not that she is ever tired of the children, but tired with them, their incessant calls and claims, their pleas for sympathy and service, their expectation that she will be always on duty so that no matter at what hour or in what condition they enter the house there will always be a quick and pleasant response to their eager, impetuous "Where's mother?"

But after responding to it a score of times, no wonder, in view of the fact that she is made not of steel but of flesh and blood, she sags physically, likewise 'nervously and 'emotionally. About this time in prances father from the store or office or factory, eager for the evening romp with the children, glad to shake off the routine duties and the bothersome cares of his working day, and keenly anticipating the peace and joy which are to be found only at his own fireside. The children spring into his arms or climb upon his knees. Quite likely they may have been waiting and watching for him at the corner. And so for the time being his star is plainly in the ascendant. For the next fifteen minutes or half an hour his popularity quite

eclipses that of mother. Let him make the most of this blessed season. It will soon pass.

"There are thousands of stars that shine at night,
Thousands of flowers that make the summer bright,
Thousands of dewdrops the morning greet,
Thousands of birds with voices sweet,
Thousands of bees in the purple clover,
But only one MOTHER the wide world over."

But just because his periodic coming and going create a certain fresh interest in the home, the father should discern the point of vantage it gives him for supplementing the labors of the jaded wife and of influencing his children in their most responsive and impressionable moments. So let us go on to speak of the things which the father can do or help do at those times when he is in actual personal contact with the family.

AT THE DAY'S BEGINNING AND END

A COLLEGE president of my acquaintance, who is at the same time a wise and devoted father, endeavors to be at the bedside of his younger children at the moment of their waking in the morning. Not always do his engagements allow him to have the evening romp or chat with his little people, but he makes every effort, and sometimes plainly sacrifices his own comfort, in order that when their little minds first come to consciousness he may be at hand to turn thought and feeling in the right direction. He is both a student and a teacher of psychology, and his studies and experience have convinced him that if the earliest waking moments can be filled with pleasant and inspiring suggestions the whole day will be happier and better. He realizes that both in the case of children and adults disagreeable and often unwholesome memories and anticipations knock at the vestibule of the mind, and if they are not checked they are likely to force their way in. The resultant effects are quickly seen in a gloomy countenance and an aversion to rise willingly and take up gladly the duties of the day. How can these enemies of mental and spiritual peace best be overcome? Simply by starting a different and more joyous train of ideas. So this college

president of mine seeks to impart at this critical hour in his child's life the sense of happiness and hope. He recalls some pleasant matter of yesterday. He alludes to some pleasure in store during the coming day. Most of all by his own sunniness of spirit, and his discernment of the mood in which the child happens to be, he helps it to realize the loving human and divine care lavished upon it and to draw forth in response that which is best within the child.

A London merchant of my acquaintance, who has a beautiful home in one of the suburbs, has practiced for years this custom with his large family of children. As soon as they reach the age of six or seven they are brought to his chamber by the nurse every morning, and he spends perhaps ten or fifteen minutes in reading to them from the Bible or some other good book, or in talking to them in a very simple fashion about doing right and living unselfishly. Busy man though he is, he utilizes the minutes in the day when the child is most impressionable to implant in its mind and heart the seeds that can hardly fail to ripen into worthy character.

Special gifts and a peculiar kind of talent on the part of the father such work as this requires; but surely no one is so busy or so incompetent that he cannot say a word or do a deed that will touch the right chord in the heart of the child. At least it can be taught to say soon after waking, as regularly as it washes its face:

"Now I wake and see the light,
'T is God who kept me through the night.
To Him I lift my voice and pray
That He will keep me through the day."

Or this:

"Now I begin my new day's work;
I pray Thee, Lord, I may not shirk;
Give me Thy help in all I do;
O make me faithful, kind and true;
And, when I come to Thee this night,
May work and play be found all right."

And at nightfall, too, what a chance there is for the father to fulfill in a most natural way his priestly duties, using that term with no thought of any pious or sacramental meaning. I do not believe that the mother should invariably be the one to hear the children "say their prayers." Father may profitably take his turn also. Many appropriate petitions are available. There is

the time-honored and very widely used prayer which President John Quincy Adams is said to have repeated every night of his life:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take."

Some persons object to the suggestion of death in this familiar verse. To obviate the force of that criticism here are a number of other substitutes that may be preferred:

"How kind the Lord has been to-day
To guard me at my work and play
And keep a thousand ills away!
I thank thee, Lord."

"God bless my father, mother dear,
Brother and sister. Calm the fear
Of all Thy children, far and near.
I love thee, Lord."

A brief but comprehensive and musical little prayer has been in use in my family for years:

"Now I seek my little bed
While the stars shine overhead;
Father, guard me through the night,
Keep me safe till morning light."

One of the best evening hymns is this:

"Jesus, tender shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb to-night,
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light."

"All this day thy hand hath led me
And I thank thee for thy care,
Thou hast warmed and clothed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer."

"May my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well,
Take me when I die to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell."

And here is an evening prayer hymn for a child which, besides being so beautifully expressed, seems particularly adapted to childish comprehension:

"Thou that once, on mother's knee,
Wert a little one like me,
When I wake or go to bed,
Lay Thy hands about my head;

Let me feel Thee very near,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear."

"Be beside me in the light,
Close by me through all the night;
Make me gentle, kind, and true,
Do what mother bids me do;
Help and cheer me when I fret,
And forgive when I forget."

"Once wert thou in cradle laid,
Baby bright in manger-shade,
With the oxen and the cows,
And the lambs outside the house;
Now Thou art above the sky;
Canst Thou hear a baby cry?"

"Thou art nearer when we pray,
Since Thou art so far away;
Thou my little hymn wilt hear,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear,
Thou that once, on mother's knee,
Wert a little one like me."

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

Here is a prayer that is not too difficult to be taught even to little children, who catch the ideas more readily than we think. The picture of the boy Samuel praying can be pointed out on page 297:

"O God, who art always gentle and tender towards little children, we thank Thee for the story of the boy Samuel hearing Thy voice in the darkness, and for all the sweet lessons the story teaches. Cast out from our hearts, we pray Thee, all thoughts that make us afraid of Thee. Help us to think true thoughts, that we may love Thee for Thy good and gentle ways with children, and trust Thee because Thou art so great and strong. We need kinder hearts to understand Thy kindness, and purer hearts to understand Thy holiness; for Thou art better than all our best and sweetest thoughts. May we always think so, and live all our days in trust and hope."

BENJAMIN WAUGH.

MAKING PRAYER REAL

As a supplement to whatever formal prayer may be selected for a child at eventide I suggest what in certain families of my acquaintance has come to be known as the "thankful prayer." In simple, concrete fashion God is thanked for the special-pleasures of the day, like a party or an excursion, or the visit of a friend or a particularly good time at school or play. The effort to recall what has taken place strengthens the memory, while the disposition to dwell in retrospect on what has been enjoyable develops



Copyright, George L. Shuman & Co.

THE WIND GATHERERS

On the opposite page is

THE HOME OF THE WIND GATHERERS

From the original paintings by Nellie Littlehale Umbstaetter



the spirit of gratitude and appreciation. I have known children who have become habituated to this style of prayer to go into such particulars regarding what they had done or where they had been that the recapitulation answered the purpose of a diary and the devotional element became somewhat submerged in the flood of reminiscence. It is hardly necessary to make the "thankful prayer" a catalogue of all the experiences of the day. But the idea of trying to recall a few of the special reasons for gratitude is an excellent one and need not be overworked.

AS TO FAMILY PRAYERS

In former years no devout family thought of beginning the day without an assemblage of all its members for purposes of common worship. The rush of modern life, together with its far greater multiplicity of interests, as well as an increased aversion to the demonstrative element in religion, has relegated this fine old-time institution into the background. In many families where professing Christians are in the majority it is honored more in the breach than in the observance. Nevertheless, something is lost out of the home life when the entire day passes without some recognition of God, some pause in the onward sweep of duties and pleasures long enough for the family, as a unit, to look outward and upward.

Just when and how this shall come about must be determined by the individual situation. We have it on high authority that we are not heard because of our much speaking, and we need not pray as long or as elaborately as our fathers prayed in a more leisurely age. But the effect on the morale of the family life, the influence exerted upon the plastic minds of the children, are incalculable when, if but for a few brief moments, there is some common recognition of the serious side of human life, its divine basis and intent.

In some families the time just before breakfast is found to be most satisfactory; in others the moments immediately following the morning meal. I have been entertained in homes where, as the family sat down to the table, the father produced the Bible and read a few verses. Then the family bowed their heads and united in the

Lord's Prayer. The simple ceremony required no kneeling and took but a very few minutes. In other homes instead of the Scripture reading a psalm is said in concert. In still others the verse for the day in some good calendar, or in a birthday book, or in some collection of poems, or in some everyday book like Mrs. Delia Lyman Porter's "A Year of Good Cheer" is read. A hymn sung together adds much to the value of this little service. Sometimes it is the only exercise for which time can be found. By far the best song book for children is that entitled "Childhood Songs," published by A. J. Rowland, 1420 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. In many instances, when the father has to leave the house at an early hour, the evening hour just after supper may be the best time for the uplifting of the family mind and heart to things unseen.

With regard to specific books of devotion available for heads of families who do not feel like offering extemporaneous prayers, I heartily commend the little book issued by the Pilgrim Press, Boston, entitled "Closet and Altar." Another excellent little compendium is called "Family Prayers," and was edited by President Lyman P. Powell of Hobart College, and published by Geo. W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.

And here are two or three prayers which may well be said in concert by the family at the beginning of the day:

"O God, our Heavenly Father, who hast taken thought for us in the night watches, bless us also in the opportunities of this new day. Help us with willing hearts to spend its moments in Thy service. In coming and in going, in labor and in rest, in care and pleasure, grant us Thy companionship for sympathy and aid. Help us to bear true witness in simplicity of heart, to find our joy in little things, to help men toward the Christlike life in kindly service, and to cherish high ambitions of obedience to our Lord. So crown our days with strength and peace, O God, through Jesus Christ, Thy Son. AMEN."

ISAAC OGDEN RANKIN.

"The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep. AMEN."

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

"O Lord, our Heavenly Father, almighty and everlasting God, who hast safely brought us to the beginning of this day, defend us in the same with Thy mighty power and grant that this day we fall into no sin, neither run into any kind of danger; but that all our doings, being ordered by Thy governance, may be righteous in Thy sight; through Jesus Christ our Lord. AMEN."

PRACTICAL ADVICE

Before leaving this phase of the family life I would cite one instance of the use of the evening opportunity by a father who is one of the most hard-headed, unsentimental men of my acquaintance. He has little to do with churches or conventional religion, but he told me recently that as soon as his boy came to be old enough to understand what was meant, he gave him this little formula to repeat every night as he went to bed:

"Tell the truth,
Pay your debts,
And learn to say no."

Though the lad is now nearly grown to man's estate he still clings to the custom established in boyhood. Even to-day as he bids his father "good night" in the parlor or in the presence of others, he bends his head and whispers in the latter's ear, "Tell the truth, pay your debts, and learn

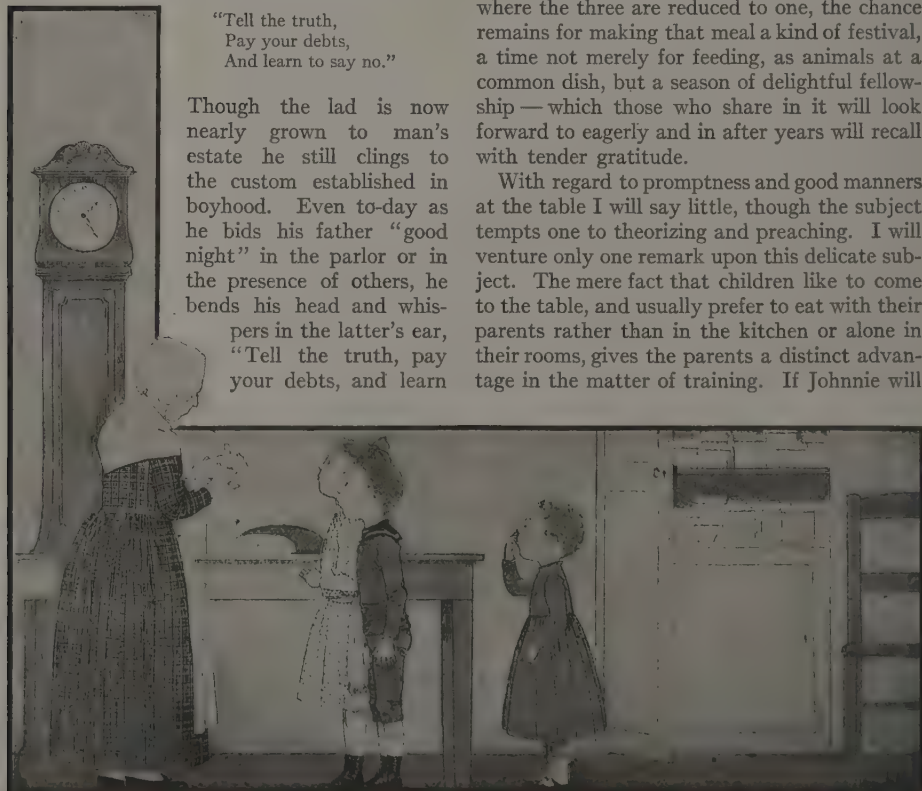
to say no." The father always responds with a nod and a fond look.

The little formula is a talisman between them. It is their secret and helps to keep them sympathetic. I doubt not, too, that it served to hold the boy in the right path when he went to college and later on out into the world.

AT THE TABLE

THREE meals in common every day afford the father a wonderful opportunity for impressing upon the family the things in which he most believes and for coöperating in the discipline and education of the children. In many American homes only two meals are partaken of by the entire family together. But, even where the three are reduced to one, the chance remains for making that meal a kind of festival, a time not merely for feeding, as animals at a common dish, but a season of delightful fellowship — which those who share in it will look forward to eagerly and in after years will recall with tender gratitude.

With regard to promptness and good manners at the table I will say little, though the subject tempts one to theorizing and preaching. I will venture only one remark upon this delicate subject. The mere fact that children like to come to the table, and usually prefer to eat with their parents rather than in the kitchen or alone in their rooms, gives the parents a distinct advantage in the matter of training. If Johnnie will



persist in being late or in appearing untidy, three times out of four, it is a simple matter to deny him his favorite dessert and let him make up on good bread and butter. And if Susie, notwithstanding numerous remonstrances, continues to kick Jennie's little shins under the table, Susie can try the experiment of oatmeal *minus* sugar.

But leaving that phase of the common meal to the treatment of feminine and therefore more capable hands, let me dwell upon the point that the conversation at the table can be made a distinct factor in the mental and spiritual growth of the children. The father, who presumably reads the papers more than anyone else, can cull out of the array of facts and alleged facts printed each morning and evening the ones really worth the attention of receptive and plastic young minds. The tidbits of gossip and scandal, the suicides and murders, the awful accidents and tragedies are as improper and unwholesome food for the mind as a diet of fudge and pickles for the body. But the interesting discoveries and explorations, the instances of everyday heroism, doings and sayings of really great and good men and women — these should be the staple of conversation. Then, too, the father, without rising to the heights of a public lecturer or presuming to speak exhaustively, can tell about and explain to some extent the questions and issues concerning which the daily, weekly, and monthly press is speaking. He can throw at least a little light on the revolution and counter-revolution in China, on the ferment in the near East, on the tariff, the labor problem,

and the currency bill; on the progress of temperance, and the movements to protect childhood, to safeguard the industrial worker, to abolish war, to promote justice among men and classes, and to bring in the better day for all the world.

Men and women who grew up in homes where such high themes were frequently and seriously talked about tell me that they owe no small share of the information which they possess to-day as well as their humanitarian ideals and their interest in the uplifting of the race to the conversations to which they used to listen at their father's table, and in which in due time they came to have a share.

This is one of the great benefits arising from the occasional presence of strangers at the table. A good guest, a guest who has been somewhere or done something in the world, or who has seen or knows some of the great leaders in church and state, is a boon to any family. He gives far more than he can possibly receive. Fortunate indeed is the home where guests of this type are frequent and welcome visitors. In comparison with what they have to impart, the superficial, monotonous, and aimless conversation which is heard at fashionable ten-course dinners seems insipid and inane.



But the daily meals should not be surrounded by an atmosphere suggestive only of the lecture platform or the public forum. One of the primary objects of assembling ourselves daily at a common board is to promote mutual acquaintance and sympathy. It may be the father's best chance to find out what the children are thinking about and doing, what studies they are pursuing, how they like their teachers, with what other children they are playing, and what sorts of games are at the moment popular. A father who tactfully turns himself into a kind of animated interrogation point now and then is sure to learn something to his advantage and be far better qualified to be the guide, philosopher, and friend of his children. No parent is justified in remaining ignorant concerning great areas of the life of his children so long as he can gather with them round the family board as regularly as the day returns.

One thing more. Let the table be a place where joy reigns. Save for the evening meal the joke, the conundrum, the humorous incident or spectacle with which you have come into contact during the day. A reasonable amount of good-natured badinage and banter is in order too. Laughter and the quick play of wit belong rightfully to prandial occasions. Have a good time when you eat with your children, even if you do nothing else. One of the happiest winters of many I remember was when in a certain large family every member was asked to contribute something almost every day to enliven the evening meal. Sometimes at breakfast those present were asked to bring in at night a funny story; another time an item of general interest from the daily paper. At still another time each was asked to answer the question, "What would you do with a million dollars?" And on a later evening brief responses were made to this suggestion: "If you had a foreign guest whom you wanted to impress with the glories of America, where would you take him?" When memory and imagination are being busied with interesting matters of this character, little time is left for gossip and even less relish for that baneful diversion of idle minds.

Once more, and this time finally, I believe in a blessing at the beginning of every meal. Not that the life of the home cannot be sweet and

pure without it, not that there is anything magical in saying a few words of grace. But it is one of the fine old customs which grew out of certain convictions and principles that are worth preserving. Here again, if the masculine head of the family does not care to extemporize, there may be a silent blessing with all heads bowed, or resort to forms in which all present may share. These appeal to children, who always like to have a part in what goes on, and they usually impress grown-up people as being well worth while. Here are two simple forms:

"God is great and God is good,
And we thank Him for His food;
By His hand are all things fed,
Grant us, Lord, our daily bread."

"Bless this food to our use and our lives to Thy service.
AMEN."

THE GREAT DAYS OF THE YEAR

THE annually recurring stated holidays bring father home for thirty-six consecutive hours. Foregleams of them brighten the preceding days and they leave behind a train of bright and blessed memories. They afford father another chance of touching and influencing the life of the home.

There's Halloween, for example. How many times on the night of October 31st have I stealthily crept into a neighbor's yard and, accompanied by a little pair of feet, ascended the front steps and softly made my way to the door bell to return in precipitate haste after pulling it, lest our identity should be discovered by the residents of the house? Then from the shelter of a friendly shrub or tree we have watched for the appearance of the inmates, young and old, and listened with delight to their comments, admiring or sarcastic, on the jack-o'-lantern, to view which we had lured them forth. Then, when they had sufficiently satisfied their curiosity and our desire for springing a surprise, and had retired into their own domains, the youngster and I would repossess ourselves of our illuminated pumpkins with their horizontal slits for eyes and mouth and their triangular slits for the nose, and would seek new fields and other victims for our sportive adventure.

There's May Basket Night, with similar processes of approach and retreat, and similar sensations of anticipation mingled with the zestful fear of being caught. Only when we fare forth on the mild spring evenings we do not carry pumpkins and play tick-tack on the neighbors' windows or front door. Instead we go laden with little pasteboard baskets of all sizes and descriptions, the making of which has brightened and occupied many preceding days. Tucked away in their depths are the smiling blossoms of the arbutus, or the first sweet violets of the season in amicable proximity to salted almonds and gumdrops or lozenges.

And then there's April Fools' Day, when everyone is at liberty to put the clock forward an hour in the morning, to pin the napkins to the tablecloth, to tie the chair rounds to the table, to stuff the doughnuts with cotton, to season the fudge with cayenne pepper, to do up mysterious bundles and leave them on the sidewalk or in the street for the innocent passer-by to pick up and open, only to find some sort of a gold brick. Then as the day goes on the fooling instinct finds fresh forms of expression on the street, the playground, and in school. Nor does it run its full course until at nightfall it has inserted a liberal supply of salt or sugar between the sheets of someone else's bed, or scattered promiscuously therein a few hairbrushes.

But the truly great days of the year, aside from Fourth of July, which always takes care of itself, without any advice from anyone save the suggestion that its noise and fun be made to accord with safety and sanity, are Thanksgiving, Christmas, and the birthdays.

THANKSGIVING

The main features of the Thanksgiving festival are similar in most of the homes where the day is observed. The dinner cards can be made appropriate to the occasion by quotations, jokes, and sentiments that have to do with turkey, reunions, and the individual characteristics of various guests. The ability to draw or paint comes in very handily here. At the feast itself, when conversation slackens a little, we have found it a good plan to revive memories of other Thanksgivings. Once we had an unusually interesting time through having each

person at the table tell what in his judgment his right-hand neighbor should be thankful for. This requires of course a little reflection and some imagination too, but some very clever and convincing reasons for gratitude are often forthcoming. On other occasions this question has been put to the assembled company: "Who of absent friends or of distinguished people in the world would you most like to have as fellow-diners on this Thanksgiving Day?" Here again, if a little time is taken to think over possibilities, the results are most satisfactory as one after another responds to the suggestion. It helps also to keep those present in closer touch with friends at a distance.



CHRISTMAS

And Christmas! what a glorious home day that is from the morning twilight, when the children steal forth in their nightgowns to feel of their stockings, on through the revealing of the tree and the big dinner, to the evening games, and to sleepy time made unusually romantic by memories of a day filled brimful of joy! We have found it interesting and most satisfactory to have the stockings emptied just before or after breakfast, reserving the presents on the tree for a later period in the day. And we have sought to preserve the Santa Claus tradition by disseminating the impression that to him we are indebted for the contents of our stockings, while the gifts on the tree represent our thought for one another. Once in a while it has been found enjoyable to have a little family procession into the parlor or the room where the tree stands in its glistening glory, followed by a simple little service of salutation to the tree before proceeding to distribute the presents. And in connection with that important process let me suggest that the situation is

saved from becoming too confused if all recipients of gifts are seated around the room and have their own individual place in which to put and display their presents. Then appoint two of the younger children as pages and let father give each in turn a gift to be deposited in the lap of the one for whom it is designed. This prolongs somewhat the ceremony of stripping the tree, but it adds immensely to the interest of the affair, and allows one to notice not only his own gifts but what the others are receiving, as the gifts are parceled out only one at a time. So for at least a minute or two all eyes are turned toward the favored recipient as he cuts his twine and unwraps his precious possession.

This more leisurely method of distributing the gifts has many advantages. It gives each recipient a chance to make in some corner of the room an attractive exhibit of what he has received. It gives mother a chance to record on a pad or in a notebook the nature of each gift and the donor of it, so that in due time proper acknowledgment can be made. Best of all, this orderly, sensible procedure rather than a helter-skelter, hurried dispersion of the various articles accords with the dignity and beauty of the great festival. Why after spending hours and days in deciding upon and securing gifts for our loved ones should we compress into the shortest time possible the delightful process of apportioning them? The climax of the Christmas festival, at least to the children, is the gifts themselves. Let them therefore not be thrown out indiscriminately as you would scatter handfuls of corn among a brood of chickens. Let the bestowing of them and the receiving of them be made as significant as possible.

BIRTHDAYS

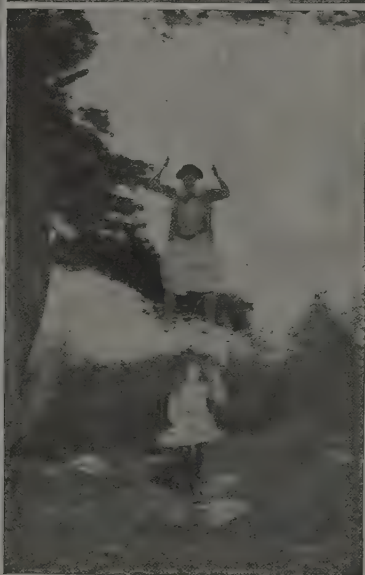
Concerning birthdays, we are enthusiasts at our house and make much of them. A birthday may be made to a child quite as joyous as Christmas and possibly just a little more so. For a birthday is your own "onty donty" day, whereas Christmas belongs to the wide world. Then, too, it enlists the totally unselfish impulses of the other members of the family, who do not give presents on birthdays with expectation of immediate returns.

Of course the child is allowed the center of the stage during a good portion of its birthday. Breakfast is the natural time for beginning the family recognition. We have sometimes seated the youngster at his regular place, told him to close his eyes, and then the rest of us have marched in bearing our gifts. Then halting before him we would tell him to open his eyes and in concert we would repeat some improvised nonsense verse that brought in somewhere the number of years that he had completed and a cheery good wish for the day and coming year. Sometimes beforehand we paint or cut out and paste on cardboard large numerals like "8" or "9," or whatever be the age of the child celebrating, and post them in conspicuous places on the walls of his bedroom or of the dining-room or living-room.

Various methods may be employed in ascertaining the contents of the presents. Sometimes the child is asked to shut his eyes and pick at random from his pile the one on which his fingers first fall. Sometimes he begins with the smallest and proceeds to the largest, or *vice versa*. Sometimes he is governed by the giver, and begins with the gifts of the youngest or oldest member of the family and proceeds thence in regular order up or down the line. Again he divides his gifts into groups according to the number of courses at breakfast and opens a group between each course.

A method that tickles a child immensely is to put the gifts in different places throughout the house and then attach a string to each that leads back to the dining-room table. The fun in this case arises from following up string after string, to the corner or closet where it leads, there to find something nice.

A variation of this plan dispenses with strings but conceals the presents all over the house. Then a little note is placed at the child's plate saying, for example, "Go to the window seat in the living-room for your first present." When that has been ferreted out and duly appreciated the child finds beside it another note saying, for example, "Look next at the top of the back stairs." And so he is guided from one depository of gifts to another until, if there be enough gifts, he has probably gone upstairs, downstairs, and into the lady's chamber a number of times.



SNAPSHOTS OF THE FAMILY OUT-OF-DOORS

The house in the trees; outdoor athletics; a picnic.

Such ways of marking the birthday-giving make a vivid impression upon little minds, and the beauty of it is that these various ceremonies help out wonderfully when the presents themselves cannot be very numerous or costly. We always have a number of "joke" presents in our birthday piles, such as a raw potato carefully wrapped up, or a cake of soap hidden in what looks like a dainty and carefully beribboned candy box, or a great, big package, which is really nothing but an almost endless series of lesser ones on a descending scale, until after unwrapping scores of bundles you find at the center of the last one a button or a penny. Most children, provided they have any sense of humor at all—as they ought to have—and provided they have one or two really nice gifts, like to be joked in this way, and they look forward to the time when it will come their turn thus to "jolly" their brothers, sisters, and parents.

One desirable accompaniment of birthdays should be carefully fostered, and that is the habit of acknowledging promptly the presents received. This virtue of gratitude and the expression thereof needs to be sedulously cultivated in children. It ought to become a habit with them to say at once a pleasant "Thank you" for a gift, provided the giver is within earshot. If not, a letter should be sent at the earliest possible moment, for even supposedly polite and well-bred children are often negligent of this important courtesy.

And all this applies equally to Christmas and to birthday presents.

Before leaving this subject of birthday and Christmas presents, reference should be made to the desirability of listing in advance what is wanted by each member of the home circle. Soon after Thanksgiving our Christmas list appears in some conspicuous place on wall or mantel. A large sheet of paper is ruled off into as many divisions as there are members of the household, from baby to the girl in the kitchen. At the head of the column is a name the owner of which is expected to record below from time to time the things which he would like to find in his Christmas stocking. The same method obtains with regard to birthdays; only then but one name is posted, unless there are twins in the family. A list forbids random and profitless

giving, and even if every recorded desire is not gratified there is always another year coming.

HAPPY AND PROFITABLE SUNDAYS

One might fill reams of paper with theorizing about the proper method of keeping Sunday in the twentieth century of the Christian era with all its engrossing interests. Standards of Sabbath observance differ so widely that it would be presumptuous to dictate courses of action for others, or to attempt to draw a hard and fast line between things permissible and things unadvisable. Nor can anyone claim that he has perfectly solved the so-called Sunday problem for himself or his children. I could easily paint a beautiful picture of an ideal Sunday, but I could not honestly claim that I had closely approximated to it in experience. But it may not be presumptuous simply to sketch out a few lines of activities that befit the Lord's day, and some of which have successfully undergone the test of experience.

Two principles may help parents in guiding the Sunday life of their children. One is that it should be a different day from the week days. The other principle is that it should be as happy a day, and if possible a little happier. To make Sunday different from week days by making it more gloomy and tedious is to defeat the intention of the giver of Sunday to a world that needs rest and change. Therefore a little better dinner than on other days, a special treat or two in the form of candy or some other "goodies," and a little larger latitude in the matter of early rising should be permitted. And all through the day, not what ought not to be done, but what can be done, should be the dominant thought.

What we call "Bright Spots" has come to be an important accessory of our Sunday morning breakfasts. Each person at the table is asked to mention not less than one and not more than three Bright Spots in his retrospect of the ended week. A Bright Spot is some event which lingers pleasantly in the mind. Father, for example, will speak of an unexpected letter from a friend, and mother of her success with her new pudding, and Susie of the party she attended, and Charlie of the football match in which he made a good record, and three-year-old Jennie

of a dolly that was sent her, and grandma of her recovery from an illness. It will be found that there is always something to be thankful for even in a dull week. Moreover, it cultivates the memory thus to go back over the track of the seven days. In this retrospect one member of the family can assist another who might otherwise overlook a good time that he enjoyed. It fosters also the habit of looking for bright things and on the bright side of hard things. And when to Bright Spots we add, as we sometimes do, at the Sunday morning meal, Happy Prospects — that is, when each forecasts something unusually enjoyable that he expects to experience during the week to come, Sunday starts on a high level of joyous recollection and equally joyous anticipation.

Breakfast over, family prayers are in order, and all the more desirable when the observance has been for various reasons intermittent or hurried during the week. Here again the effort should be to differentiate Sundays from week days. If psalms have been recited during the week, get the Bibles out for a reading in turn; and where there is singing, let some of the hymns relate to the Lord's day. We have found Sunday a good time to test individually the members of the family who may be learning passages of Scripture. It induces a spirit of generous emu-

lation and of personal ambition when a record is kept on a large sheet of paper of the progress each one in the family circle is making toward the mastery of certain psalms or other portions of the Scriptures. The accompanying illustration shows how one family thus recorded the progress made by individual members in committing Scripture to memory.

Church-going for little people as soon as they reach the suitable age seems to me in every way desirable. Just to put on clean clothes and the best clothes, to make hands and face and nails ready, and to get there in time, are salutary measures in themselves, and they promote a higher morale in the home. Happy the father who can take his place at the head of a pew among whose other occupants are at least one or two little folks. If the privilege and honor of church-going can be emphasized, it will not be an irksome duty. The general attitude of the parents toward the church and the minister has a silent but mighty effect upon the children. And where parents take pains to talk over and talk up the interesting features of the church and Sunday school — to explain, as far as they can, the meaning of the service, it ceases to be a purely perfunctory affair in which children participate listlessly and reluctantly. A good idea to aid children to remember something about

	Harriet	Edwin	Marion	Edith	Beulah
First Psalm	Jan. 13, 1912	Jan. 28, 1912	Feb. 18, 1912	Mar. 24, 1912	Jan. 24, 1912
Eighth Psalm	Dec. 31, 1911	Jan. 4, 1912	Jan. 14, 1912	May 5, 1912	
Twenty Third Psalm	Jan. 7, 1912	Jan. 26, 1912	Mar. 6, 1912	Jan. 7, 1912	
Thirty Fourth Psalm	Feb. 22, 1912				Mar. 31, 1912
Fifty First Psalm	Feb. 11, 1912				
Ninety First Psalm	April 19, 1912				
One Hundredth Psalm	Dec. 31, 1911	Feb. 18, 1912	Mar. 31, 1912	May 19, 1912	
Twenty First Psalm	Jan. 24, 1912		July 4, 1912	July 25, 1912	
Beatitudes	Dec. 31, 1911		June 13, 1912	June 13, 1912	
Ten Commandments	May 12, 1912	May 12, 1912			May 5, 1912
Nineteenth Psalm	Mar. 29, 1912				Dec. 31, 1911
Forty-sixth Psalm	May 5, 1912	July 10, 1912			
Corinthians	Jan. 4, 1912			Feb. 15, 1912	

THE FAMILY RECORD OF MEMORIZING

the sermon is to provide them with little books in which to record the text. Such specially prepared text-books can be found in almost any religious book store.

What of Sunday afternoon? This is the crucial period, and if the children are to benefit from it the parent may have to sacrifice a section of his afternoon nap or some of the time he would like to give to other things. Sunday, by right, ought to be the great Home day of the week, and, because of that desirability, visiting and playing with children in other homes or on the street is not, in my judgment, to be encouraged. This homekeeping habit helps powerfully to differentiate the day from week days. We have tried with more or less success what we call the Quiet Hour toward the end of the afternoon, after a walk may have been enjoyed. Usually it lasted much less than an hour. But during it we learned by names the books of the Bible, or told Bible stories, such as are found on pages 283-324, or read from the ever popular and richly illustrated "Foster's Story of the Bible," or from Dean Hodges' delightfully modern but very helpful version of the Bible stories embodied in the books entitled "The Garden of Eden" and "The Castle of Zion." Of other books especially suitable for Sunday afternoon the number is legion. We have particularly enjoyed reading aloud Edward Everett Hale's "In His Name," "The Pilgrim's Progress," Walter T. Field's translation of an Arabian tale called "The Four Leaf Clover," Henry Van Dyke's "The Other Wise Man," and Basil Matthews' "The Steep Ascent."

THE THREE-THIRTY CLUB

We have varied this so-called Quiet Hour occasionally by putting it a little earlier in the afternoon and calling it the Three-Thirty Club. To it we have come armed with notebooks and pencils and with the help of scissors and paste-pot have often made interesting reports of our discoveries in the Bible. Often we have started out by putting down in order the initials of the names of every book in the Bible, or listing all the women whose names are mentioned in the Bible, or the children, or the prophets, or the apostles. In such work as this a blackboard may be of great help.

While we are talking about listing and cutting and pasting, let me advert to our Sunday Scrap Book, which has been one of the Sunday occupations for successive pairs of children as they have individually come to the age when they like just this device. It is not a work of remarkable artistic beauty—this Scrap Book of ours—but we have purposely allowed even rather clumsy little fingers to do the cutting and pasting. The result is a thoroughly composite and extremely original work of art. The children do all the arranging of the pictures and we get some rather odd results, as the accompanying illustration shows; but it keeps us on the hunt through papers and magazines for new pictures relating to Bible scenes and heroes. To show the interest in such pictures, some of our daily newspapers are reproducing series of them, of modern type. This gives at least a rudimentary knowledge of what the famous pictures are.

Where the members of the family sing—and this ought to be cultivated in every home—there is no pleasanter way of spending a Sunday twilight half-hour than in singing familiar songs and hymns, closing with that most beautiful of the evening hymns:

"Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky."

Such song hours are never forgotten, when they have been a feature of the family life. They help to bind the children to the home when they are far away and Sundays under the dear old roof have become only a tender and a sacred memory.





WITH OTHER CHILDREN

WHEN it comes to relating happily the children of one home to those of other homes, a number of perplexing questions arise. How far shall mingling with other children be encouraged? What about the exchange of birthday and Christmas gifts? How about accepting and extending invitations to meals and to spend the night? How much conformity shall there be to other people's way of dressing their children or of providing for them toys and various kinds of amusements? What can be done for the solitary child who does not easily mix with other children? How may little jealousies and misunderstandings which often mar the play life of children be avoided? Fortunately the parent does not have to answer alone all these questions. Nevertheless in them all he has a vital interest, even though a number of these problems are settled ultimately and probably wisely by the children themselves, without any reference to authorities higher up. Still a parent in quiet ways may do much to help form and cement strong and valuable ties between his children and those of other homes. In the first place he may make it clear that the friends of his children are his friends and treat them with scrupulous courtesy. He can hold before even little children high ideals of friendship, and urge them to be and do their best when they are in the presence of their friends, and to seek to bring out in response what is best in the other children. Now and then special attention may be given to these friends. They may be invited to share the reading hour, or the excursion, or some other unusual treat. And when any trouble or illness comes to a neighbor child, then is the time to express in tangible form the good will of our own children.

THE HAPPY RISING SOCIETY

Shall I tell of a little experiment I once made with a group of children all of whom lived within easy walking distance of one another? We formed what we called a Happy Rising Society. Its great object was to encourage the children to be happy until they were through breakfast each morning. The theory behind this organization was that if a child — or an adult for that

matter — can get through the early morning hours without pouting or snarling, the chances are that he will go through the day without being cross or surly. The parents were to be the judges whether or not a member lived up to his pledge, which read: "I promise to try to be happy until I am through breakfast every morning."

If a parent found a child to be delinquent when measured by this resolve, the parent was asked to "name" the child, and in case a child was "named" three times his case had to be referred to the society, to see whether or not he should be expelled. Of course no society like this could be run on a purely moral or disciplinary basis. So we sought to make the fortnightly meetings of the society a jolly affair, blending fun and business in due proportion. We met in turn at the houses of the members, and, after the minutes of the last meeting had been read and the roll called, slips of paper were distributed and each member was asked to mark himself on the scale of a hundred.

This exercise was meant to be a serious one, as each sought honestly and fairly to pronounce judgment on his fidelity to his promise during the last fortnight. I am bound to say that the little folks did take this process of self-examination seriously. In due time the slips were handed to the leader who, without disclosing the identity of any individual, reported how many had marked themselves a hundred, how many ninety-five, how many ninety, and so on down, sometimes to a minimum as low as sixty or even fifty.

When this item on the program was disposed of, we proceeded with avidity to the less strenuous pursuits of the afternoon. At the previous meeting two committees had been appointed. The one on Programs usually had some exercises of a literary or semi-literary character, like the speaking of pieces, or the giving of conundrums, or perhaps telling about some great event that had recently happened; while the committee on Treat did its part by providing nuts or candy or fancy crackers. The Treat Committee was not allowed to pay more than two cents per member for eatables or drinkables. Of course an important part of the afternoon was the collecting of the fortnightly dues of two cents by the treasurer and the appointment of committees

Example of "Hang"

johnny's hung Jenny isn't.

a bird in the hand is worth
two in the bush.

c m j g w l p x f k y z

Example of "Tit Tat Too"

x	x	x
	o	
	o	

x	o	x
x	o	o
o	x	x

johnny Jenny
1. o.

HOW TO PLAY "HANG" AND "TIT TAT TOO"

for the next meeting. Then before we broke up we usually had a few games.

About once a month the society varied its house meetings by going on an excursion to some point of interest — sometimes a beautiful park or some museum or point of historical interest; and once we had a delightful afternoon inspecting the plant and operations of a great daily newspaper. These excursions came to be one of the most popular features of the society. Moreover, the process of initiating new members was made a very enjoyable, ceremonious, and often amusing affair.

WHEN WE GO SOMEWHERE

OUT from the home from time to time goes the family, sometimes for long journeys, oftener for short ones. In most of them father is an important factor, not from the monetary point of view only. Of course it is his business to provide the tickets and to look after the baggage, but in other ways he can add to the interest and comfort of the trips. The car window itself provides vast and varied entertainment

for little eyes, which can find some fun also in observing fellow-passengers and the various events that go on within the car. But when these sources of satisfaction fail, it is well to have something to fall back upon, either a book or a good children's magazine, or pads of paper and several pencils.

Two games we invariably associate with our journeys on the train. One is "Tit Tat Too." Cross-lines are drawn in such a way as to provide nine related squares. You begin by putting *x* in one of them. Your opponent plays next and sets down an *o*. Then you go on in turn, each trying to be the first to have three *x*'s or three *o*'s in a row either horizontally, perpendicularly, or diagonally. Often the game is a draw, but as you become an expert you learn ways of defeating a less experienced opponent.

Our other railroad game goes by the laconic and somewhat terrifying name of "Hang." This also is played with pencil and paper. First you construct a rude gallows, beginning only with the uprights and top crosspiece. Then you choose, unbeknownst to your opponent, a familiar proverb like "A bird in the hand is



GOING SOMEWHERE

worth two in the bush." Instead of writing it, however, you make a short line after the fashion of telegraphy for every letter in the proverb, of course leaving due space between each word. Then you ask your opponent to suggest any letter he pleases. If it is found in any of the words of the proverb, it goes down in its proper place; but if a letter is named which does not occur in any of the words of the proverb you put it by itself somewhere else on the paper, say one of the lower corners. At the same time you complete the gallows by supplying the perpendicular piece on which the body is to be suspended. Then your opponent suggests another letter. If it is one that occurs in the proverb it goes into its rightful place, but if not, down into the corner it goes, and this time you outline with your pencil the head of your victim suspended to the gallows. So it goes on, each failure resulting in another addition to the figure on the gallows, first the body, then the legs, then

the arms, and after that the eyes, nose, and mouth. But with each successful guess of a letter your opponent is spelling out the proverb.

The zest of the game arises from seeing whether he will fully complete the proverb before he is "hung." Of course as the letters in the proverb multiply there are fewer to tuck away in the corner and it becomes easier to conjecture what the proverb is going to be. The more you play the game the more likely you are to begin suggesting the letters most frequently used in words, like the vowels and the consonants in most common use.

A simple way of playing this game of "Hang," and perhaps an easier way for beginners, is to choose one word to be spelled out instead of a whole proverb. For instance, you can say, "I am thinking of a boy's name, or the name of an American city." In such cases you will probably not have more than six or eight telegraphic lines and your opponent is more likely not to be "hung." The procedure of the game is exactly the same with a single word or a proverb.

Railway or carriage whist is another delightful pastime when traveling. It is better suited to a carriage ride, however, when one does not get over the ground quite so rapidly. The travelers divide themselves into two groups. Those on the right-hand side of the conveyance watch for all the animals they can see on the right-hand side of the train, automobile, or carriage. A hen counts two, a dog or cat four, a horse four, and so on according to the number of feet the animal seen possesses. Birds and people are not counted. A cat sitting in a window or the door of a house counts twenty. The people on the left-hand side of the conveyance watch their side of the road with equal vigilance and the side which has the highest score at the end of a mile, or of five miles, or twenty minutes beats. This is a splendid game for cultivating habits of observation and the ability to add swiftly and accurately.

It may be varied by deciding in advance on certain unusual objects which might be encountered along both sides of the way. For instance, we sometimes agreed that a red barn would count thirty, and a policeman or letter carrier ten, or a baby in a baby carriage twenty-five, or a field of clover fifty. The list may be ex-

tended indefinitely and varied according to the lay of the land through which one is traveling.

The value of a game like this is that it can be played whether you are riding or walking. And speaking of walking, did you ever try "Follow your leader"? The one who goes ahead sets the pace for all who follow. He can zigzag or walk backward. He can hop, skip, or jump; he can cross the street and recross it. He can fold his arms in front of him or hold on to his ears. He can bang every ash barrel on the street, or he can bow politely to every lamp post. But whatever the leader does, no matter how grotesque his behavior, his followers are bound to do in turn. This game not only amuses those who participate but furnishes a good deal of sport to on-lookers and passers-by.

Going somewhere with the children may be not only a delight while the trip is taking place but may be keenly anticipated and carefully planned so that it will be one of those coming events that cast a delightful shadow before. The enjoyment may also be prolonged after the trip, by talking over what has been seen and heard and done. In our family we have sometimes set apart a special day or afternoon each week or fortnight which we have come to know as Excursion Day or, as the lisping four-year-old calls it, "Scurion Day."

One of the opportunities that present themselves to parents and children when they go traveling together is that of learning poetry or some fine bit of prose. It is chiefly on walking expeditions that such an undertaking is feasible, and it must be worked in as an incidental rather than a primary object of the excursion, otherwise the children are likely to draw back from what they will look upon as an undesirable intrusion upon an otherwise joyous occasion. But now and then it may seem natural to recite such an outdoor poem as that beginning:

"Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,"

or some of Wordsworth's beautiful nature poems like:

"My heart leaps up when I behold a rainbow in the sky."

The verses of James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field lend themselves also to such uses.

For a summer day there is nothing better than Longfellow's

"O gift of God, O perfect day,
Wherein no man shall work but play."

And for a Sunday excursion through the woods and fields the later sections of Tennyson's "Two Voices" are admirably adapted, beginning with the verse

"I ceased and sat as one forlorn,
Then said the voice in quiet scorn,
Behold, it is the Sabbath morn."

AMUSING OURSELVES AND OTHERS

ENDLESS are the diversions for little people. Here are just a few which we have found of unfailing interest.

Set them to say "The moon is round like a cheese. It has two eyes, nose, and a mouth," and at the same time describe a circle with the hand illustrating what they are saying. Most people will at once use their right hands, but the one showing the trick uses his left hand, and the catch comes from not observing that the entire trick has to do simply with using the left arm and hand, following the example of the leader instead of the words he says or the motions he makes.

There are other excellent hand and finger tricks, like "Little Tommy's very sick, poor thing, poor thing," and

"Little Tommy had some candy on a painted stick;
Little Tommy ate that candy and it made him sick."

There are tricks with canes where you say

"He can do little who can't do this,"

and then pass the cane to your neighbor. The point here is always to receive the cane in your right hand and pass it with the left. A similar trick is to tap the floor with the cane several times while repeating

"Malaga grapes are very good grapes
But grapes of the South are better."

Here the point is rather quietly to clear your throat before saying the words.

Magic writing is another device that mystifies the on-looker until he sees into the trick.

This requires a confederate who goes out of the room and in his absence someone in the circle selects a word like "table" or "chair," to be written on the carpet. When the outsider returns, you, as his accomplice, begin to make flourishes with the cane all over the carpet. Let us suppose that the word chosen is "chair." Quietly you say to your confederate, "Come up close and watch every motion I make." That gives him his first letter "C," from the first letter in your sentence. Then after some more diligent and elaborate writing you remark, "Have a care there or I may get some ink on your shoe." That gives him his second letter, "h," from the first letter in your sentence. Next you pound once on the floor. That gives him his "a." Then after some more flourishes with the cane, you tap the floor three times in succession. That gives him "i," which is the third vowel in the alphabet. Then continuing to write you casually observe: "Real easy if you only know how." That gives him the "r," his final letter, and then after a few more flourishes you turn to him and ask what you have written, and he promptly replies "Chair."

All the pretending to write is simply a blind. What guides your accomplice is the first letter of the sentences you utter from time to time, while for his vowels he depends on your taps — one for *a*, two for *e*, three for *i*, four for *o*, five for *u*. This trick will often amuse a roomful for a long while.

An equally good mystifier is the "Black Art." Your accomplice goes out and on his return is asked to tell what object in the room has been decided on by the people remaining in it. He judges purely by your questions. Usually the method is to name the right object immediately after you have named something black; but as that way is easily guessed, it is far better to agree with your accomplice that the right object will be the one immediately following something over four feet in length. For instance, you might ask first: "Is it Jessie's hair ribbon?" "No." "Is it the clock on the mantel?" "No." "Is it the ceiling?" "No." "Is it the matchesafe?" "Yes." And that would be right, because it is the next object after the ceiling, which of course is over four feet long. I have seen a large group of people guess and guess in vain for an entire evening

how this is done and finally all had to be told.

Introducing Mr. and Mrs. Taft is another amusing function. Two persons impersonate the ex-president and his wife. They stand in line in a corner of the room. Each person is brought in, in turn, and first presented to Mrs. Taft. Of course she shakes hands with each newcomer, whom in turn she presents to Mr. Taft. He stretches out his hand, but instead of grasping that of the guest he takes his wife's hand, leaving the guest with his hand stretched out but with no one taking it. It is so disconcerting and so surprising that it leaves the guest completely bewildered, much to the delight of those who witness his discomfiture.

A mathematical puzzle of a simple character is to see who will count a hundred first. You start with ten or less than ten and your opponent adds ten or less than ten, the object being to see who will reach one hundred first, each carrying along the score from where the other leaves it. The key to victory is to remember that the digits 12, 23, 34, 45, 56, 67, 78, 89 are the key to the strategic position that you want. He who gets 89 cannot fail of winning. Next to that 78 is most important, and so on back. You need not at first be particular about getting 23 or 34, but the higher the score mounts the more you want to be certain that you can command 89. For by no possibility can your opponent add enough to that to make one hundred, as the rules of the game preclude adding more than ten at a time.

And speaking of numbers, you can get a company of children in a gale of laughter by teaching them to count twenty in Indian, thus: "een, teen, tether, feather, fimp, careter, garter, corah, Deborah, dick, eendick, teendick, tetherdick, featherdick, bumpit, eenterbumpit, teenterbumpit, tethertibumpit, feathertibumpit, jinglets."

OUT-OF-DOOR AMUSEMENTS

The old favorites, "hide-and-seek," "run-sheep-run," "puss-in-the-corner," and "Pom Pom, Peel away" are probably so well known that they need no description. And in almost every town in this country and indeed the world over these games are played con-

stantly and with delight by groups of happy children.

Besides outdoor games, wherever there is enough room a few pieces of apparatus on which some simple gymnastic feats can be performed are extremely desirable and enjoyable. We have had on our place a teeter board, a slide board, and a set of parallel bars, besides swings of various dimensions. They help develop muscle, and afford a pleasing change from mere play.

A house in the trees built on branches ten or more feet from the ground is also a source of pleasure.

The possession and the wise use of a kodak is another resource for out-of-doors. Here care needs to be taken in keeping track of the money one spends and of the pictures when taken.

DELIGHTFUL PARTIES

Before leaving this subject let me briefly enumerate several delightful out-of-door parties which we have enjoyed. One was a Maypole Party, where we danced round a Maypole. Another was a Mother Goose Party, when every child impersonated one of the characters made famous by that celebrated rhymester. We had some remarkably striking presentations, as, for example, "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son" and "Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater," with his little wife whom he could retain only by putting her in a pumpkin shell. Jack Sprat and Little Boy Blue and other of the personages that Mother Goose has immortalized were there in all their glory.

Cobweb parties have been extremely popular



AN OUT-OF-DOOR GYMNASIUM

in our family. You can spend days getting ready for them. You carry strings up and around the trunks and branches of trees, over stone walls and into every conceivable, reachable place, and at the end you deposit some little gift. The other end of each string is brought to a common center from which the youngsters start on their various quests. It may take hours to wind up again the string that has been so easily carried from point to point, but at the end of the process you find your gift.

A Peanut Party furnishes no end of diversion. First comes the hunt to discover the nuts hidden away in the crannies of rocks and trees and under leaves. To the one finding the largest number in twenty minutes or a half-hour a little prize may be awarded. Then come the games, and competitions to see how many peanuts one can



THE TEETER BOARD



CROWNING THE MAY QUEEN

take up on the back of the hand, or who will guess nearest to the exact number of peanuts in a given pile, or who can pick up on a knife and carry most quickly to a given point twelve peanuts placed in a row at intervals of six inches. Other ways of using the peanuts for rivalry and fun suggest themselves.

We have also had leaf hunts at parties, when the children were asked to see how many different kinds of leaves they could collect in twenty minutes, and a first and second prize were awarded to the winners. But perhaps the best party in all our experience was A Favorite Pet Party, when each child was asked to bring his or her favorite pet. The invitations were sent out in this fashion:

"Could you easily come
To Miss Marion's home
Her birthday to celebrate?
We'll keep you alive,
From three until five,
And Saturday next is the date.

"Will you kindly bring
On the end of a string,
Your favorite doll, bear, or toy?
For the presence of these,
Will put us at ease,
And add to the general joy."

Most of the children brought Teddy Bears dressed up in all sorts of modern and ancient costumes. But some brought dolls and one, a farmer's boy, brought his pet bossy calf, to the great amusement of the crowd. When all had arrived we sat in a circle and each child was asked to introduce his pet, tell how old it was, and why he liked it. Two prizes were given to the children who presented the most attractive pets and the most convincing reasons for liking them.

KEEPING "TAB"

HISTORY makes itself so fast in the average family that unless some pains are taken many events and incidents which ought not to be lost sight of fail to be recorded and so too easily slip into the background.

A Guest Book is a very desirable asset of a home. A big blank book, not too inexpensive, will do, but one bound in attractive leather covers and prettily lettered "Guest Book," with the initials of the head of the house in the corner, is to be preferred. Such a one can be made to order or bought ready made. Only — and this is very important — some member of the family must consider it his special responsibility to see that all guests for a night, and some of distinction for a single meal only, write their names,

campmates.

Author: — Kirk Munroe.

Read: — From Oct 5 to Oct 9, 1922.

Marked 95

*Characters, Glen Edsley, Luke Matheson,
Kinney Libbs, Mr. Kobart, Billy Brachett,
Lorne Wolf, General Elting, Glen Edsley
to Glen Elting.*

the date, and their permanent addresses in this book. If they will add a little sentiment or some personal word, so much the better for the human quality of the book. When guests come from other lands, get them to write in the language of the country whence they come some familiar sentence like — "How do you do," or the first verse of the twenty-third psalm.

The best book of this general character of which I know is called "Happenings in our Homes." It can be obtained of its author, Joseph C. Bridgman, Hyde Park, Mass. Attractively made, it provides ample space for the names of guests, reserves special pages for Christmas and Thanksgiving festivals, and provides for the entry of the birthdays of children, the changes of residence, the marriages, and the various family reunions. In short, if the entries are made when these events occur, the book will come soon to be a history of the family and will grow to be invaluable as the years go on.

Connected with this matter of keeping "tab" is the possession and faithful use of a diary or a journal. The "line-a-day" diary is most easily kept up and allows for a constant comparison between the years. Cash accounts even of a crude character are useful to little people in helping them to realize the value of money, and to forfend spendthrift habits. And a record of the books which children read, like the two given here, is well worth while,

Reftmates

Author: — Kirk Munroe

Read: — From Oct 14, to Oct 20, 1912.

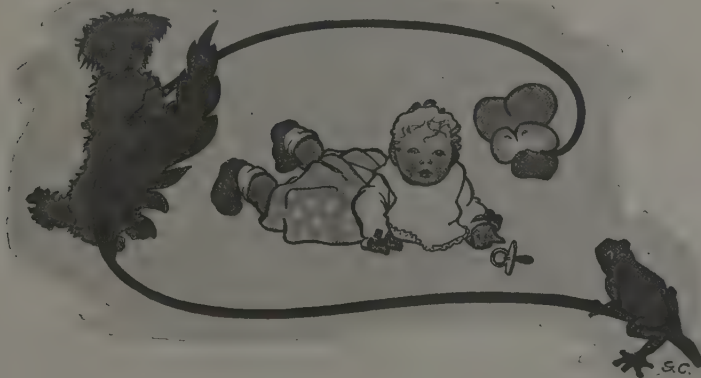
Marked 100.

Charasts, Major Caspar, Winn Caspar, Uta Caspar, Mrs Caspar, Billy Brachett, Mr Lilder, Mr Plater, Mr. Grimsshaw, Rip, Billy Brachetts dog, Sheriff Billy, Cap'n Cool, Dabell, Solon, Don Blosson, Allen Elling, Runney Lills, Worth Manton, Mr Manton, Sumner Rankin, and Quorum.

even if their book reviews are very brief and amateurish.

One thing more. If somewhere about the house the height of the children can be registered about once in six months, the showing in time gets to be immensely interesting. Let each child have his particular line of advance and the child and its parents will be eager to see its lengthening from period to period. The back of a closet door will answer for such a record, or the plastering near some chimney.

Howard A. Bridgman





BEING A MOTHER

THE first requisite and the most important factor in the life of any mother is good health, fortified by a strong moral or religious background. It is the duty of every mother to grow strong, and keep strong. Then the life with the children or husband will be normal and well-ordered. This is imperative for many reasons, one of which is the fact that children reflect the mental qualities of both father and mother, and more of the one with whom they are most closely associated. I admit that it is easy to talk about being strong and well, and quite another matter to attain to such a height—for a height it is, when there is a little group of robust, active children.

WISDOM OF HAVING A RETREAT

There are many valuable remedies for the mother when extreme fatigue is sighted, or better still to forbend that weariness which

follows many continuous moments, and in some cases hours, of mental encouragement for the moods of the children, and sometimes for those of the husband as well. This attitude on the part of the members of the family drags upon her more than anyone except a mother could understand. The teacher does not have to battle against these times of complete or even partial discouragement over each one's interests in life. As the home represents rest and relaxation after work is over, so at these times the review of the day's proceedings may bring in their train a variety of unhappy thoughts. Such moods often come in the morning, too. The wise mother is the one who is glad and willing to study the cause of these disorders and try to overcome them. She would be a very unusual woman if she could do this studying with the children constantly about her.

It is far better to have a retreat than to beat one. So I would suggest that every mother have a little secret place, apart from family and friends, where she can often go to find refreshment and cheer, and also the answers to her problems, if there be any, and there always is an answer to be had for the asking and seeking mind.

Some quiet nook or corner can be found. I have known of such a place in a garret where there was a window or skylight. Another place for a mother's retreat was a little room in a neighbor's house, where she paid a small sum to be free from obligation, away from telephone and door-bell. In the country one mother had a small hut in the woods for her refuge.

PROVIDING A SUBSTITUTE

It is of inestimable worth for a mother to give her family a change in the person always on duty. A good mother is a valuable person, and children should know and learn to realize that they must respect mother and her wishes, and long for her presence rather than consider it lightly. In fact every mother should be good enough to be a luxury. This being the case, she must have much to give when with her children. Would it not pay you, if you have no help, to hire a small or large helper for an hour every afternoon so that you could mount to

those heights of rest and recreation which you so sorely need?

What the mother needs, the child needs also, though in lesser measure. I believe most heartily in each child's having some spot in the house which he can call his very own, a private place where he can go and shut himself away from everyone. Children are more or less parasitic, and human nature must have privacy to assure individuality. I encourage the quiet times alone.

A DEFINITE SYSTEM FOR THE FAMILY

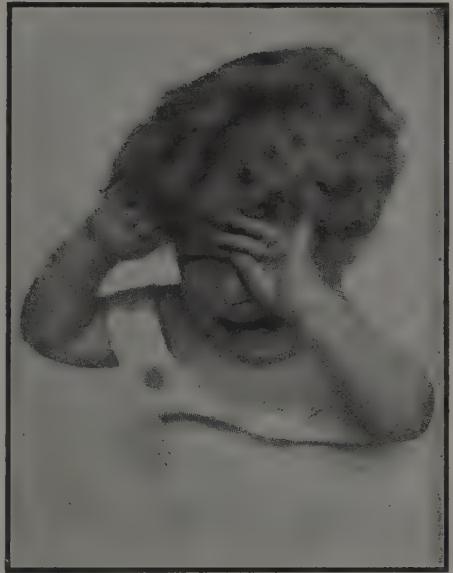
Every mother should have a definite system for the daily life of the family. This calls for excellent judgment as to what are the important and vital interests of the family, and as to the necessary accomplishments for the children.

Written schedules for each child have been a plan in our family. Most children enjoy them, as they enjoy system and order naturally. No woman wants her children to grow up ignorant of the use of time or the value of life's necessities. Each child should learn to be responsible for the labor he creates. With a loving plan he soon adapts himself to his regular duties and is often proud of his achievements. A young daughter has no right to ask of anyone, mother or servant, help on a given task without first knowing how much time it involves. If the women of to-day had learned this lesson we should not have so grave a servant problem.

Each family must make its own plan, as this is too greatly an individual matter for anyone to specify details. You want certain principles carried out. Education is a large term. It includes for every child his school, his home obligations, his religious life, his play, and his physical habits. All of these must have some part in the day's program, and if you enlarge accomplishments you would touch the world of art for him, for which the school has little time.

MOTHERHOOD NO EASY CALLING

Motherhood is no easy calling. It involves strenuous labor, and most of all hearty coöperation of both father and mother, each one supply-



"I DON'T WANT TO!"

ing the other's lack so far as possible. The whole question of child training would be so easy if the children and parents were always happy and busy. It is difficult when the children are unhappy or when baby cries. I believe most strongly in finding out what makes unhappiness, as far as it is possible. For instance, nine tenths of the children, and parents as well, I fear, find it difficult to be happy and cheerful at the beginning of the day. There is usually some little "scrapping," with general rushing and disorder, between the waking and school hours or business hours. This comes largely from a lack of circulation. The body and mind are not fully awake. Exercise, rather strenuous at times, is the best remedy. I once heard a singer say that in order to sing well Sunday mornings in a church it was compulsory for him to rise early and make up his voice. The morning hours find us sluggish, and unless we have something very definite to do in the line of exercise we find it difficult to make the muscles act. If there are no duties before breakfast, a bath and gymnastic exercises are good. Better still is it for the boys

to help with the fires and the girls with breakfast. It is besides absolutely essential for the family to rise early in the morning for the smooth running of these hours before school.

DAILY READING

It is not irksome to read daily with your child. It should be one of the most delightful features of the day, and it is invaluable in its influence upon the child. A little habit of reading ten minutes or half an hour provides food for thought. It gives birth to the love of the book, which forms an invaluable resource. It binds mother and child together. When it was not possible for me to read at the regular hour, I arranged for someone else to do it until the children read to themselves easily. It answered the ever present question, "What shall I do now?"

One winter I found that I felt better by not eating the evening meal. At this time I read aloud to the family when at supper. The evening is the best time, as no one is anticipating an engagement to play, the day is over, and it provides cheerful thought for weary minds, often turning a fretting child to a happy one.

The religious reading takes its place naturally during the week. It is surprising how many mothers neglect this and leave the religious training of their children to a Sunday school teacher.

SETTLING MATTERS AT BEDTIME

We make it a point every night at the bedtime hour to readjust the differences that may have arisen during the day, and attempt to talk over diplomatic ways of handling difficult situations. At this time we often find opportunities for a little quiet religious work. There is a well-known educator, a master of a large boys' school, who always demands a "good night" from all the boys separately. They form in line and march to his office or study. He says he can always tell by a boy's eyes when he shakes hands with him if he has a clear conscience.

The best way to settle disputes is to separate the fighters. As far as possible parents should

keep out of the quarrels. Let the children work them out alone, or stop them by separation, always clear, *direct* treatment. The parents must watch that the strong natures do not absorb the weaker ones. I knew two sisters who grew to be women and the older of the two never allowed the younger one to converse with others. She would invariably answer questions for her and monopolize the conversation generally. The younger and less aggressive of two brothers once told me that he never began to live until he moved away from his family, and learned to stand on his own feet without the criticism of his older brother to hinder him.

WHAT IS VITAL

Life has become so interesting for parents and children that no one wants to dogmatize on how much time a mother must spend on sewing, cooking, and the domestic affairs generally. She should know how, of course, and seek to fill her time with the most economical scheme possible, to save her time and strength for the great and real things. So much of life seems to be the nice discrimination as to the use of time and thought upon the vital and the useless things.

The mother's work is never done, it is true; but, after all, there is no work so satisfying, so beautiful, so repaying; and the love of one's children brings a joy that is the richest compensation earth knows.



HOW TO MAKE HOME THE HAPPIEST PLACE

AND TEACH THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO LOVE
READING, MUSIC, AND ART, AND TO APPRE-
CIATE THE BEST THINGS

[A mother, whose home life with her children was the admiration and sometimes envy of all who knew her, has given us an account of some of the simple but effective methods which she employed to make home for her children the happiest spot on earth, and at the same time a training school of the finest type.]

TWO bright and busy boys, eager to know and bound to do — that was the mother's problem.

To begin with, she rocked and sang her babies to sleep. For in spite of modern theories, she believed and still believes that the mother who has never sung her babies to sleep has missed one of the richest joys of motherhood, and has robbed both her child and herself of that intimate companionship which is the bond of strength for the future.

One of the favorite lullabies was that beginning:

"O hush thee, my baby, thy Sire's a Knight,
Thy Mother a Lady, both noble and bright.
The hills and the valleys from the tower which we
see,
Are all belonging, fair baby, to thee.
O hush thee," etc.

The singing of such ballads as this, together with Christmas and Easter carols and selections from operas, familiarized the children with good music from the first.

Reading aloud was a favorite pastime. Countless hours were spent in this way. The most seductive games and pranks would be left if reading was suggested. "Mother Goose" was the favorite for a long time, and was not easily given up for Grimm or "Alice in Wonderland"; "Old King Cole was a merry old soul" not to be carelessly laid aside for "Hop o' My Thumb." The reading of the "Mother Goose" stories was made so real that the boys would look as if they were the characters themselves. Mere mechanical reading was never done, but an effort was

made to create an atmosphere of realism. This reading is patient work, but it is work well done for the child, and later for the man, for an intimate knowledge of the best children's books is a great help, both in conversation and in writing.

"Alice in Wonderland" held the interest for a long time. "Water Babies," "The Princess and Curdie," "Sweet William," Palmer Cox's Brownie Books, "The Admiral's Caravan," and all of the known fairy tales, had their day. Then there were stories from history, and the Bible stories of unfailing interest.

For imaginative interest, "Uncle Remus" held first place. This mother read the "Uncle Remus" stories so many times, that she came to imitate the dialect successfully, and her sons, now men, still feel that something essential is lacking without the reading of certain of the stories at Christmas.

When the children came to school age their work was made much easier because they knew so well the classical stories. Even Latin translation was often aided in this way.

An interesting experiment was tried upon the younger boy before he was old enough to go to school. The inductive method of teaching was then being introduced, and this the mother used



"I'm reading play stories, like mamma."

A VENT FOR ANIMAL SPIRITS



"Going calling," dressed in mamma's clothes.

to teach this boy to read. She began with a little book that contained only words of not more than five letters. The word "to" was shown to the child, and he was told to find all of the words like that in the book, putting a crayon mark under each one as he found it. Then he was told what the word was. "And" was the next word, and a crayon of a different color was used for the underlining. Each word was treated in the same way. The rapidity with which he learned to read was wonderful, though he did not know his letters. Mothers would be fully repaid for the time spent in this experiment, by seeing the working of the little mind and its eagerness for acquiring.

Great care was taken that the boys should have sufficient vent for their activity without doing any damage. They were very human boys, full of moods and mischief, but they were never allowed to be "nuisances." When visiting, they did not torment their hostess by picking up and handling every available object in sight, because they were trained at home that things that did not belong to them must be let alone, while at the same time they were well supplied with things that did belong to them and could be safely handled.

In their own home, one particular sofa was devoted to driving. The arm of the sofa was always a horse, and the seat was by turns a fine carriage or a vegetable wagon. The names of all the fruits and vegetables were learned during the use of the vegetable wagon.

When the boys were seized with the inevitable desire to pound, a board, a hammer, and a box of tacks were supplied, so they pounded to their hearts' content, with no injury save an occasional tender finger. Many a child seems wantonly destructive, simply because it is without such simple outlets for its energy. When purposeless driving lost interest, the mother would take large sheets of paper, on which she drew an animal figure in outline. This paper was laid on the board, and the boys tacked it fast, following the outline. This was an easy way to keep the interest centered on the board: and straight and even tacking was required. Good work was always made much of.

When the boys took to drumming, their mother taught them to drum in the different rhythms, so that, while satisfying their desire



"Are you playing Beethoven?" "No, I prefer Schumann."

for making a "racket," they received a thorough training in rhythm, which is essential to the study and enjoyment of music.

Pleasant Saturdays meant long walks, with a treat, such as a dish of ice cream, if the week had been a "good" one. A rainy Saturday was no disappointment to these boys, for that was the time for a small candy pull, or for getting out the crayons and paint boxes.

Church was a great bugbear to the older boy. As his father was a minister, and the family must be an example in attendance, his mother took with her a pad and three pencils — black, red, and blue. With the black pencil she had him put down the points in the sermon that interested him. When he grew tired of this, she gave him the blue and red pencils, with which he could draw pictures, *quietly*. In this way she kept him from restless wriggling, and at times interested in the service. Those drawings would fill a most interesting sketch book.

MAKING TRAVEL A PLEASURE

She had to travel a great deal with her boys. To keep them fresh and happy, and prevent them from annoying the other passengers, she resorted to many devices. She had a little leather satchel which she devoted to traveling material. When a journey was to be made, the satchel was filled with pieces of colored paper, two pairs of small, sharp scissors, crayons of the best make, white paper, white cord, a few walnuts, and a tube of paste.

The first thing after breakfast, a portable table was brought in. Then she opened the satchel and laid out the work. She started always by drawing an apple, a fruit available all the year round. Great attention was paid to the drawing and coloring. That would take an hour at least. Then an hour and a half would pass in the making of paper boxes and boats, and the weaving of mats from strips of the colored paper. The things were then packed up, each child picking up his own snippings, which the porter removed with the table. Even during the work, the boys kept track of the country, naming all grains, trees, and vegetables noted. If, after the table was removed, the boys were not ready to sit quietly looking out of the window, a smart game of "cat's



CUTTING AND PASTING

cradle" would make them laugh so hard that a little quiet became acceptable.

Luncheon occupied an hour. A little exercise was taken by walking through the train, which is so safe in the vestibule cars. The country would then take up the time as long as the scenery was interesting.

When the boys began to grow restless, the walnuts were brought out. Faces were drawn on the smooth side, and tissue paper clothes made, each boy designing his own costume. The mother made suggestions as to the effectiveness of gilt and silver paper buttons pasted on the skirts, and showed them how to cut designs out of the colored papers, for trimming. It is easily seen how the taste and observation can be developed in this way.

When the mother saw that the boys were getting a little tired of their dressmaking, she made a decided change in the program, resorting to one of the never-failing games, such as "What do you come with?" This question is asked of the one who is "It." He selects some object in the car, and says, "I come with a—" giving the initial of the thing selected. The others take turns in guessing the object. The one who guesses correctly becomes "It," and so on. Sometimes this game would be played for an hour and a half.

The chance of a good run was always taken



SISTER AND BROTHER

when there was a stop of several minutes at a station. This, of course, was conducted by the head of the expedition.

The mother always insisted upon consideration toward each other and the passengers. Often there would be other children in the car who could be invited to join in the games. Traveling became in this way an event of interest and wonder as to what new thing would come from the satchel, the new country, or the passengers.

A little ingenuity on the part of the mother can make a trip a delight to her children, saving them from fretting and reaching their destination worn out and cross.

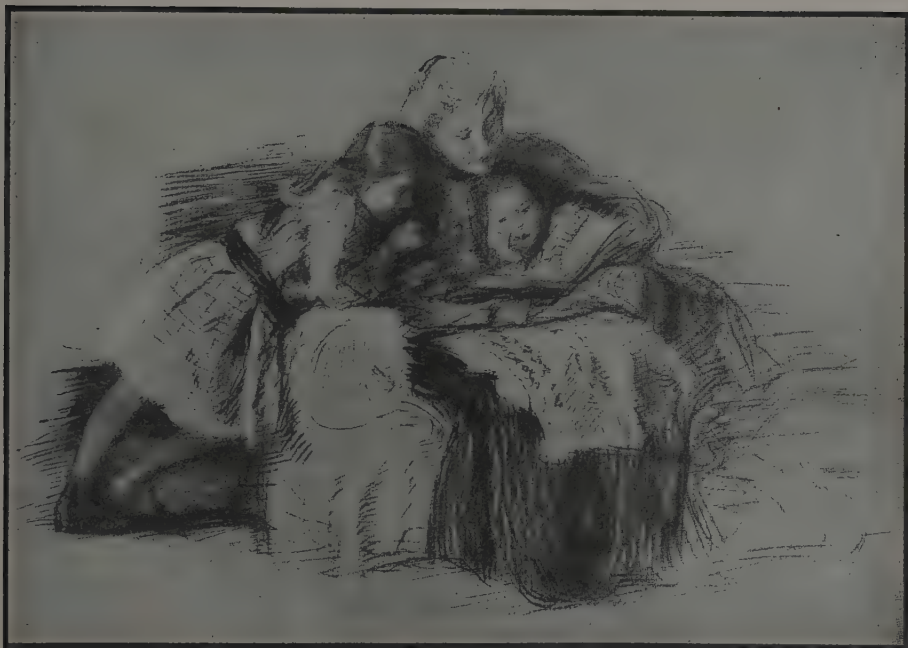
SYMPATHY FOR ANIMALS

To develop an interest in the domestic animals and a care for their safety and comfort, this mother spoke human thoughts for them, interpreting these thoughts from the situation

of the animal. A cat running across the street was made to speak of her terror of a certain dog, or say that she must hurry, lest a boy with a stone should see her before she reached her goal of safety. A horse with a heavy load was made to tell how tired he was, and that he could not understand how kind people could let his master treat him so. A walk can always be made interesting in this way, and the child's interest and sympathy be quickly aroused.

After a while the mother did not do all of the talking, but encouraged the boys to see situations for themselves, and give their own humorous or serious interpretations. In this way they came to feel comradeship for all animals.

These suggestions will show the thousand and one possibilities open to every mother who is willing to take the time and trouble to give to her children a happy and profitable childhood, developing between herself and them a close and lasting friendship.



THE MOTHER'S STORY HOUR

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS

BEING a mother is unquestionably the very best thing in the world, but it may also be the most perplexing. The one who said, "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world" was no doubt truly inspired; but the common mother, in the midst of her household tasks, wishes she could learn how so to rock the cradle as to rule out the disorder of her own little part of the great world. She meets the other axiom that a child's tendencies can be harmonized before it goes out of its little neighborhood into the wide strange world so that it may be trusted to think rightly and act well—"as the twig is bent, the tree is inclined." It is ideally true, and the testimonies of hosts who have made the world better by living in it give the credit chiefly to the mothers who set the right standards in early childhood.

This open letter is not written to add to the

advice so freely given to mothers on all the lines of child training. Much of the advice is excellent, but because it cannot cover every occasion it often seems to a particular mother to fit every case but her own. Thus it hinders as much as it helps, for she has it to reckon with, and the mother is never in so much danger of losing her moorings as when she settles into the belief that her case is peculiar. What the letter does set itself to do is to gather into three or four distinct groups the privileges and opportunities of the mother, so that if she settles upon a plan in regard to them, and pursues it steadfastly, the host of separate duties will be in a measure indicated.

The first of these is the rôle of the mother as *comforter*. Helpless childhood meets many troubles before it gains experience in a world of which it has everything to learn. The mother's loving sympathy teaches her how to meet the need. By wisdom and tact she is able to make the occasions when comforting

is called for, the times for setting standards for conduct and right thinking. This group covers a wide field in which the mother shapes the life of her child.

Fulfilling the first office she is sure to meet another in which, whether she wishes it or not, she may be called the *interpreter*. Very early in life the child raises the question, "Why do I have to do this, and not that?" and, whether it is spoken in words or not, the other question, "What will happen if I do not?"

Not to be always giving reasons, the mother does well to try to find a reason which lies in the nature of things and so cannot be questioned. This reason need not be stated in set terms; but the mother must grasp it, or at least catch the spirit of it. Then she is only interpreting it in the numberless little applications in daily life. With a clear sense of it as a background the mother need not be swept from her moorings by any sudden calls. This is the second of our groups and will be explained later. The third group of mother cares relates to the child's place in a practical world. Only a little while will it be sheltered in the home. It must soon find itself ready to live its own life as an individual. The schools have taken over the larger part of this obligation, but they do their work in place of parents and a very vital part will never be done outside the home. Each of the three groups deserves clearer comment and illustration.

THE MOTHER AS COMFORTER

"What did you wish mother to do, dear?" was asked of a little boy as he turned away from his mother with a look of disappointment. "You might have said 'Oh!'" replied the boy.

Is not something like this the universal expectation where children come to their mothers when they are hurt? When the Psalmist wished to express the care and tenderness of the Divine Being he used the figure of a mother—"as one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

The call does not end with early childhood. A girl is thought to be more sensitively organized than a boy, though the boy is sometimes irritated by a too open expression. Both sons

and daughters are grateful above almost everything else for the mother's recognition and appreciation of their suffering in times of stress or difficulty. The giving must be tactful but the withholding works badly between mothers and their children.

The sympathy that misses its mark, however it is received, is the kind that weakens the moral fiber. To use another figure, it must not carry an alloy of some baser metal which makes its benefit a doubtful one. To sympathize it is not always necessary to agree with the sufferer's point of view. And it must always be the same kind of mother who comforts as the one who at other times may have to reprove.

It not seldom happens that owing to the softness of the comforting of the mother it is left to the father to supply the tonic element which leads to self-control. The old nursery rhyme had the right spirit, and is often a useful quotation if the hurt is not serious:

"Oh, fie! Do not cry,
If you hit your toe,
Say 'Oh!' and let it go:
Be a man, if you can,
And do not cry."

A good comfort mixture needs to have about five parts of pure sympathy mixed with five other parts of help to self-control, and a right point of view. Causes and not mere surface symptoms need to be taken into account, and the future reckoned with as well as the present. In the long run most children prefer such comforting to the impulsive thoughtless kind.

THE CALL OF PHYSICAL PAIN

The first kind of hurt which makes appeal to comforting power is the frequently recurring physical suffering from bodily aches and pains. The child learns by hard experience the unyielding character of the things which surround him. He is angry with the chair or table that comes in his way. It is the mother's task to put tenderness over against the pain. "You love comforting, don't you?—you are willing to be hurt a little for the sake of getting it?" asked a mother, as she cuddled her little one after a hurt. "Yes," whispered the child. And

in that home the children grew quite big and old before on occasion they ceased to say in word or look, "Comfort me, mamma" — and their faith that she could supply their need went far toward helping her in doing it.

The vivid imaginations of children make them especially alive to acute pain. While it lasts a simple pain is sometimes veritable torture. The mother knows she must carry the child over this excessive indulgence in misery. New ideas are in the air as to the laws of suggestion under which this may be done. It is the body which receives the hurts, but it is the mind which feels them, and long before mental healing began to be taught as a science mothers knew how to kiss a hurt away. It is said that the mind can hold but one image at a time. If some other image can be made to displace the mental image of a pain the recovery from the hurt is made the quicker. This mode does not destroy the older challenge, "Brace up!" but fulfills it by teaching how older people are doing this for themselves. The mother may expect great success in doing it for her little children.

COMFORT FROM MENTAL DIVERSION

A window falling a few inches on a child's tender fingers is a case in point. It is a call for fullest, promptest sympathy; but also for a quickly acting mental rallying. The mother satisfies herself that the finger-tips are not crushed, extols the merits of witch hazel which she brings to the rescue, and then addresses herself to the child, whom she knows to be in acute pain. As if the fingers were no part of the child's own anatomy, though she has them in her hand as the little daughter is held in her lap, she begins to tell what has happened. "The window-catch must have been loose — papa will look after it; it might have been up high and done more harm. The fingers did not get away from under the window in time. Ever so many little round cells under the skin got flattened out, and some must have broken!" Dry sobs punctuate the sentences as the mother softly talks. "But the wonderful thing is what is going to happen now — is beginning already! For the fingers have all the materials and tools to mend the hurt. They sent the message along

the nerve wires to the brain to tell us about the accident, and now they have gone about making the broken cells just as good as new again. Of course, there is no use in the pain any more, now that we know all about it. If it keeps on telling us over and over, *we* must go away from



A CHILD OF LONG AGO

the fingers. Oh, yes, we can — and they will work better if we do not notice them. Where shall we go? How shall we go? I think a little singing (or a story) will carry us for a while." And so it goes on. Not all at once will the relief come. In the case noted the brave little sufferer, pale with the pain and holding back the sobs which could not be quite suppressed, entered into the effort of the mother as they sent play-messages back to the finger.

The brother of this child of the bruised fingers had a very deep, heavy voice. Under the power of a pain-panic he exercised his lungs to their full capacity. At whatever distance he was from his mother he ran to her, and big boy as he was expected to be taken into her lap for comforting.



THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER

It was very hard to still the crying till the mother bethought herself of the plan of letting the comforting wait till an effort was made to end the crying. "This is not so very bad," she said, "but I can't comfort you till you are quiet. I can comfort you, I know, if only you will be very, very still." He loved the comforting, and it came to be understood to require perfect stillness. These two children came to expect in the mother an answer to all their ills, and as they grew older to help themselves by little formulas of their own. Children of feverish habit are especially open to reposeful suggestion. The case for suggestion in a large class of painful affections is now too fully made

out to allow any question, and mothers of little children learn easily to apply it.

A case of mistaken diversion which, while serving for the moment, did actual harm to the temper of the child, is the old story of Queen Victoria. She was calling at a cottage home in the neighborhood of Windsor Castle when a little child fell and gave its head a bad bump against a chair. Disturbed by the child's crying in the presence of the queen the mother caught up the chair and began to beat it vigorously. "Naughty, naughty chair," she cried, beating the while with all her might, "it hurt the baby! We will whip the bad chair!" The diversion served the purpose, but the queen was very angry. "The chair is not to *blame*," she said, "and the child knows it. Never do such a thing again as you care for the respect of your child."

HURT FEELINGS

Other hurts children are subject to than those of their physical bodies. It is hard for any child, and very hard for some children, to be anything but the center of their own little world. Learning to give and take, to do things in turn, to bear the treatment given them by other children, is a slow, painful process unless the mother in her rôle of comforter is able to give both helpful and preventive treatment. These call for wise offsetting of injuries and a cheerful exercise of humor. Nothing so exalts a mother as a quick sense of justice and the power to see things "whole," as the saying is. Each little occasion for straightening out hasty judgment is a mother's opportunity. And she must turn obstacles into helps. "I shall have to love that horrid child or I shall hate him," said a young mother over a graceless little gamin who could not be kept away from her boy. She did love the little fellow into being a helpful playfellow.

The time of settling vexed questions is the best time the mother has for setting standards of conduct and courtesy. Mother instinct does not greatly need reminding of this, but, sad to say, what they do need is awakening to the fact that *talking about conduct* is tremendously overdone by zealous, anxious mothers. Indeed the influence they have on the

behavior of their children is often in spite of their many words. A steady purpose gains its end with very few words of explanation. "Why," asked a mother of her little boy, "do you keep asking me to let you do this when you know I never do?"

"You did once," answered the boy, and the mother remembered that it was true. It was a very unfortunate slip for her.

THE MOTHER AS INTERPRETER

Chief among a young mother's perplexities are the questions her little boy or girl wishes to have answered about the unseen world. She is sometimes afraid to answer one lest it lead to another. In earlier days if a child was too frequent or too persistent in its questionings the mother was afraid the child was going to slip out of her holding; but we are better taught in present times. One of the great poems of our English language begins with the line, "Heaven lies about us in our infancy." Mothers need not think it strange or shrink from the child's natural curiosity in regard to things which press upon the world of the senses. And as the child naturally goes to the mother to ask, who but she should tell enough, if not to satisfy his interest, at least to give it standing. What the child needs can not only be simply given, but when it has been given it makes a necessary background for all its young life.

"A very naughty child, sometimes—but yet an angel," was the comment of a wise mother on her first-born. Naughtinesses, as she well knew, are passing experiences which may generally be turned to good account in child training.

What can a simple, untrained mother do to help her child to bring into its everyday life suggestions which come so naturally to him? Perhaps the first thing is to follow the child's lead a little. "Who made me?" falls in with "Who made this or that?" "Who gave this?" "Where is he?" "Why cannot we see him?" After all, the questions are not strange. Verses of poetry can be read which naturalize the conceptions, and when once the background is made the child will connect his life with it. Life in flowers and trees, in birds and household pets, the ripple in the brooks and falling

snow meet a very believing being in the little boy or girl.

When it comes to conduct, make the lovingness of the presence the basis. Make him recognize this presence in the naughty times as well as in the good, till we get to hate the naughty ways because of it. "How do we know?" some little skeptic asks. To which the mother boldly makes answer, "By the little voice, down deep, which tells us we are wrong—learn to listen, and you will always hear it."

The doings of others are put under the same law. They go on, and will go on, till all the world comes to know that there is help for us when we love the little voice and follow it. Parents who begin early enough in a child's life to bring conduct, joy, and suffering under this great reality have little else to do than to interpret outside life to the child and by example make it the foundation thought in all the happenings of life.



THE CHILD AS A MONEY SPENDER

EARLIER in life than was the case in former times a child is liable to find himself a more or less fully fledged citizen of the world. It is well for him if the home training has brought to him along with the power to earn money some little sense of its spending power

in relation to his own needs. In some favored homes the common purse is so shared by children and parents that the interests of neither suffer, and the preparation for life is made without letting laws of meum and tuum, mine and thine, break the unity of family life. In general, it is believed to be better to let each child get experience on his own account while he is under the protection and guidance of his parents.

Besides the direct value of managing accounts there are side values in several lines. Qualities in a boy or girl may lie dormant till some independent action calls them into expression. The development of thrift may tempt to meannesses, small in themselves, but dangerous in tendency. Generous impulses may be very much in evidence when family money is always forthcoming to support them. They lack moral quality, however, till one gives out of what is one's own. Till child or man comes to the realization that what is spent in one direction leaves so much less to use in another, there is little motive for thrift in using or generosity in giving.

A REGULAR ALLOWANCE

A good way of training children in responsibility is a gradually increasing regular allowance, given weekly or monthly. The child, according to his age, becomes a financier on a small scale, and as such is most interesting to watch. Well for him if all the pitfalls of such a trust are passed while sums are small and his world a kindly one.

An allowance of a nickel a week is quite likely to go for sweets, unless, as is a good plan, the mother provides a reasonable amount in the family food supply. While in general the child wishes to be entirely free, the requirement may be made that lead-pencils, or some other requisite, be paid for, which coming out of the family purse have been handled wastefully.

As the child shows discretion the allowance is made larger and personal items hitherto bought with family funds turned over to it. Hair ribbons, neckties, car fares, and the like, made to come under it, relieve the son or daughter from asking for small sums. In what is likely to be one of the last years at

home the allowance idea in some form may be made to include all a child's personal expenses outside the home, except perhaps the few like dentistry, the importance of which looks to the future and may be too little appreciated.

TRAINING IN BENEVOLENCE

It has been said above that generosity is not tested till self-denial becomes the condition of it. Out of the allowance, even if it be small, should come gifts to family and playmates, but before a child is expected to respond to other calls parents usually see to it that a child is supplied with the penny or nickel which it is customary to take to church or Sunday school for benevolences.

As long as so many lines of the world's progress depend upon voluntary private giving, children should be trained from earliest childhood to feel the needs of less favored people the world over, not as a mere sentiment of pity, but as a constructive help toward larger and larger fellowships. By example as well as precept, in all ways within their power, wise parents will insure the habit being formed by their children of being alive to whatever concerns any part of the great family to which all mankind belong.

THE CASH VALUE OF A BOY

"QUEER, is n't it," remarked a gentleman who stood on the platform of a railroad station and talked with an acquaintance who also waited for a coming train, "that a man should come to care for a freckled-faced little urchin like that?" It was in the nature of an apology for sundry interruptions, and he took up the conversation again as he had dropped it.

The boy was the banker's only son, the joy of his life and that of the boy's mother.

Another expression, less veiled, of parental pride in being owned by their respective children occurred at a summer cottage. A pair of slim, restless lads gamboled about the piazza, attracting attention from time to time while their parents were entertaining a caller from a neighboring cottage.

At one of their feats the neighbor remarked,



STREET URCHINS

Copyright, Underwood & Underwood

"You have a couple of fine boys." "Yes," the father answered, "we think so." "Children are a great responsibility," added the mother. "We hope they'll be worth while."

"These give promise of being worth while to the world as well," responded the neighbor.

The parents were evidently of Swedish extraction. The father, as was soon made known, was a foreman in a Brockton shoe shop.

The talk which followed was upon the excellent opportunities of our free American public schools, and the particular lines of progress now open to intelligent boys.

"But they cost so much to keep," added the forecasting mother. "Their father is counting the time till they will be worth something for work."

THE COST OF A CHILD'S KEEP

"How much do you reckon it does cost?" asked the neighbor, a specialist in economics.

"I mean what will house and clothe and feed one of these little lads for a year? The state, I notice, allows a couple of dollars a week when it boards them out—that does not supply clothes. Boys in a good home pull on the purse-strings for a good bit of money."

"Look here, young breakneck," said the economist as the older of the boys came within the grasp of his hand, "do you know that you've cost your father a cool thousand dollars already? I don't pretend to say what you owe to your mother."

"And that is n't the worst of it," said the father; "it will be more and more as they get bigger."

"Do I cost all that?" asked the boy.

"Mighty near it."

"Before you are on your own feet, my little man," said the statistician, "you will be bankrupt in the sum of a couple of thousand, to say the least. What do you think of it? Will you ever make good?" But the boy had slipped away.

"But," continued the neighbor, "it costs the state as much, and they expect to get it back."

"How's that?" asked the father. The talk was too long to give in full, but estimates were made of the earning power of a boy between fourteen and eighteen years of age and the father took down the figures to discuss with fellow workmen.

THE VALUE OF A BOY TO THE STATE

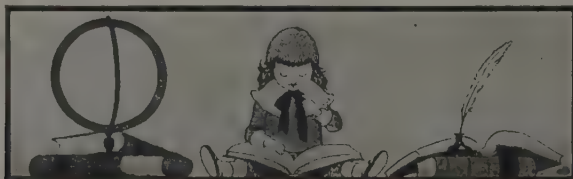
The mother pondered what was being said in her heart. It was she who was most concerned to have the children kept in school.

"I don't see," she remarked, "how the state gets anything. It's the boy who gets the money."

"Yes," was the answer, "but the boy has put in good value for the money, and both boy and employer are the state. Did you ever look ahead," he asked the father, "and compute what you have been worth already and add to it what you expect to earn before you are too old to work? It gives one a feeling of importance. It will go over fifty thousand dollars, and you'll spend it right here and that will multiply it to the state."

Turning to the mother he added, "If you two can stand it, it will be well worth while to keep the boys at school till they have intelligence enough and ambition enough to become skilled workmen. A boy at fourteen may earn a handy little sum toward his board and clothes, but he loses over the one who gets three or four more years of training. Eight or ten years later the trained boy should be well ahead." "Stick to your studies, little men, as long as you can, and get a vocation well under way," the neighbor said to the boys as he left to go back to his own cottage.

"If he thinks our boys are worth something, we ought to," concluded the father. "We'll give them all the help we can."





P9-DET-466